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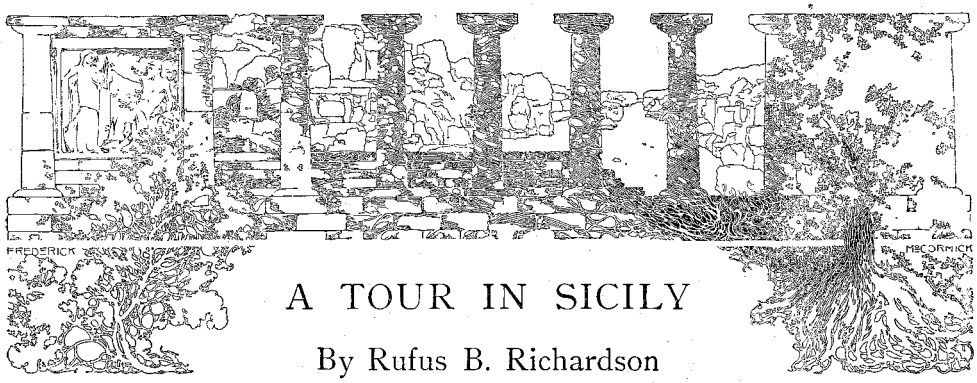

A TOUR IN SICILY

By Rufus B. Richardson

IT was with an appetite whetted by long waiting that I landed in Sicily on the last day of May. *Anybody* might enjoy travel in Sicily. Its scenery is magnificent. A mountainous country with a coast-line of rugged headlands, and here and there a river breaking through to the sea, opening up vistas into the interior and forming a fertile plain at its mouth; above all snow-capped and smoking Ætna with its nearly 11,000 feet towering so high as to be seen from every part of the island except the valleys, form a combination attractive even to one who has left history and art out of his travelling outfit. The student of history, however, gets a keener enjoyment in this land where so much history—ancient, mediæval, and modern—has been enacted. Not only was it the apple of discord between Rome and Carthage, but, to say nothing of Sikans, Elymi, and Sikels, because their movements are wrapped in the mist of a prehistoric past, Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Franks, Vandals, Goths, Byzantines, Saracens, Normans, Germans, French, and Spaniards successively shaped its destinies until Garibaldi at last brought it to rest in the bosom of the kingdom of Italy. But Sicily has an especial interest for the student of the history and art of ancient Greece. He who studies the country now known as Greece and neglects the greater Hellas in the west makes a great mistake. Akragas and Selinus have left more imposing ruins than Athens, Olympia, and Delphi; and Syracuse was the most populous and the most powerful of all Greek cities.

It was this especial claim which drew me and my two companions, members of the American School at Athens, to Catania. We desired to become as familiar with western Hellas as we had already become with eastern Hellas. We came rather too late in the year; not that physical comfort is an element for great consideration in such a land; it is rather the psychological aspect which I have in mind. Theocritus has thrown such associations of spring over Sicily that the traveller feels that he ought to be there with "pulses thronged with the fulness of the spring," which can hardly be the case in the great heat of June. Perhaps our bicycles might seem to some out of time with Theocritus and Pindar, and we did not try to throw any glamour of poetry over them. But they were vastly convenient. We had sent forward our heavy luggage to Palermo, and they carried all that we needed for two weeks. While they were not a substitute for trains, they freed us from servile dependence on trains.

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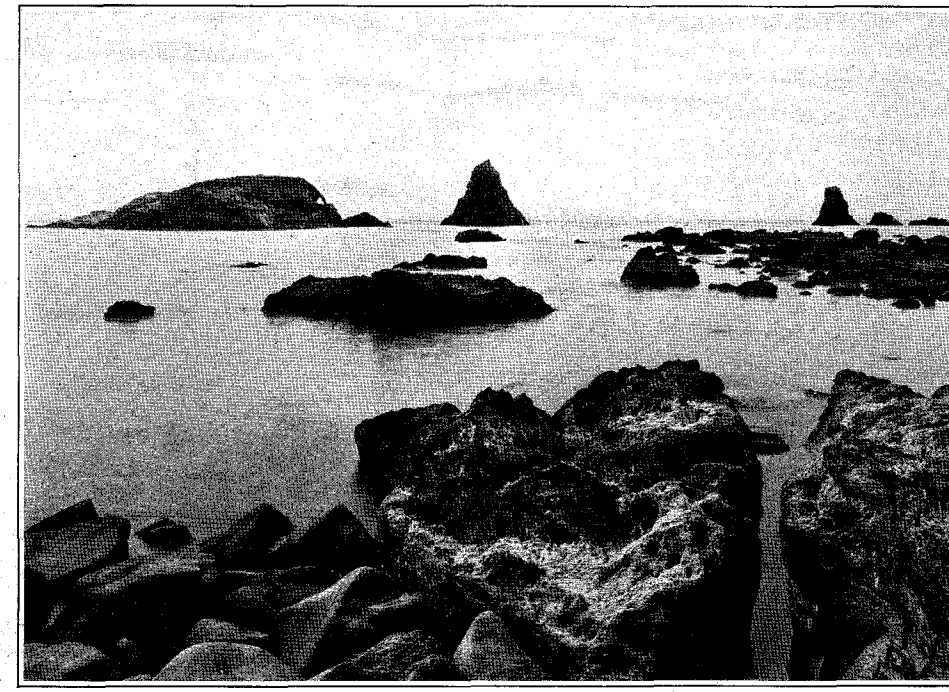
If a train went our way at our time, as it did from Syracuse to Girgenti, we took it. But finding no railroad connection between Girgenti and Selinus, except such as took us across to the north side of the island and then back again to the south side, we passed the intervening space in a direct line along the southern shore, saving both time and money. When we were at Syracuse we wished to visit the river Asinarus, where the fugitive Athenian army was brought to bay and slaughtered and captured. The five o'clock train was too early. Who likes to take a morning meal at half-past four with the fear of losing a train before his eyes? Discomfort if not dyspepsia hovers over him. The alternative of a later train involved giving up the day to this excursion, and we needed that day for something else. We took a comfortable meal, and, starting at six o'clock, at a quarter past eight were on the banks of the Asinarus, and by the aid of a train were back in Syracuse at ten o'clock, ready for a good day's work.



Rocks of Cyclops.*

Our beginning was inauspicious. A chapter of small accidents on the lava-paved streets of Catania kept us hovering around a shop presided over by a woman in which sewing-machines and a few other miscellaneous machines, including bicycles, were repaired. Here, in a subordinate position, was one of those mechanics who know how to do things as if by instinct, a not unworthy successor of Hephæstos, who used to do business on a grander scale hard by, with Ætna for his forge. Your real mechanic, from Jubal Cain down, is always the right man in the right place. A deft-handed New Hampshire mechanic once said to me, after putting some dislocated object to rights in less than five minutes, "I shall have to charge you ten cents for doing the job and fifteen cents for knowing how." It struck me as a good expression of the claims of the guild.

When we got off it was nearly eleven o'clock, and the flower of the day was gone; but we had vowed to see the sunrise from the theatre of Taormina the next morning; and so we sped off in the heat over roads so bad as to make us repent of all the hard things we had said of the

* This and the following illustrations are from photographs by Giacomo Brogi, Naples.

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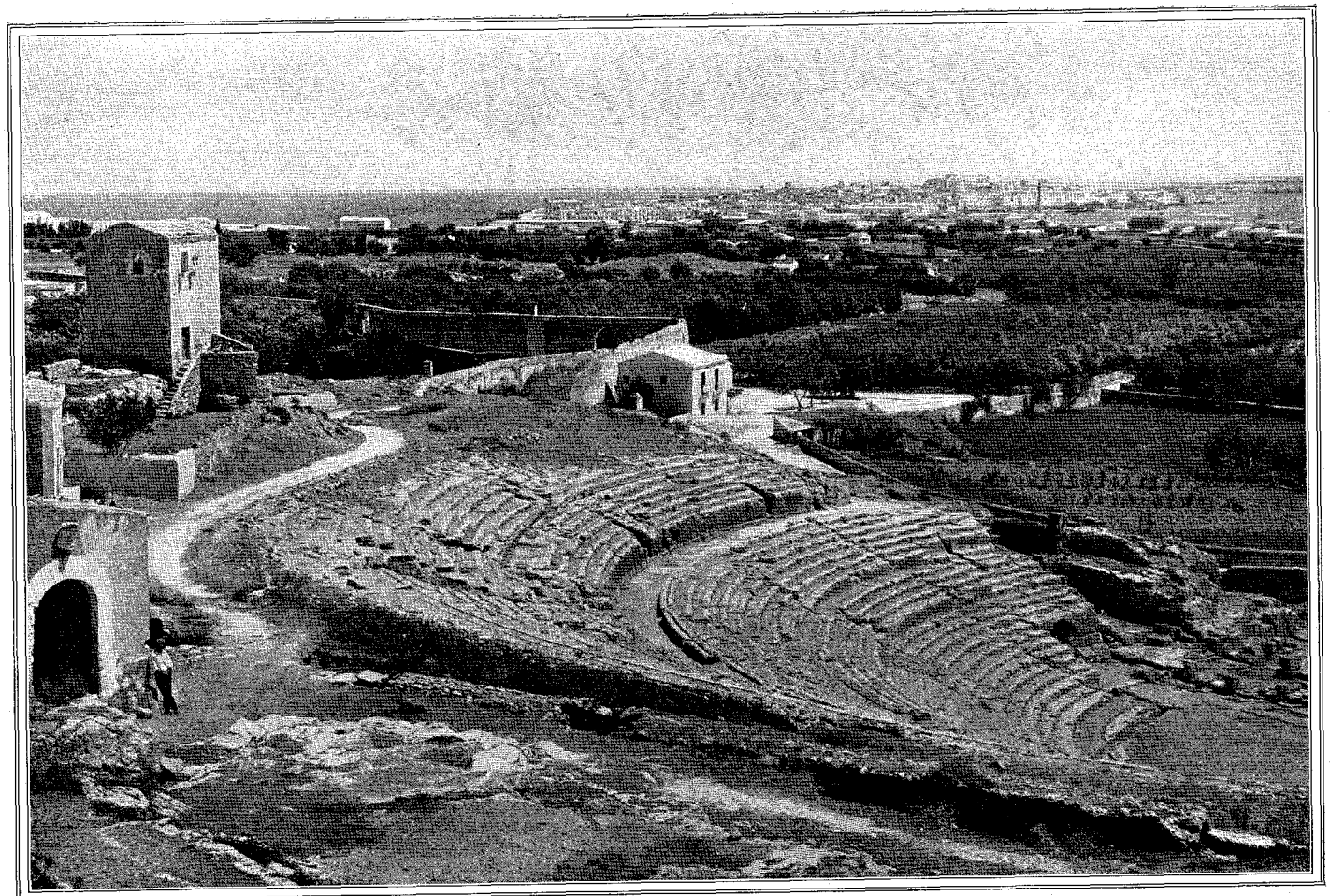

Syracuse from the Greek Theatre.

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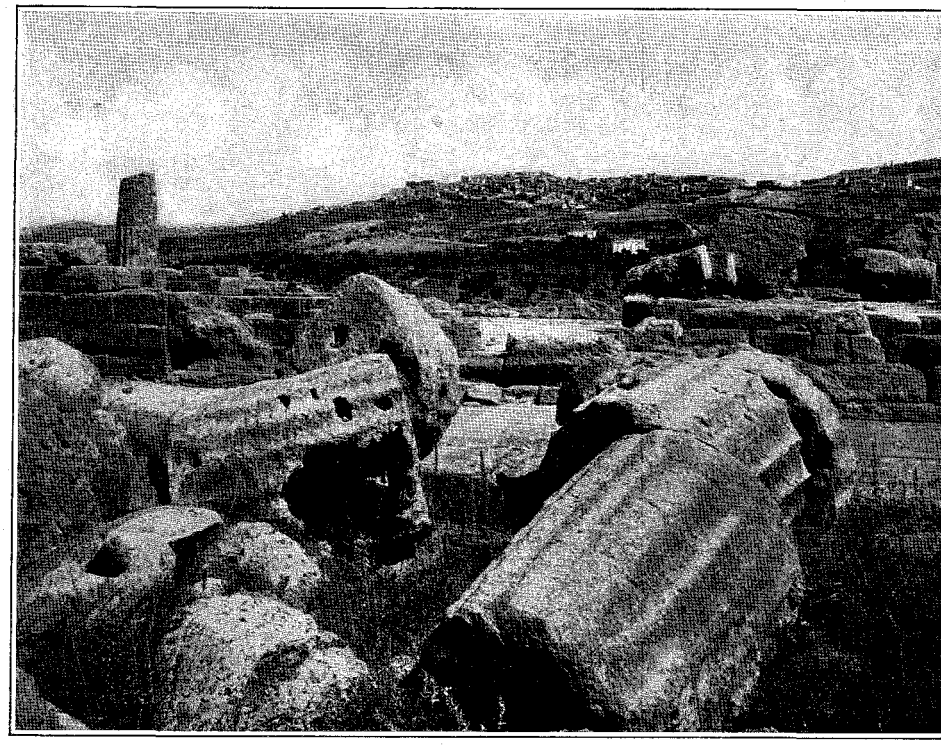

General View of Girgenti.

roads of Greece. A good deal of the way lay between Ætna and the sea over lava-beds of various ages, among them the identical stream which, coming down fresh and hot, turned Himilco from proceeding straight against Dionysius and Syracuse after the destruction of Messina, and obliged him to make the circuit of the awful mountain. Shortly after noon we passed, on the highest of these lava-beds, Acireale, the most important of several Acis, all of which commemorate Acis, who here, to his grief, associated with Galatea and Polyphemus. Near by are several jagged islands pointed out by tradition as the very rocks which the latter hurled at Ulysses with such poor results. From this point on Taormina lay clear before us in the distance, high up above the sea, though but a short horizontal distance from it. When we reached Giardini, the village on the seashore which serves as a railroad station for Taormina, parched with heat and thirst, we were reminded of the verse of Euripides, "The sea washes away all human ills," and we here began a series of baths with which we encircled the island. Nemesis marked me when, in exuberance of spirit, I made the understatement, "This bath is worth a dollar," and made it cost me just that amount. Between the road and the shore was a railroad with a cactus hedge on each side of it. In passing this I hardly noticed that my wheel had lightly brushed against a cactus-plant. But we had hardly begun the ascent to Taormina before my wheel was in a state of collapse.

Well, the morrow must take thought for the things of itself. Here was Taormina for us to enjoy. We had planned to spend one night only here, because there was little material for archæological study except the famous theatre, which, in its present state, is Roman. It was indeed refreshing to see near the upper rim of the theatre, and partly covered by its massive but cheap-looking walls of brick, the foundations of a Greek temple in four courses with its perfect joints of stone. But while Syracuse and Girgenti and Selinus were our proper fields for study, Taor-

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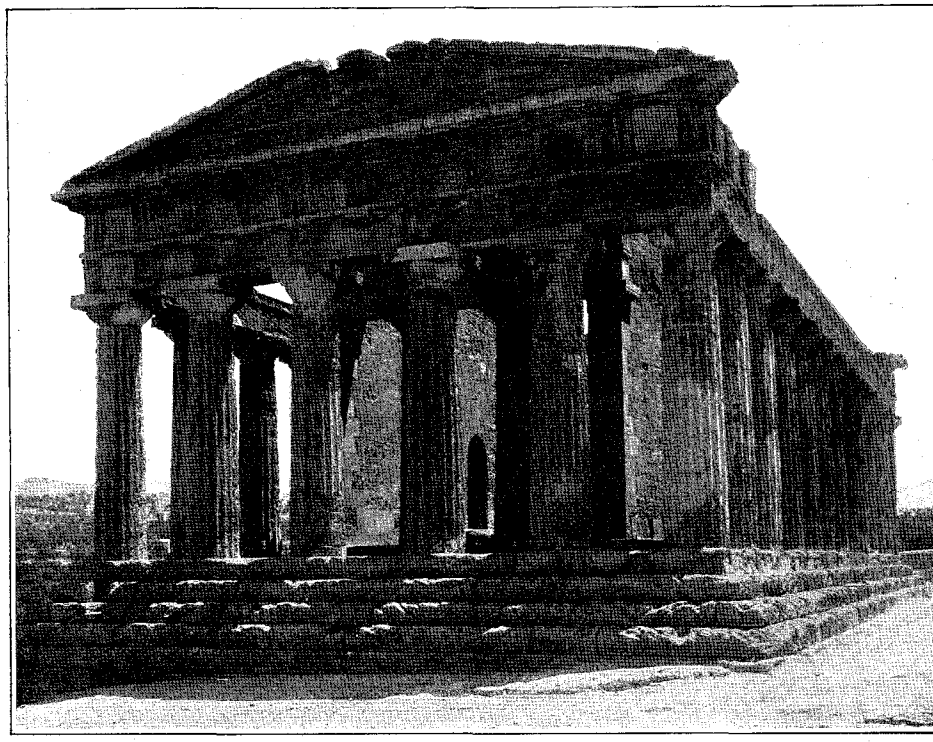

Concordia Temple, Girgenti.
The most perfectly preserved Greek Temple.

mina was for pleasure. From this eyrie Ætna, which from Catania is in some degree disappointing, as is even Mont Blanc when seen from Chamonix, rises as grandly as does Mont Blanc when seen from the heights across the valley, Flégère or Brévent; and when the sun, rising over Calabria, gives a rosy color to the slope up to the snow-line, one gazes, forgetting the theatre in the glory of the mountain.

Although we had studied the theatre adequately on the first day, we were caught by the charm of the place; and a second sunrise in the theatre seemed so desirable that we broke our carefully drawn up itinerary at the very outset, the necessary two-thirds vote being easily obtained. About 1,000 feet above Taormina rises a height which once served as an acropolis to ancient Tauromenium, crowned with a village and castle called Mola. Having climbed this in the hot afternoon we saw, about another thousand feet above us, a point called Monte Venere, which seemed to dominate the whole region. We subsequently read in Frances Elliot's "Travels in Sicily," "Certain misguided travellers have even been known to attempt Monte Venere." But not suspecting at the time that we were misguided, but only questioning whether the scaling of Monte Venere would cost us our table d'hôte dinner at the Hôtel Timeo we decided, by a rather doubtful two-thirds vote, to try it. We stormed it at a pace such as the Bavarian division struck at Speicheren when told that a fresh keg of beer was to be broached up there at ten o'clock, and that they must be on hand. As the result of our toil we got a superb view into the interior, including a peep in behind Ætna, which from this point seemed even grander than from Taormina. It was labor well spent.

During our whole stay at Taormina there was no spot on which my eye and my thoughts so frequently rested as on the little tongue of land just below us to the south, which we had passed in coming from Catania. On this vine-covered plain once lay Naxos, settled by men from Chalkis in 734 B.C. What a chain of con-

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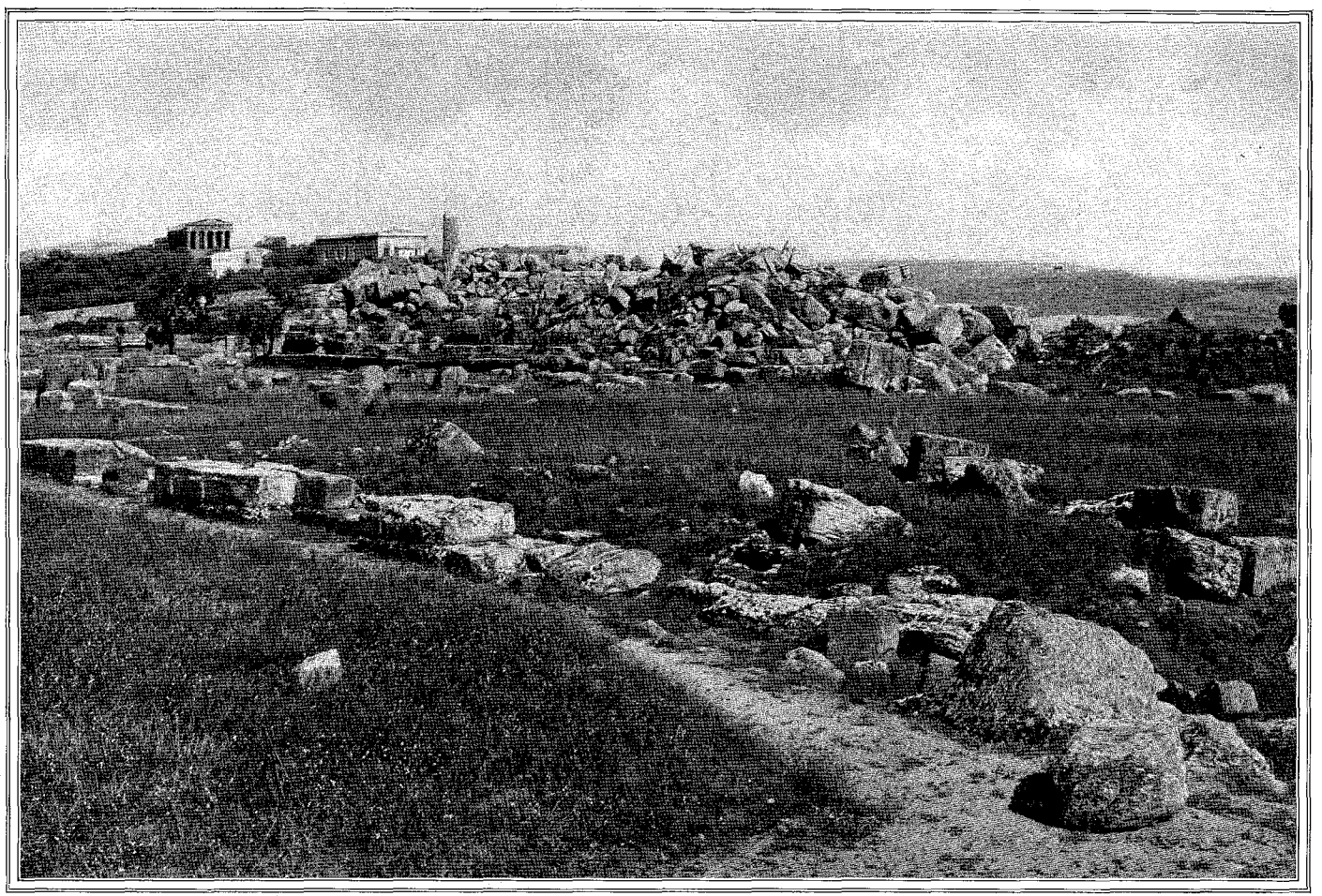

Ruins of the Temple of Zeus, Girgenti.

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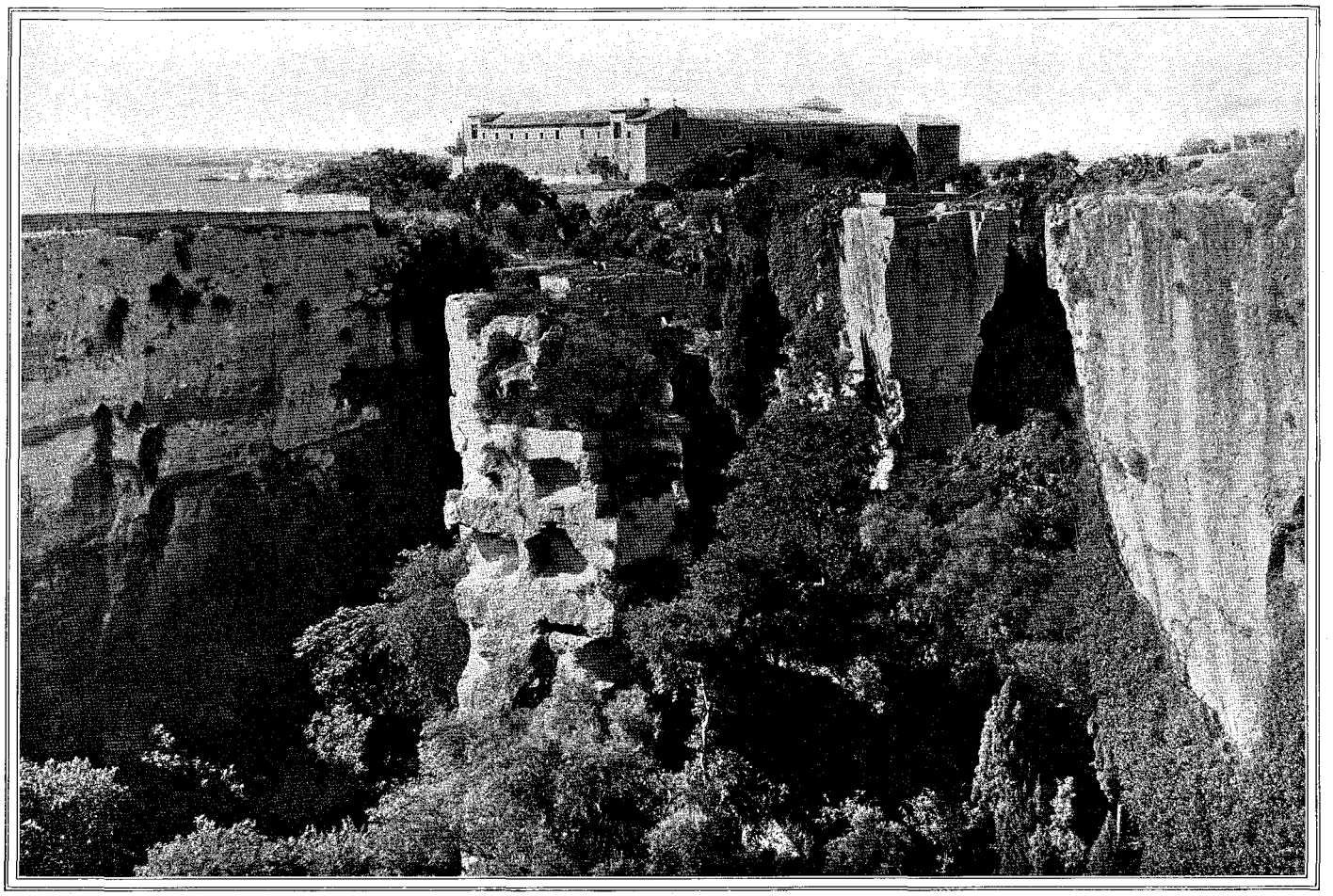

Marble Quarries, Syracuse.
(Latomia dei Cappuccini.)

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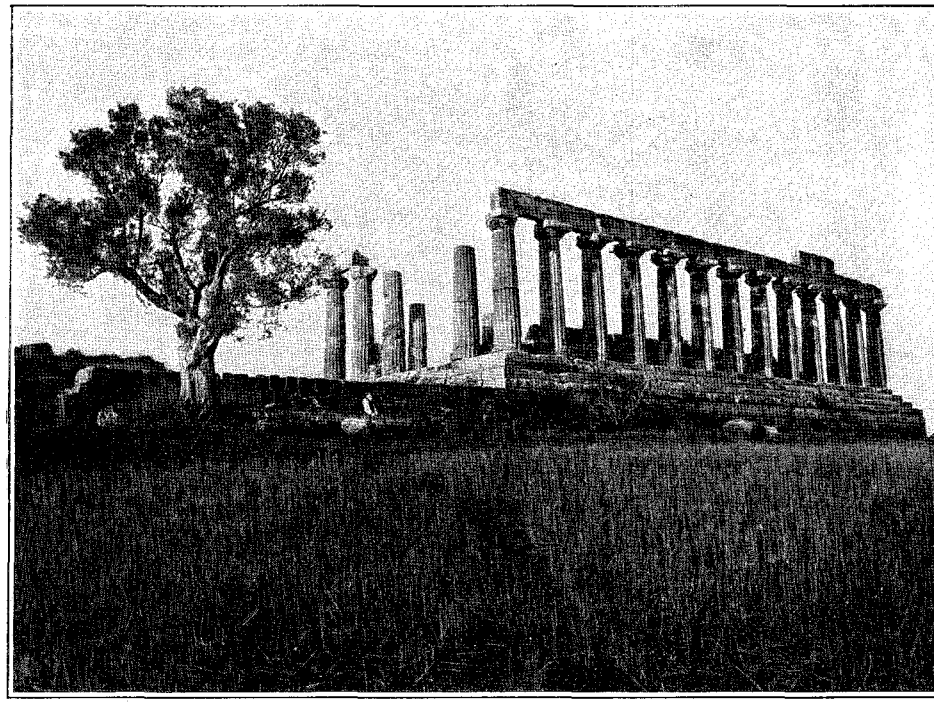

Temple of Hera Lacinia, Girgenti.

sequences followed upon this small beginning! Leontini and Catania were founded from Naxos itself almost immediately afterward. Dorian Corinth, following hard after Ionian Chalkis, founded Syracuse, and with the birth of western Hellas the strife of Dorian and Ionian was made a part of its life. But before this strife brought ruin a period of expansion and prosperity followed which finds its only parallel in the two centuries and a half of the history of our own country.

Having no desire to traverse again a bad road, we took an early train, which brought us back to Catania at eight o'clock. Our first visit there was to the "divine artificer," who found eight punctures impartially distributed over my two tires. We thus learned to know the cactus in a new light. Hereafter we avoided even a dry piece of it lying in the road as cavalry would avoid caltrops. We took advantage of the necessary delay to visit the most interesting monument of Greek Catania, the theatre, covered by lava, on which rest the houses of the modern city. Enough underground excavation has been done to enable one to realize the appearance of the place when Alcibiades here harangued the Catanians to bring them over to the Athenian alliance, and had such drastic force lent to his lisping oratory by a body of Athenian hoplites, who, coming from their camp outside the city, broke down a weak spot in the wall and entered the city before he got to his peroration.

Again it was about noon when we mounted with intention to ride to Lentini, somewhat over a third of the way to Syracuse, across a level plain, and then take a train across the hill-country to within ten miles of Syracuse, there to resume our ride. For an hour or more we were passing through the famous "Campi Læstrygonii, which Cicero calls "*uberrima pars Siciliæ*," now known as the plain of Catania, the most extensive plain in Sicily. Then we crossed the Symæthus, and soon began a gentle climb, with the sun almost in the zenith. Now and then a turn in the road, or if not that, a look over the shoulder, gave us a fine view of Ætna, which kept increasing in majesty as we receded from it. I was thankful that we had not climbed it. That would have in

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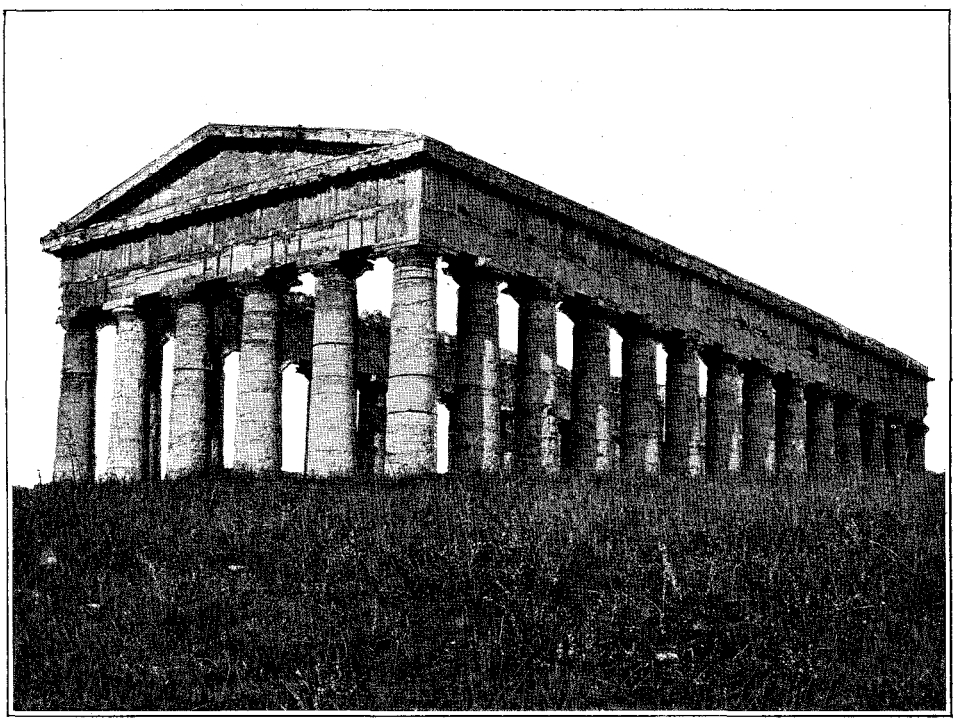

The Greek Temple at Segesta.

some measure vulgarized it. A geologist might do it in the line of his profession. But one who wishes to keep the Ætna of Æschylus and Pindar may do better to gaze with awe from the hill of Syracuse, as they did upon this Greek Sinai. I do not want to overpower a mountain like that. I want it to overpower me. One may doubt whether Coleridge would or could have written his hymn to Mont Blanc if he had "conquered" it as tourists express it.

Just as the train for Syracuse was coming in we reached Lentini station, and this time the sea that "washes away all human ills" was not available. We here made a resolve to do our work in the future when the sun was nearer to the horizon. There was nothing of interest for us to investigate in the city of Gorgias, the sophist and orator, whose silver tongue, combined with a bold and transparent trick of the Segestans, duped the Athenians, who thought themselves the wisest of men, into the Sicilian expedition. We were accordingly glad to speed along to Priolo, a station between the ruins of Megara and the flat peninsula, Thapsus. Just beyond the latter, having ridden long enough to get up steam, we washed away our ills for that day with the hill of Syracuse looking down upon us, and then as renewed men passed, when the sun was approaching the horizon, over that historic hill, and looked down on the historic harbor and on little Ortygia, large enough to hold the modern city as it held the first Corinthian colony. What a tide of associations rush over one at this sight. In a sense we were at our goal. Had we closed our journey with that nightfall we should at least have read our Thucydides for the future with different eyes.

In an exaltation of spirit we came to the Casa Politi, almost at the point of Ortygia, looking out upon the sea, where we found a German host and hostess. After our strenuous and partially successful wrestling with Italian, which had generally ended by our falling back on the member who had taken Italian at Harvard to straighten out for us the tangled web of the dialogue, how welcome it was when we asked the question, "*Haben Sie vielleicht gutes Bier?*" to get straight from the shoulder the honest an-

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swer, "*Jawohl, gewiss,*" and the more tangible answer of three foaming mugs from a cool cellar. We had lived in the spirit a good deal that day, enjoying the beauty of Taormina, Ætna, and Syracuse, and holding converse with Alcibiades and Gorgias and Thucydides. Now we hob-nobbed with Gambrinus and enjoyed "the warmest welcome in an inn."

Metope from Temple C at Selinus.
(Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa.)

I have never had more full and exhilarating days than those four days in Syracuse, days full of revelation, recollection, reverie, or, to put it more prosaically, days devoted to study in history and topography. The ruins of Syracuse are not to the casual observer very imposing. One might almost say of them, "*periere etiamque ruinæ.*" But even these ruins have great interest for the archæologist. There is, for example, an old temple near the northern end of Ortygia, for the most part imbedded in the buildings of the modern city, yet with its east end cleared and showing several entire columns with a part of the architrave upon them. And what a surprise here awaits one who thinks of a Doric temple as built on a stereotyped plan. Instead of the thirteen columns on the long sides, which one is apt to look for as going with a six-column front, here are eighteen or nineteen, it is not yet quite certain which. The columns stand less than their diameter apart, and the abaci are so broad that they nearly touch. So small is the intercolumnar space that archæologists incline to the belief that in this one Doric temple there were triglyphs only over the columns, and not also between them as in all other known cases. Everything about this temple stamps it as the oldest in Sicily. An inscription on the top step, in very archaic letters, much worn and difficult to read, contains the name of Apollo in the ancient form, Ἀπέλονι. The inscription may, of course, be later than the temple; but it is in itself old enough to warrant the supposition that the temple was erected soon after the first Corinthian colonists established themselves in the island. While the inscription makes it reasonably certain that the temple belonged to Apollo, the god under whose guiding hand all these Dorians went out into these western seas, tradition, with strange perversity, has given it the name of "Temple of Diana." But it is all in

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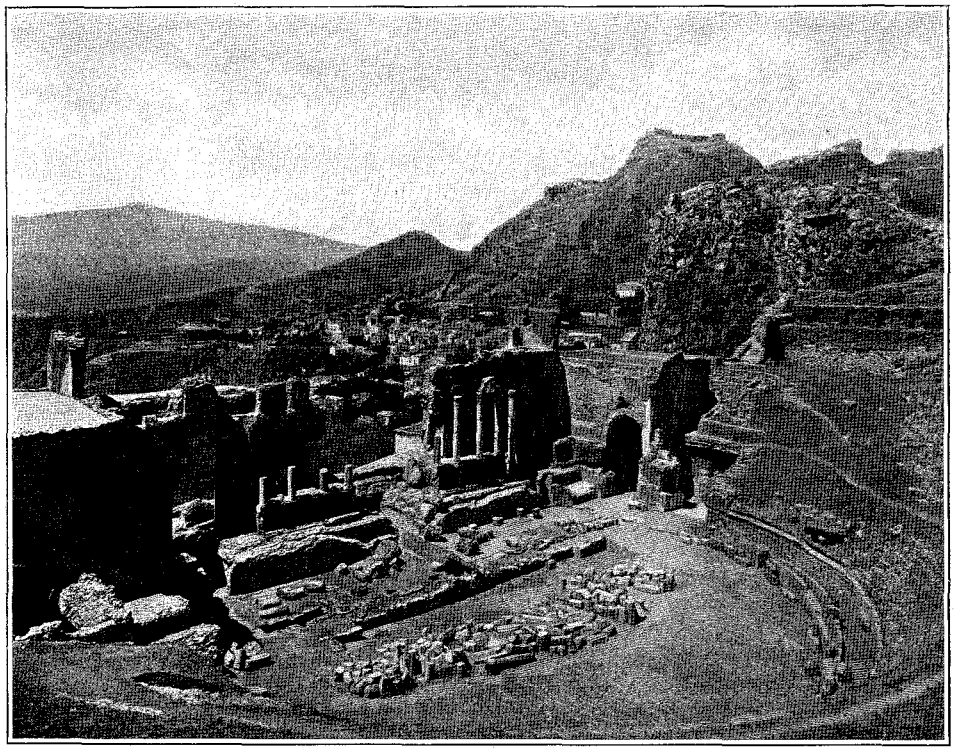

Taormina—View from the Ancient Theatre.

the family. Whether tradition has also erred in naming the temple on the highest part of the island, into which the cathedral has been so immured that the old temple columns protrude on each side of the church, the "Temple of Minerva," is a question to which archæologists have not yet returned a unanimous answer. Indications point rather to Zeus. This temple owes its preservation, such as it is, to this immuring of the cathedral in it. In fact the temple is nearly all present, although one might almost pass it by in the daytime without seeing it. Another temple-ruin on the edge of the plateau, which begins about two miles south of the city across the Anapos, one might also easily overlook in a casual survey of the city, because it consists only of two columns without capitals and a broad extent of the foundations from which the accumulated earth has been only partially removed. This was the famous temple of Olympian Zeus, built probably in the days of Hiero I., soon after the Persian War, but on the site of a temple still more venerable. One seeks a reason for the location of this holy place at such a distance from the city. Holm, the German historian of Sicily, argues with some plausibility that this was no mere suburb of Syracuse, but the original Syracuse itself. In the first place the list of the citizens of Syracuse was kept here down at least to the time of the Athenian invasion. In the second place tradition, which when rightly consulted tells so much, says that Archias, the founder of Syracuse, had two daughters, Ortygia and Syracusa, which may point to two co-ordinate settlements, Ortygia and Syracuse; the latter, which was on this temple plateau, being subsequently merged in the former, but, as sometimes happens in such cases, giving its name to the combined result.

Besides these temple-ruins there are many more foundations that tell a more or less interesting story. Then there are remains of the ancient city that can never be ruined, for instance the great stone quarries, pits over a hundred feet deep and acres broad, in some of which the Athenian prisoners were penned up to waste away under the gaze of the pit-

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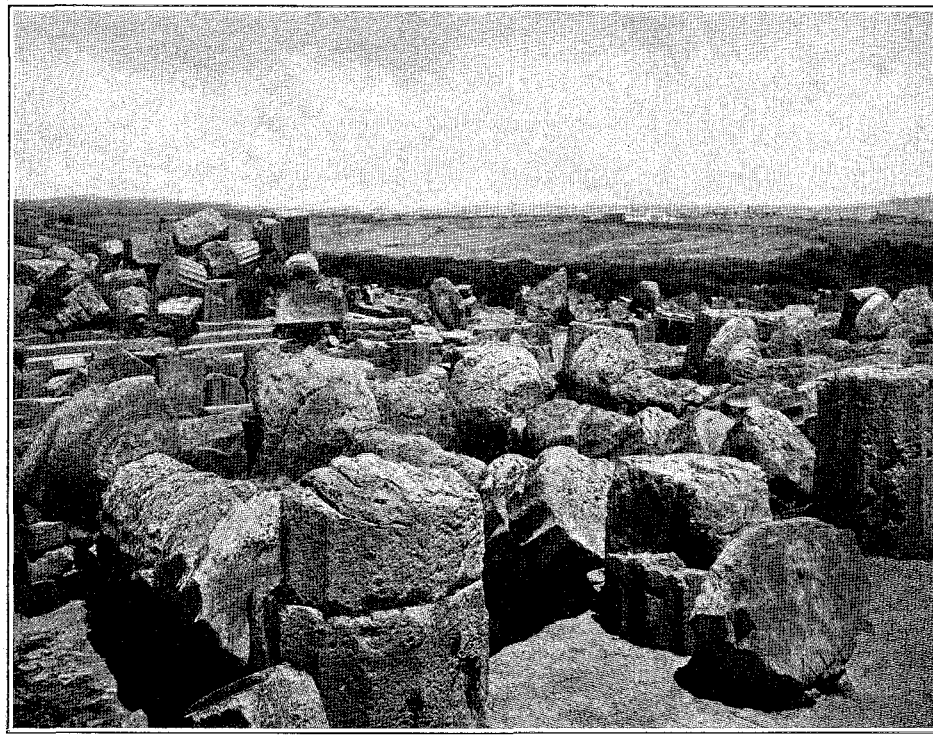

Ruins of Temple C at Selinus.

iless captors ; the Greek theatre, cut out of the solid rock ; the great altar of Hiero II., six hundred feet long and about half as broad, also of solid rock. Then there is the mighty Hexapylon, which closed the fortifications of Dionysius at the northwest at the point where they challenged attack from the land side. With its sally-ports and rock-hewn passages, some capacious enough to quarter regiments of cavalry, showing holes cut in the projecting corners of rock, through which the hitch-reins of the horses were wont to be passed, and its great magazines, it stands a lasting memorial to the energy of a tyrant. But while this fortress is practically indestructible, an impregnable fortress is a dream incapable of realization. Marcellus and his stout Romans came in through these fortifications, not entirely, it is true, by their own might, but by the aid of traitors, against whom no walls are proof.

One of the stone quarries, the Latomia del Paradiso, has an added interest from its association with the tyrant who made himself hated as well as feared, while Gelon was only feared without being hated. An inner recess of the quarry is called the "Ear of Dionysius," and tradition says that at the inner end of this recess either he or his creatures sat and listened to the murmurs that the people uttered against him, and that these murmurs were requited with swift and fatal punishment. Certain it is that a whisper in this cave produces a wonderful resonance, and a pistol-shot is like the roar of a cannon ; but that people who had anything to say against the butcher should come up within ear-shot of him to utter it is not very likely. Historians are not quite sure that the connection of Dionysius with this recess is altogether mythical, but that he shaped it with the fell purpose above mentioned is not to be thought of, as the whole quarry is older than his time, and was probably, with the Latomia dei Cappuccini, a prison for the Athenians.

No object is more frequently mentioned in connection with Syracuse than Arethusa, the nymph changed into a fountain when pursued across the sea by the river Al-

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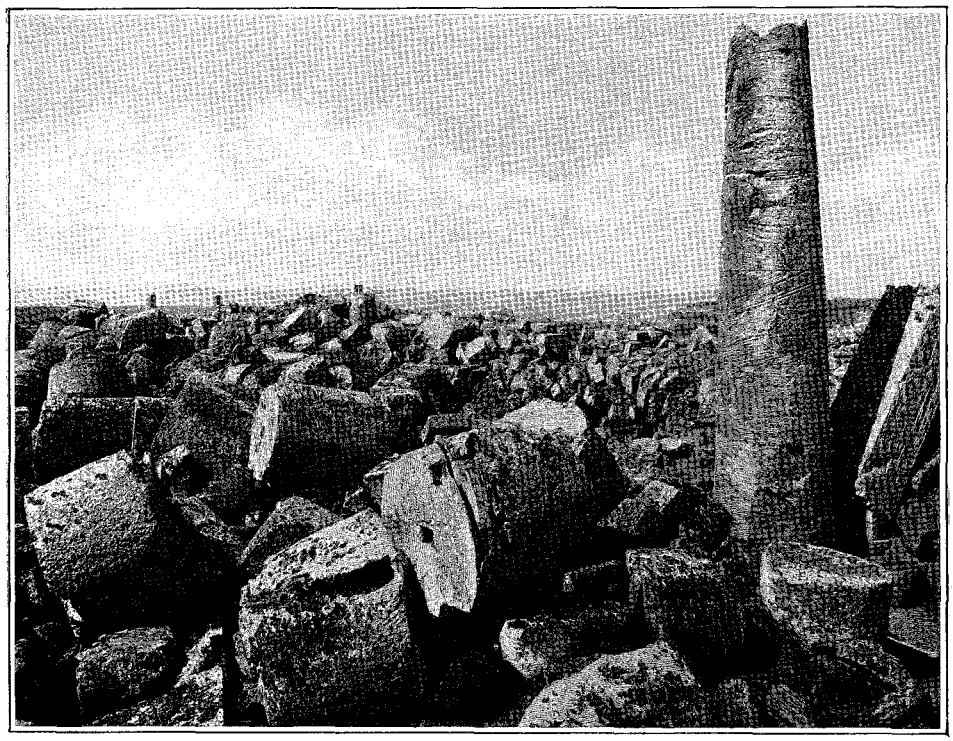

Ruins of Temple G at Selinus.

pheius. The water of this fountain, much praised in antiquity, has in recent times become brackish by the letting in of salt water through earthquakes. But what it has lost in real excellence it has gained in stylish appearance. For the sake of its ancient renown washwomen have recently been excluded from it, a fine wall put about it, and papyrus plants added to make it look picturesque. Enveloped in a more natural beauty lies the rival fountain Kyane, the source of the southern branch of the Anapos some distance south of the Olympieum. The nymph Cyane was turned into a fountain by Pluto because she told Demeter of the rape of Persephone. We gave half a day to Cyane, and had ourselves pushed up a stream lined with reeds and papyrus, the latter a reminder of Saracen occupation, to this spring, from which the stream comes forth with a rush. It is difficult to decide which is more beautiful, the clear, deep, broad spring or the stream through which one approaches it. The whole journey is like an excursion into fairyland, the outside world being shut out by the reeds and papyrus.

But if the monuments of Syracuse are on the whole comparatively unimpressive, what a history is crowded into the less than three centuries between Gelon, the second founder of the city, in that he made it great, and Marcellus.

This history is far from being a mere record of slaughter and sieges and sack of cities. The time of Hiero I. is memorable for the appearance at Syracuse, in familiar if not always friendly converse, of Pindar, Simonides, Bacchylides, Æschylus, Epicharmus and Xenophanes. One must not think of the poetry of this Hieronian circle as exotic because most of the poets were transplanted: to the Greek poets any place in the Greek world where they were appreciated and cared for was home. Anacreon sang as well and as naturally at Samos and Athens as at his native Teos; Simonides's muse was apparently equally happy in Athens, Thessaly, and Sicily; and even the Theban eagle suffered no relaxation of his wings at the Syracusan

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court; nay, he appears to have made his loftiest flights there. Over one-third of his epinician odes are for Sicilian victors. Of the Titan Æschylus alone of that company one may suspect that, although he did not always get on well at home, yet the sojourn so far from Eleusis and Marathon found him homesick and heartsick. It is only rarely in the world's history that such a lot of stars gather around a court. It is a good deal that Syracuse was again visited by the muses in the time of Hiero II., when Theocritus took up his abode there.

The afternoon before we left Syracuse we got a reminder that its greatness did not all pass away with the Roman occupation. The enormous catacombs from Christian times speak of new and better days. But what stirs one more is one particular spot in the crypt of St. Marcian, a church partly made out of a temple of Bacchus. Here, in front of an old altar, a block of stone is pointed out as the stone on which St. Paul stood when he preached at Syracuse. One gets impatiently sceptical about traces of the saints in Italy; but why not accept the report that in his three days' stay at Syracuse, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, St. Paul preached here? What is more fitting than that, by the very altar of the god of revelry, the great apostle should speak as he spoke at Athens? At any rate I add this spot to Appii Forum and Tres Tabernæ as a place where I trod in the footsteps of a man beside whom Gelon, Pyrrhus, and Hannibal were pygmies.

II

On the journey from Syracuse to Girgenti by rail through the heart of Sicily, the most interesting point is Castrogiovanni, the ancient Enna, called the navel of Sicily, a height from which one sees mountains diverging in every direction, a real *knotenpunkt*. The railroad affords a view of Enna only from some distance as it plunges into a long tunnel under the ridge joining this height to another almost as high, on which stands Calascibetta. The surroundings of the old Sikel town Enna, which, being early colonized by Syracuse, became a lasting monument of Greek domination over the Sikel, were probably much more beautiful in ancient times. On these rather bare heights there was once such luxuriant growth of woods and flowers that hunting-dogs lost the scent of the game. In this flower-garden the Sicilian legend placed the rape of Persephone.

As the train approached Girgenti it passed through the great sulphur region of the world. Here thousands of boys, many of them under ten years of age, carry the sulphur up to the surface. These boys are bound over by their parents to the overseers of the mines for a sum of two hundred francs, more or less, which they are expected to work off. But it takes years to do it, and many die before they succeed. The parents spend the purchase money and the children live on in despair. Our informant, a German-American, who had come over to study the sulphur industry, and who was not a sentimentalist, said that the sight of these boys going up and down the ladders with tears rolling down their cheeks had made him join in their sighs and carry a heavy heart all the way to Palermo.

The case of Girgenti is that of Syracuse reversed. Its history is not so very important, but its ruins are impressive. Even at Himera, where Theron and Akragas stood by Gelon and Syracuse, it was in a second *rôle*. On that occasion, when the larger part of the Carthaginian prisoners fell to Akragas, apparently because they strayed into Akragantine territory after the battle, some of the citizens are said to have got five hundred slaves apiece. From this time Akragas gave itself up to the amassing of wealth. As a consequence it became the least martial and most luxurious of Greek cities, showing, like Corinth, that a Dorian city, when once given over to pleasure, could outdo the Ionians in that direction. While Syracuse battled with Athens Akragas remained neutral. About the only form of strenuous activity to which it arose was athletics; and even then a victory was made an occasion for a display of wealth. When Exænetus won in the stadion at Olympia, three hundred span of milk-white horses accompanied him into the city.

The luxury of Akragas took on a peculiarly showy and almost gross type. The men loaded themselves with gold

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ornaments. They erected tombs to horses which had won Olympic victories and to other favorite animals. A typical Akragantine was Gellias, who used to have slaves stand at his door and invite every passing stranger to come in; and once, when five hundred knights from Gela made a visit to Akragas in the winter, he took them all in, entertained them, and gave each of them a new chiton and himation. That the means of entertainment did not fail him is shown by the statement that he had three hundred rock-hewn wine barrels, holding each a hundred amphoræ, and a big vat holding a thousand amphoræ, out of which these were filled; and this was *private* hospitality.

One could hardly expect moderation when such bountiful provision for carousal was at hand. Athenæus tells a story showing how well the young men lived up to their privileges. Some of these, drinking themselves dizzy at a banquet, declared that the house rocked like a ship, and, as if to avert impending shipwreck, began to lighten ship by pitching the furniture out of the windows, to the danger, and then to the hilarious delight, of the passers-by. But as a crowd and some disorder resulted, the generals went to the house to investigate the matter. The young bloods were equal to the emergency. They accosted the graybeards as Tritons, thanked them for deliverance from the storm, and vowed to sacrifice to them so soon as they had got over their sea-sickness and fright. The old men, being carried away with the humor of the thing, entered into the spirit of the joke; and that house was ever after known as "the ship."

Such a joke might have been played in a good many other towns, but the following bit of gossip, if not true, is *ben trovato*, and has a peculiarly Akragantine flavor. It is related that at the fatal siege of the city by the Carthaginians, when all was at stake, a law was passed restricting the guards when at their posts to one under-mattress and one over-mattress, one blanket, and two pillows. If these things were done in a green tree what was done in a dry? Empedocles, the most eminent citizen of Akragas, said of his fellow-citizens that they indulged in high living as if they were going to die to-morrow, but built as if they were going to live forever. The first half of this statement we have to judge by gossip, which, as it is very bulky and all to the same point, may well make us believe that when there is so much smoke there must be some fire. For the corroboration of the latter half go to Girgenti and *circumspice*.

What a moment was that when, toward the end of the afternoon, after toiling up from the station on the north side of Girgenti to the city itself, which occupied the site of the acropolis of Akragas, we looked down on the plateau sloping southward toward the sea, and dotted with the famous ruins long known to us by photographs. About a mile below us, in the direction of the ruins was the Hôtel des Temples, which we have been told in Syracuse was to close for the summer the day before. But as "the Greeks got into Troy by trying," we thought we would try to get into this hotel, and be near our goal. At the door a boy declared that the house was closed; but at our request he said he would call the padrone. In ten minutes there appeared in riding clothes, and leading a horse, the most charming landlord of Sicily, with a bewitching smile and the manners of a gentleman. He said that although his house was closed and his cook gone, he had not the heart to send us back up into the city. We could have, he said, eight or nine beds apiece, and as he had a hunting comrade with him for the night he could give us some soup and meat.

More than satisfied to have established a base of operations, without a delay of five minutes we were at the Concordia Temple, the most perfectly preserved Greek temple, unless we except perhaps the Theseum. Having an hour and a half of daylight, we used it in getting a first view of nearly everything on the plateau, and then returned to what we supposed was to be a frugal meal. But the dinner was an Akragantine feast, the best of the whole journey, with the possible exception of the next one at the same table. We wondered what sort of a dinner the regular cook would have produced if this was

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done by a novice; and when the padrone made apologies for his dinner, we searched his smiling face for traces of sarcasm.

The next day we enjoyed in detail what we had already enjoyed in the lump, that row of temples lined up along the southern edge of the plateau which here ends in a rocky precipice. These temples when new, with the city of half a million inhabitants behind it, and the acropolis above it with still more temples, must have been a very effective sight to one coming up from the sea five miles away.

Although the material of the temples is a friable yellow sandstone, quarried near by, we must not in reconstructing our picture think of them as yellow temples. They doubtless had stucco and paint enough to hide this core. The stone is so porous that it is not surprising to find the columns on the south side—*i.e.*, the side most exposed to the sirocco—badly eaten away. The whole line dates from the fifth century, and was doubtless planned and begun by Theron, who had armies of slaves from Himera.

What Greek name the Concordia Temple had is unknown. Holm suspects that it is the temple of Demeter, although the substructure under a church farther up the hill has generally been assigned to her. It owes its excellent preservation to the fact that in the Middle Ages it was turned into a church of St. Gregory of the turnips, whoever he was, when the cella walls were perforated with a series of arches on each side, to let in the light.

The next best preserved is the temple of Hera Lacinia, in the most commanding situation of all, having the precipice, which is here higher and more abrupt, on its east front, as well as on its south side. It is also considerably the highest of the line. Its present name is surely wrong. It is quite likely to have been a temple of Poseidon, a divinity held in honor at Akragas, a horse-rearing as well as a maritime city. The temple of Herakles is more interesting than either of these, although only one column stands upright; the rest lie as they were thrown down by an earthquake, in such good order that it would be easy to set them up again; and the result would be much more important than Cavalari's so-called temple of Castor and Pollux, which, being a corner of a temple put together out of two different temples, should be properly called "Cavalari's folly." The temple of Herakles is rightly named. It was identified as being at the sacred gate and near the agora. It is much larger than the two temples already described and shows, like them, traces of a great conflagration which reddened the yellow stone in places. Its ground plan is very clear but peculiar, and so extremely interesting. Sicily is the place of all others to study the construction of the Greek temple.

But the object of greatest interest is the Zeus Temple, still farther west in the line. This justifies the saying of Empedocles above quoted, being so large that the Parthenon could be lost in one corner of it, as the wooden ladle was lost in Lady Wouter Van Twiller's pocket. It is the most massive of Greek temples, in the sense in which the temple of Zeus at Olympia is more massive than the Parthenon—*i.e.*, its columns and all its members are larger. So enormous were its dimensions that the architect readily saw that he must deviate from the ordinary rules of construction. Columns of friable stone, fifty-five feet high, supporting an unusually heavy entablature needed support themselves. Accordingly they were embedded in a continuous wall. What one here saw was not a line of graceful columns between which and the cella one could walk about, but only a great wall with half columns protruding from it. These half columns were not really independent members. The small blocks composing them run over into the wall to the right and left. They simply serve to break up a monotonous wall, and to present the appearance of columns. This contour, which is a little over a semi-circumference, averages about twenty feet, being, of course, greater at the bottom. A man's back, as was remarked by Diodorus Siculus, easily fits into the flutings. The clearest idea, however, of the large proportions of the temple I got by noting that the grooves in a triglyph lying on the ground measured fifteen feet in length. It would also be no exaggeration to say that a company could dance on the top of one of the capitals lying about.

The inside of this temple must have been as peculiar as the outside. The great question here is where to place the gigantic fig-

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ures called Atlantes or Telamones, male figures corresponding to the female figures on the Erechtheum, but unlike them showing exertion, like Atlas in the Olympia metope. Probably they stood on the lateral walls of the cella, and with their twenty-five feet they would reach up to the roof, like the second row of columns at Pæstum. The cella probably ran clear through from one end of the temple to the other, and while the two divisions of the temple to the right and left of it, which were as much closed as the cella itself, had entrances from the east, the cella was probably entered from the west. One has to say "probably" very often in speaking of the interior, because the temple has been nearly all carried away to make the pier at Porto Empedocle, the harbor of the modern city. As late as 1401 three columns were still standing and carrying a piece of the architrave. But the temple entered very early on the stage of dilapidation, for the reason that the roof was never put upon it. For more than half a century, even from the time of Theron, Akragas had wrought upon this monster building, and had not finished it when the Carthaginian fury broke upon her. Although the city rose again, and even prospered, it never saw a day for taking up again such a gigantic enterprise.

Besides this temple of Olympian Zeus there was an older temple of Zeus Polieus on the acropolis, to which an unusual interest attaches, because it was built by Phalaris of execrable memory, who, having attached to himself a band of laborers for the construction of the temple, by their help seized the sovereign power and subverted the democracy. Down in the crypt of the church of Santa Maria dei Greci we were shown a regular stylobate of three steps, and on the top step eight columns, the upper parts of which run up into the church, which shows also columns of the other long side of the temple. Tradition claims this as the identical temple built by Phalaris. But as the forms of the columns forbid putting them back into the sixth century, we do better to identify them with the temple of Athena on the acropolis. The temple built by Phalaris is to be sought, then, on the ground occupied by the modern cathedral. Jove gave place to Jesus, and the virgin goddess, as at Athens, to the Virgin Mother.

When we told our smiling host that we intended to ride in one day from his hotel to Castelvetrano, the point of departure for Selinus, he said the thing was impossible. We told him that while we admitted his judgment in all that pertained to horses, we were going to make the sixty-two miles, which according to Baedeker lay between us and our goal, between sunrise and sunset, however bad the road might be. He then, like a true sportsman, got interested, offered to bet, and, when we declined, begged us to telegraph back to him if we really did it.

As we had to wake up the cook the next morning, after waking up ourselves, the sun was well up in the heavens before we got off. But the coffee which cost us so much time must have told on our gait; for a fellow-countryman, whom we first met two days later at Palermo, seemed impressed by it, and rather proud of it. He asked, "Didn't I see you go through Porto Empedocle the day before yesterday morning on bicycles?" When we assented he said: "Well, I told the American Consul who was with me, 'I bet dose vas American boys.'" And the next day he repeated, as if pleased with his own sagacity, "I told the Consul, 'I bet dose vas American boys.'"

As we started the next morning toward Selinus, after passing the night at Castelvetrano, I realized that this, more even than Syracuse, was my chief object of interest in this long-delayed Sicilian journey.

The history of this short-lived colony of a colony is invested with a pathetic interest. Planted by Sicilian Megara in 628 B.C., as an outpost of Hellas toward the west, it was a standing challenge to the Phœnicians. But there was not always war between Hellas and Canaan. The Phœnicians, who had long been in possession of the west end of the island, were bent on gain, while the Greek sought rather for a free unfolding of his civic life; and so Selinus, with a little temporizing, got on with its neighbors.

There were some strange vicissitudes in Sicilian politics. From the time when Carthage appeared in Sicily as a protector of the older Phœnician settlements, Selinus saw its advantage in siding with her against

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other rivals. On the great day of Himera, Gelon and Theron had to contend against Selinus as well as against Carthage. This off side play was not, however, regarded by the other Sicilian cities as sufficient cause for shutting Selinus out of the sisterhood of states.

But while Selinus had an eye to profit, it did not, like Akragas, forget the art of war. That she was a power in western Sicily in the days when Carthage was so strangely inactive for seventy years after Himera, is shown by an inscription of this time, which mentions a victory won by the Silinuntians "with the aid of Zeus and Phobos and Herakles and Apollo and Poseidon and the Tyndaridæ and Athena and Malophoros and Pasikrateia and the other gods, but especially Zeus." This drawing in of so large a part of the pantheon implies that it was a great victory. Probably it was won from Segesta, that most-hated Elymian neighbor. But Segesta knew how to help herself. After she had lured Athens to destruction in this same quarrel, she invoked the Carthaginian on a mission of destruction. For the Carthaginian was not subdued, but was biding his time, and when he again fell upon Sicily it was his old ally Selinus that first felt the weight of his arm. Then Zeus and Phobos seemed to forsake her. But her conduct was such in that awful visitation that Hellas had no reason to blush for this daughter.

The force which Hannibal led against her was, at the lowest estimate, 100,000, which was more than the total population of the city. The first attack on the land side, where the walls were weak and out of repair, because no danger had threatened for years, was repulsed. A call for help was sent to both Akragas and Syracuse. The former might have had its contingent before the walls in three days, allowing one for the messenger. But Akragas waited for the Syracusans, who were two days farther off, to come and take them on the way. She paid the penalty for this delay three years later. She, as well as Syracuse, ought to have known that at Selinus they would be fighting for their own life. Syracuse was, moreover, an ally of Selinus in the war against Athens, which was finished only three years before with such *éclat* as to make Syracuse a proper champion of the Greek cities against the great enemy.

It is probable that the call for help was sent out before the enemy actually made its assault, but so speedy were the movements of the Carthaginians that one might have expected even prompt aid to come too late. But Selinus held out with such tenacity as to frustrate all calculation. For nine days, in the consciousness that she stood as a vanguard of Hellas, while the eastern hills were eagerly scanned for the succor that was hourly expected, Selinus conducted a defence rarely equalled in history.

There were not men enough to allow reliefs in defending the wall. The same men stood at their posts day and night. The old men brought new weapons, and sharpened those that were dull. The women carried food and water. Even on the ninth day, when the fierce Iberian mercenaries broke through the wall and the weary defenders, and got inside the city, the defence did not cease. The city had to be taken house by house, men and women hurling down stones from the house-tops until the supply was exhausted. And now house after house was pillaged by men spurred on by the promise of free plunder given by Hannibal; and delicate women fell into hands compared with which the claws of wild beasts were tender. Soldiers paraded the streets with heads on the points of their spears and strings of hands slung over their shoulders. Only 2,600 survivors somehow found their way to Akragas.

On this very day a large force started from Syracuse; but when, united with the contingent of Akragas, it confronted the Carthaginians, the woe of Selinus was accomplished. Hannibal told these belated allies that he had dealt Selinus only its deserts, and that even its gods had pronounced against it. What a theme for a Jeremiah!

The six large temples of Selinus lie in a worse condition than that in which the Carthaginians left them. Earthquakes have been more active here than at Akragas. But these ruins, in two large groups, one on the acropolis and one on a plateau to the east, are the most interesting as well as the most impressive ruins in Europe. Their interest lies in the fact that they present us in

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tangible form the history of Greek architecture as it unfolded itself in a provincial town. There is Temple C (probably a Herakles temple; but archæologists have refrained from giving doubtful names, and designated the temples by letters. Perhaps the names given at Syracuse and Girgenti, though false, are better pegs to serve the memory than letters) with "shapeless sculpture," the well-known metope representing Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa, and another with Herakles carrying the mischievous Kerkopes flung over his shoulder. These grotesque attempts at sculpture as well as the general consideration that the first thought of a colony was to erect a temple, allow us to date this oldest temple of Selinus as early as 600 B.C. The architecture is vastly better than the sculpture, a complete Doric style with something of the clumsiness which marks the venerable ruin at Corinth. Then we may notice Temple E, probably a Hera temple, the southernmost of the three on the eastern plateau, a large and beautiful temple, once most gorgeously painted, and giving us perhaps more light than any other temple on the subject of polychromy in Doric architecture. The metopes, the best of which is Zeus receiving Hera on Mount Ida, mark this temple as a product of the early part of the fifth century, about the time of the temple of Zeus at Olympia. Then, at the other end of this line, on the eastern plateau, is Temple G, so enormous that it is supposed, like its brother at Akragas, to have been meant for none other than Zeus, the King of the gods. It is a few feet longer and a few feet wider than the great Akragas temple. Its date is given with a melancholy certainty; for it, as well as the Akragas temple, was never finished. It may well have taken a small community like this as much as the "forty and six years," which the temple of Jerusalem required, to put up such a colossal building. An especial interest attaches to it, because we see it, as it were, stopped midway in a lively process of coming into being. Some of the huge drums are combined into columns, a few of which are fluted from top to bottom, while others have a little start of fluting at the top and bottom, and still others are only cut in the form of a twenty-sided polygon. But one must go to Campo Bello, about five miles distant, to feel in a still more lively manner the interruption of the building process. Here one sees a cliff, where in one case workmen had just marked out, with a circular groove, a column-drum to be detached from its bed. In another place is one around which workmen have hewn for months, so that it is almost ready to be detached. Hard by are some already detached and rolled a little distance toward Selinus; still others are found transported half way or more to the temple. The people of the country are filled with wonder at the sight. They recognize the fact that all these blocks were meant for the great temple; and some of them told an early traveller that the women of Selinus used to carry these stones on their heads from the quarry to the temple, spinning flax all the way as they went, adding, with naïveté, "But you know it was a race of women much larger than ours."

These interesting temples show, as they stand side by side, great freedom in the application of the rules of Doric style. For instance, the number of columns on the side of a hexastyle temple varies from thirteen to seventeen. The number of steps also varies from two to six, instead of the canonical three.

When we visited Segesta the next day, and saw its temple, also unfinished, as it was when the city was stricken down by the Greek Agathocles, we felt little pity for this city, which had stirred up so much mischief for its foe, Selinus, and for its friend, Athens. But perhaps, after all, this Elymian city's greatest crime was saying, "I must live." If Selinus refused to accept this proposition, Segesta called in Athens or Carthage, regardless of the woes that might in consequence come upon those who disputed her right to live.

In shooting down from Segesta to the northern shore, without further exploration of what may be called the country of Æneas, we got glimpses of Mount Eryx, the favorite haunt of Venus; and later in the day, the train brought us to Palermo, "that wonderful cross section of history." But as it was not rich in Greek history our tour in western Hellas was at an end.

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PARKMAN AT LAKE GEORGE

TO the imaginative visitor Lake George is an ideal region for the pictures by Cooper and Parkman. He sees the surrounding summits flushed with the glory of romance and history as richly as with the colors of a summer sunset. As an artist's sketch is often quite as interesting as his finished picture, Parkman's preliminary study of Lake George is a document of some value. The following pages from his diary of 1842 are his first sketch of a historic locality. They are interesting also when viewed as the unstudied production of the boy of eighteen, and as additional touches to the character portrayed in my biography of the historian. This cruise on Lake George was the beginning of the journey that ended with his "Exploring the Magalloway," which was published in *Harper's Monthly* for November, 1864.

CHARLES H. FARNHAM.

July 15, 1842. *Albany.*—Left Boston this morning at half-past six for this place, where I am now happily arrived, it being the longest day's journey I ever made. For all that, I would rather have come thirty miles by stage than the whole distance by railroad, for of all methods of progressing, that by steam is incomparably the most disgusting. We were whisked by Worcester and all the other intermediate towns, and reached Springfield by noon, where White ran off to see his sister, and I stayed and took "refreshment" in a little room at the end of the car-house, where about thirty people were standing around a table in the shape of a horse-shoe, eating and drinking in lugurious silence. The train got in motion again, and passed the Connecticut. Its shores made a perspective of high, woody hills, closed in the distance by the haughty outline of Mount Tom. The view from the railroad-bridge was noble, or rather would have been so, had not the Company taken care to erect a parapet on both sides, which served the double purpose of intercepting the view and driving all the sparks into the eyes of the passengers. A few miles farther, and we came upon the little river Agawam, and an hour after high mountains began to rise before us. We dashed by them, dodged under their cliffs, whirled round their bases, only seeing so much as to make us wish to see more, and more than half blinded meanwhile by showers of red-hot sparks which poured in at the open windows like a hail-storm. I have scarcely ever seen a wilder and more picturesque country. We caught tantalizing glimpses of glittering streams and waterfalls, rocks and mountains, woods and lakes, and before we could rub our scorched eyes to look again the scene was left miles behind. A place called Chester Factory, where we stopped five minutes, is beautifully situated among encircling mountains, which rise like an amphitheatre around it, to the height of many hundred feet, wooded to the summit. It almost resembled New Hampshire scenery. I learned the names of some of the mountains—Pontoosac, Bear, Becket, The Summit, the last being the highest. The road here is ascending for a considerable distance, through the townships of North Becket, Hinsdale, etc. The whole is a succession of beautiful scenes. The Irishmen who worked on the road made a most praiseworthy selection of places for their shanties, which many of them are wise enough to occupy still. Three or four of these outlandish cabins, ranged along the banks of a stream flowing through a woody glen extending back among the hills, made with their turf walls and slant roofs a most picturesque addition to the scene. We crossed the boundary line to Chatham, the first New York village. The country was as level as that about Boston. We passed through Kinderhook and Schodack—or however else it is spelled—and at half-past six saw the Hudson moping dismally between its banks under a cloudy sky, with a steamboat solemnly digging its way through the leaden waters. In five

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minutes the spires and dirt of Albany rose in sight on the opposite shore. We crossed in a steamboat and entered the old city, which, indeed, impressed us at once with its antiquity by the most ancient and fish-like smell which saluted our shrinking nostrils the instant we set foot on the wharf. We have put up at the Eagle Hotel—a good house. Nevertheless, we are both eager to leave cities behind us.

July 16th. *Caldwell.*—This morning we left Albany—which I devoutly hope I may never see again—in the cars for Saratoga. My plan of going up the river to Fort Edward I had to abandon, for it was impracticable—no boat beyond Troy. Railroad the worst I was ever on; the country flat and dull; the weather dismal. The Catskills appeared in the distance. After passing the inclined plane and riding a couple of hours, we reached the valley of the Mohawk and Schenectady. I was prepared for something filthy in the last-mentioned, venerable town, but for nothing quite so disgusting as the reality. Canal docks, full of stinking water, superannuated, rotten canal-boats, and dirty children and pigs paddling about, formed the delicious picture, while in the rear was a mass of tumbling houses and sheds, bursting open in all directions; green with antiquity, dampness, and lack of paint. Each house had its peculiar dunghill, with the group of reposing hogs. In short, London itself could exhibit nothing much nastier. In crossing the main street, indeed, things wore an appearance which might be called decent. The car-house here is enormous. Five or six trains were on the point of starting for the North, South, East, and West; and the brood of railroads and taverns swarmed about the place like bees. We cleared the babel at last, passed Union College, another tract of monotonous country, Balston, and finally reached Saratoga, having travelled latterly at the astonishing rate of seven miles an hour. "Caldwell stage ready." We got our baggage on board, and I found time to enter one or two of the huge hotels. After perambulating the entries, filled with sleek waiters and sneaking fops, dashing through the columned porticos and enclosures, drinking some of the water and spitting it out again in high disgust, I sprang onto the stage, cursing Saratoga and all New York. With an unmitigated temper, I journeyed to Glens Falls, and here my wrath mounted higher yet at the sight of that noble cataract almost concealed under a huge, awkward bridge, thrown directly across it, with the addition of a dam above, and about twenty mills of various kinds. Add to all, that the current was choked by masses of drift logs above and below, and that a dirty village lined the banks of the river on both sides, and some idea may possibly be formed of the way in which the New Yorkers have bedevilled Glens. Still the water comes down over the marble ledges in foam and fury, and the roar completely drowns the clatter of the machinery. I left the stage and ran down to the bed of the river, to the rocks at the foot of the falls. Two little boys volunteered to show me the "caverns," which may be reached dry-shod when the stream is low. I followed them down, amid the din and spray, to a little hole in the rock, which led to a place a good deal like the "Swallow's Cave," and squeezed in after them. "This is Cooper's Cave, sir; where he went and hid the two ladies." They evidently took the story in "The Last of the Mohicans" for gospel. They led the way to the larger cave, and one of them ran down to the edge of the water, which boiled most savagely past the opening. "This is Hawley's Cave: here's where he shot an Indian." "No, he didn't, either," squalled the other, "it was higher up on the rocks." "I tell you it wasn't." "I tell you it was." I put an end to the controversy with two cents.

Dined at the tavern and rode on. Country dreary as before; the driver one of the best of his genus I ever met. He regaled me, as we rode on, with stories of his adventures with deer, skunks, and passengers. A mountain heaved up against the sky some distance before us, with a number of smaller hills stretching away on each hand, all wood-crowned to the top. Away on the right rose the Green Mountains, dimly seen through the haze, and scarcely distinguishable from the blue clouds that lay upon them. Between was a country of half-cultivated fields, tottering houses, and forests of dwarf pines and scrub oaks. But as we drew near, the

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mountain in front assumed a wilder and loftier aspect. Crags started from its woody sides and leaned over a deep valley below. "What mountain is that?" "That ere is French Mounting"— the scene of one of the most desperate and memorable battles in the old French War. As we passed down the valley, the mountain rose above the forest half a mile on our right, while a hill on the left, close to the road, formed the other side. The trees flanked the road on both sides. In a little opening in the woods, a cavity in the ground, with a pile of stones at each end, marked the spot where was buried that accomplished warrior and gentleman, Colonel Williams, whose bones, however, have since been removed. Farther on is the rock on the right, where he was shot, having mounted it on the lookout — an event which decided the day; the Indians and English broke and fled at once. Still farther on, is the scene of the third tragedy of that day, when the victorious French, having been, in their turn, by a piece of great good luck, beaten by the valorous Johnson at his entrenchment by the lake, were met at this place on their retreat by McGinnis, and almost cut to pieces. Bloody Pond, a little dark, slimy sheet of stagnant water, covered with weeds and pond-lilies, and shadowed by the gloomy forest around it, is the place where hundreds of dead bodies were flung after the battle, and where the bones still lie. A few miles farther, and Lake George lay before us, the mountains and water confused and indistinct in the mist. We rode into Caldwell, took supper—a boat—and then a bed.

July 17th. *Caldwell.*—The tavern is full of fashionable New Yorkers—all of a piece. Henry (White) and myself both look like the Old Nick, and are evidently looked upon in a manner corresponding. I went this morning to see William Henry. The old fort is much larger than I had thought; the earthen mounds cover many acres. It stood on the southwest extremity of the lake close by the water. The enterprising genius of the inhabitants has made a road directly through the ruins, and turned bastion, moat, and glacis into a flourishing cornfield, so that the spot so celebrated in our colonial history is now scarcely to be distinguished. Large trees are growing on the untouched parts, especially on the embankment along the lake shore. In the rear, a hundred or two yards distant, is a gloomy wood of pines, where the lines of Montcalm can easily be traced. A little behind these lines is the burying-place of the French who fell during that memorable siege. The marks of a thousand graves can be seen among the trees, which, of course, have sprung up since. Most of them have been opened, and bones and skulls dug up in great numbers. A range of mountains tower above this pine forest — Cobble Mount — The Prospect, etc., the haunt of bears and rattlesnakes. The ruins of Fort George are on a low hill of limestone, a short distance southeast of William Henry — of stone and in much better preservation than the other, for they are under the special protection of Mr. Caldwell, the owner of the village; but they have no historical associations connected with them. I noticed some curious marks of recent digging in William Henry, and asked an explanation of an old fellow who was hoeing corn in a field close by. He said that some fools had come up the lake with a wizard and a divining rod to dig for money in the ruins. They went at midnight for many successive nights and dug till daylight. I undertook to climb the Prospect —three miles high, without a path. I guided myself by the sun and the summits of the mountains, and got to the top almost suffocated with heat and thirst. The view embraced the whole lake as far as Ty. All was hazy and indistinct, only the general features of the scene could be distinguished in the dull atmosphere. The lake seemed like a huge river, winding among mountains. Came down, dined, and went to church. The church is a minute edifice, with belfry and bell exactly like a little school-house. It might hold easily about sixty. About thirty were present—countrymen; cute, sly, sunburnt slaves of Mammon; maidens of sixty and of sixteen; the former desperately ugly, with black bonnets, frilled caps, peaked noses and chins, and an aspect diabolically prim and saturnine; the latter for the most part remarkably pretty and delicate. For a long time the numerous congregation sat in a pious silence, waiting for the minister. At last he came, dodged into a

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door behind the pulpit, and presently reappeared and took his place, arrayed in a white surplice with black facing. He was very young, and *Yankee ploughboy* was stamped on every feature. Judge of my astonishment when he began to read the Episcopal service in voice so clear and manner so appropriate that I have never heard better in Boston. He read the passage in Exodus quite appropriate to the place, beginning "The Lord is a Man of war." In his sermon, which was polished and even elegant, every figure was taken from warfare.

One of Montcalm's lines ran northwest of the tavern toward the mountains. Two or three years ago, in digging for some purpose, a great quantity of deer, bear, and moose bones were found here, with arrows and hatchets, which the tavern-keeper thinks mark the place of some Indian feast. The spikes and timbers of sunken vessels may be seen in strong sunlight, when the water is still, at the bottom of the lake, along the southern beach. Abercrombie sunk his boats here. There are remains of batteries on French Mount, and the mountain north of it, I suppose to command the road from Fort Edward. This evening visited the French graves. I wrote this at camp, July 18th. Just turned over my ink-bottle and spilt all the ink.

July 18th. *Camp at Diamond Island.*—Set out this morning in an excellent boat, hired at Caldwell. The sun rose over the mountains like a fiery ball of copper—portending direful heat. The lake was still as glass, the air to the last degree sultry and oppressive. Rowed to the western side and kept to the banks, which were rocky and covered with birch, spruce, cypress, and other trees. We landed occasionally, and fished as we went along. About ten o'clock stretched across Middle Bay, and got bread, pork, and potatoes at a farmhouse, with which and our fish we regaled ourselves at a place halfway down the bay. Here I wrote my journal for yesterday; we slept an hour or two on the ground, bathed, and read Goldsmith, which Henry brought in his knapsack. At three we proceeded to explore the bay to its bottom, returned, made for Diamond Island, which is now uninhabited, prepared our camp, and went to sleep.

Wednesday, July 20th. Entered the narrows this morning and rowed among all the islands and all along the shores. White trailed a line behind the boat, by which means he caught a large bass. Scenery noble, but mists still on the mountains. Passed along the rocky and precipitous shore of Tongue Mount, stopped and fished and caught so many that we flung several dozen away. About eleven o'clock landed on a little island, built a fire and prepared dinner, White officiating as cook with considerable skill. We rowed down the lake again and soon cleared the narrows. On our right rose the ridges of Black Mount, the loftiest summit on the lake. We stopped at a log cabin at its base, where an old man of eighty was splitting shingles under a shed, surrounded by a group of women and children, who, with becoming modesty, fled at our approach. The old man lost no time in informing us that he did not belong there, but had only come to work for the family. We went up to the house—one of the most wretched cabins I ever saw—inhabited by two families, French and American. We left and kept down the lake, with a fierce wind sweeping down after us and driving the mists before it. The water was a dark glistening blue, with lines of foam on the crests of the waves; huge shadows of clouds coursed along the mountains. The little islands would be lighted up at one instant by a stream of sunshine falling on them, and almost making their black pines transparent, and the next moment they would be suddenly darkened, and all around be glittering with a sudden burst of light from the opening clouds. We passed under Black Mount, whose precipices and shaggy woods wore a very savage and impressive aspect in that peculiar weather, and kept down the lake seven miles to Sabbath Day Point. High and steep mountains flanked the lake the whole way. In front, at some distance, they seemed to slope gradually away, and a low green point, with an ancient dingy house upon it, closed the perspective. This was Sabbath Day Point, the famous landing-place of many a huge army. We noticed two abrupt mountains on our left, and steering under them, found the most savage and warlike precipices we had yet seen. One impended over the lake like the stooping wall of an old castle. Its

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top was fringed with trees, which seemed bushes from the height, and great fragments of broken rock were piled around its base. We ran our boat on the beach of Sabbath Day Point and asked lodgings at the house. An old woman, after a multitude of guesses and calculations, guessed as how she could accommodate us with a supper and bed, though she couldn't say nohow how we should like it, seeing as how she warn't used to visitors. The house was an old, rickety, dingy shingle palace, with a potato garden in front, hogs perambulating the outhouses, and a group of old men and women engaged in earnest conversation in the tumble-down portico. The chief figure was an old gray-haired man, tall and spare as a skeleton, who was giving some advice to a chubby old lady about her corns.

"Well, now," said the old lady, "I declare they hurt me mighty bad."

"I'll give you something to cure them right off."

"What is it? I hope it ain't snails. I always hated snails since I was a baby, but I've heard say they are better for corns nor nothing else at all," etc., etc.

The old man was a revolutionary pensioner, Captain Patchin by name, and stout-hearted, hale, and clever by nature. He is the owner of the place, but the house is occupied by another family—old man, old woman, and a numerous progeny of youthful giants and ogresses, but the whole "calculated on" removing to Illinois in the fall. There were visitors of the family also, the most conspicuous of whom was a little Canadian Frenchman, with his family, who professed himself a mighty adept at angling, but whose pretensions were found on trial to be greatly above his merits. The whole household presently gathered under the old portico, where stories of revolutionary campaigns, rattlesnakes, deadly beasts, and deadly diseases flew from mouth to mouth with awful rapidity. After a few rifle trials with the aforesaid youthful giants we took supper, and went on the lake after bass, with the Frenchman in our boat, and the young men following in their own. We had good success—Henry and I caught a dozen apiece, some of very large size, while the vainglorious Frenchman had to be content with one wretched perch. The Captain to-night sent his dogs to the mountains in the care of a neighbor of his in hopes that a deer may be roused and driven to the lake in the morning. One of the children is playing with the tail of a rattlesnake, killed last night by one of the men in the middle of the road.

Friday, 22d. Left old Patchin's this morning, he having previously exhorted me to come and buy his place, which he says I may have for $5,000. A strong south wind compelled us to run toward Ty. We rowed six miles down the lake—mountains less high than before, lake broad. In front lay a confused mass of precipitous mountains, apparently stretching across and barring the passage. On the left was a hamlet at the foot of a range of hills, for which we steered, in order to put a letter into the post-office, which we knew to be there. We broke an oar when within about half a mile, and paddled to shore with great difficulty through a great surf which was dashing against the beach like the waves of the ocean. We found the post-office a neat little tavern, kept by one Garfield, entitled the Judge. He referred us to a carpenter who promised to make an oar forthwith, and worked six hours upon it, an interval which I spent chiefly in wandering about the country. I followed the course of a rocky brook, which came down a valley, with a little road running along its side, with an occasional cabin or mill, or narrow clearing breaking upon the forest. One old mill stood by the roadside where the stream tumbled in a broken line of foam over a mass of rock into a basin beneath, above which the building stood. Fantastic rocks, crowned with trees and shrubs, leaned above the basin and darkened the whirling waters below, while the dripping logs and walls of the mill on the other side, and the high rocks and waterfall in front, gave a sort of picturesque aspect to the place that I never hoped to see the companion of any Yankee edifice. Going on farther, I found other mills in abundance, and at last one which stood on the top of a deep descent of rock, flanked by the woods, down the surface of which the water came gliding in a thread so small that I wondered what had become of the stream I

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had seen so large before. Listening, I heard the heavy plunging of water, apparently from under ground. I looked all about, and could see no channel; but the noise grew louder as I approached the woods on the left. I forced my way among the trees and came to the edge of a ravine not ten feet wide, but so deep that, leaning over, I could distinguish nothing but dark moss-grown rocks, while the noise of the water came up from the gulf with an appalling din. I went to the foot of the rocks and found the place where the water came glancing furiously out from the shelter of rocks and bushes, and following this guide by means of fallen logs and timbers, entered what seemed to be the mouth of a damp, gloomy cavern. The rocky walls of the ravine rose on each side some sixty or seventy feet, dripping with continual moisture. When I had got a little farther on, I could see a mass of rocks piled up in front, with the water tumbling over it in a sheet of foam. The cliffs leaning toward each other overhead, and the bushes that projected from them, rendered the place almost dark, though here and there the jagged rocks were illumined by a faint stream of sunshine. Just above the cataract could be seen the old green timbers and wheels of a mill, built across the ravine. The whole very much resembled the Flume at Franconia.

Returned to Garfield's, and found there Mr. Gibbs, with his wife, the "vocalist." Presently the man appeared with the oar finished. White undertook to pay him with a Naumkeag Bank bill, the only bills he had.

"Don't know nothing about that money. Wait till Garfield comes, and he'll tell whether it's genuine or not."

"There's the paper," said I. "Look and see." He looked; all was right. "Well, are you satisfied?"

"How do I know but what that ere bill is counterfeit? It has a sort of counterfeit look about it to my eyes. Deacon, what do you say to it?"

The Deacon put on his spectacles, held the bill to the light, turned it this way and that, tasted of it, and finally pronounced that, according to his calculation, it was good. But the carpenter was not contented.

"'Bijah, you're a judge of bills. What do you think?"

'Bijah, after a long examination, gave his opinion that it was counterfeit. All parties were beginning to wax wroth, when the Judge entered and decided that the bill was good.

We pushed from the beach and steered down the lake, passed some islands, and beheld in front of us two green mountains, standing guard over a narrow strait of dark waters between. Both were of solid granite, rising sheer from the lake, with a few stunted trees thinly clothing their nakedness. Behind each stretched away a long train of inferior mountains, like satellites of some gloomy despot. One of these mountains was the noted Roger's Slide, the other, almost as famous, Anthony's Nose, Jr. Both had witnessed in their day the passage of twenty vast armies in the strait between, and there was not an echo on either but had answered to the crack of rifles and screams of dying men. We skirted the base of the Nose—for which sentimental designation I could find no manner of reason—till we arrived opposite the perpendicular front of his savage neighbor. About a mile of water was between. We ran the boat ashore on a shelving rock, and looked for a camping-place among the precipices. We found, to our surprise, at the side of a steep rock, amid a growth of cedars and hemlocks, a little enclosure of logs, like a diminutive cabin without a roof. We made beds in it of hemlock boughs—there was just space enough—brought up our baggage and guns, ate what supper we had, and essayed to sleep. But we might as well have slept under a shower-bath of melted iron. In that deep sheltered spot, bugs, mosquitoes and "no-see-ems" swarmed innumerable. Our nets protected us from mosquitoes only. A million red-hot needles were gouged into hands, faces—everywhere. White cursed the woods and me for leading him into such a scrape. I laughed at him and the bugs as long as I could, but at last my philosophy gave way, and the utmost point of my self-command was to suffer in silence. It grew dark, and the wind came rushing along the side of the mountain, and stirring the trees over our heads with a lulling sound, and we were well

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tired with the labor of the day, so we fell at last into a sort of unquiet and half-conscious doze, ever and anon interrupted by a muttered grumble or a motion to scratch some severely affected part. Late in the night I was awaked from this blissful state by sounds rather startling in that solitude—the loud voices and shouts of men close by. I sat up and listened, but the moaning of the wind and the dash of the water against the shore prevented my distinguishing a syllable, until there came, louder than the rest, "Now then,—— damn it, pull for your lives; every stroke helps." In an instant it flashed across my bewildered brain that some scoundrels were making off with our boat, and I got clear of my blanket and ran down to the shore, first shaking White to wake him. All I could see through the darkness was that our boat was safe, and that another was drawn up beside it, when a man sprung up suddenly from the grass, with a muttered curse, and demanded who I was. We made mutual explanations. He had tried to run up the lake from Ty, with a companion in another boat, but his strength had failed against a strong contrary wind, and he had landed, leaving his friend, who had a long distance to go, to keep on.

The wind drove the bugs from the shore and made it a much more comfortable resting-place; so thither we adjourned and spread our blankets near the ragamuffin boatman. We built a little fire, and our new friend and White enjoyed a social pipe together. As the light fell on his matted hair; his grisly, unshorn countenance, haggard with drinking; and his battered and patched clothes, and then again flared high upon the cliffs and savage trees, and streamed across the water, I thought that even that shore had seldom seen a more outlandish group—we in our blankets, he in his rags. He told us that the camp where we had been sleeping was made by a man last summer who lived here for the purpose of fishing. "He was a sort of a villain-like character," said our acquaintance; "he went and stole fish off my ground, damn him; and then again he killed his own son right down here in this place. The old man got drunk, and said he *would* have the boy over to this camp, and so he got him in his old boat with him, though the boy's mother cried about it, and said she'd keep him at home, and the boy himself felt afeard to go. Well, the old fellow was so far gone that when he got to the landing-place—there, just where your boat is drawed up on the rock—he forgot he had his son with him, and ran his boat again the rock and tumbled himself out of it in such style that she overset, and pitched the boy into the deep water. The instant the old man heerd his son holler, it sobered him up in no time, but he nor the boy neither couldn't swim a mite, and so he stood on the rock and seed him drown, and then came over and telled the folks of it in the morning. That ere cured him of his tricks for one while, but within a week or two he has been up to them agin, and I ketched him on my fish grounds last Sunday —may I be d——d if I didn't dress him."

With this dismal legend did our new friend beguile the hours of the night-watch. At length we all fell asleep and did not wake till day. The ragamuffin said he was hungry, on which we gave him a piece of bread, got all things on board our boat, and set out again for Patchin's, where we had left some linen to be washed. That morning was the most toilsome we have passed. The wind was dead against us; the waves ran with a violence I had never seen before except on the ocean. It required the full force of both arms to hold the boat on her course. If we slackened our efforts for a single moment, she would spin round and drive backward. We had about twelve miles to row under these agreeable auspices. "Well," said White, "you call this fun, do you? To be eaten by bugs all night, and work against head winds all day isn't according to my taste, whatever you may think of it."

"Are you going to back out?" said I. "Back out, yes; when I get into a bad scrape I back out of it as quickly as I can" —and so he went on with marvellous volubility to recount his grievances. Lake George, he called a "scrubby-looking place"—said there was no fishing in it—he hated camping, and would have no more of it—and he wouldn't live so for another week to save his life, etc. Verily what is one man's meat is another man's poison. What troubles me more than his treachery to our plans is his want of cash,

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which will make it absolutely necessary to abandon our plan of descending through Maine. His scruples I trust to overcome in time.

We reached Patchin's at last, and were welcomed by the noble old veteran as cordially as if we were his children. We dined, and sat in his portico, listening to his stories. He is eighty-six. Three years ago he danced with great applause at a country party, and still his activity and muscular strength are fully equal to those of most men in the prime of life. He must once have been extremely handsome; even now his features are full and regular, and when he tells his stories he always sets his hat on one side of his head, and looks the very picture of an old warrior. He was several times prisoner. Once, when in Quebec, an English officer asked him, as he tells the story, "What's your name?" "Patchin." "What, Hell-Hound Patchin?" says he.

At another time an officer struck him without any provocation but that of his being a rebel. Patchin sprang on him and choked him till he fainted, in the streets of Quebec. He served in the Indian campaigns of Butler and Brant about Fort Stanwix; at the recovery of Fort Ann, after it was taken by Burgoyne; was present when Sir John Johnson fled from the Mohawk with his property, and tells how narrowly that Tory made his escape from the pursuing party on Champlain. He wants us to come back and hear more of his stories.

We left him and his family and ran down the lake again, bathed at an island, and, White still continuing contumacious, I left him at Garfield's, and proceeded to camp by myself at an island two or three miles off. I hauled the boat on shore, and prepared to wash my pantaloons, an operation I could commit to no one else, since I should have to wander breechless in the interim. I put the breeks in the water to the windward of the island, and, having suitably pounded them down with stones, left them to the operation of the waves while I made ready my camp. Presently, taking them out and wringing them, I strung them on a tree hard by to dry, wrapped myself in my blanket and laid down. I read a book of White's as long as I could see. Two boats passed by me as I lay, and the occupants turned a wondering gaze upon me, especially an old lady in green spectacles, whom her son was rowing down the lake. I slept comfortably and in the morning went back to Garfield's, where I found White, Gibbs, and his wife. The Judge was hospitable and kind, and we instantly planned a fishing party for the next day. To-day, being Sunday, I have stayed at home for the most part, written letters, journals, etc. The family are essentially "genteel" in the true sense of the word, the Judge a gentleman, his wife a lady, both polite by nature. The lady has a pretty flower garden—with no sunflowers in it. There is an old Irish gardener, whose department is managed in a most exemplary manner, and who has spent half the afternoon in expounding the superiority of the shamrock over the rose and the thistle. In short, the whole establishment is to the dwellings around it what Mr. Cushing's place is to a common farm.

Monday, July 25th. Breakfasted at nine, and went shooting with Gibbs—the ostensible object being a robin pie, the true one our own amusement. We made a great destruction among the small birds. The weapon I carried was used in the Revolution by Garfield's father. It was six feet long, slender, small bore, light breech of polished oak, flint lock. It had sent many a fatal charge of buckshot. In the afternoon went fishing with Gibbs and White, and witnessed the arrival of the great Nabob, Mr. Caldwell, the founder and owner of the village of that name, who comes here on a long-promised visit in a little barge of his own, with flags at prow and stern, and a huge box of wines for his private refreshment. To-night, the report of a piece from his boat gave the signal of his approach. Patrick, the Irishman, stood on the beach with the Judge's best gun and answered with a salute, for so it must be, or the great man would be displeased.

We were to have gone toward Ticonderoga to-night, but an easterly storm with rain prevents us, and compels us to remain here and sleep under a roof.

Tuesday, July 26th. The great man and his retinue occupied every nook and corner of the little tavern. Two of his satellites were quartered in the same room

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with us and entertained us all night with snorings so diversified and so powerful that I wished myself at camp in spite of the storm. Garfield has a very good rifle, which he wanted to "swap" for mine. As his has some important advantages over mine, in size of bore, and is only inferior to it in roughness of mounting and in being rather worn by use, I agreed to make a trial with him, which occupied half the morning, and showed no marked superiority in either gun. I therefore declined the "swap." Left Garfield's at noon, and rowed down to Ticonderoga. Passed close under Roger's Slide, whose bare perpendicular sheets of granite, with their deep gullies and weather stains, and stunted shrubs in their crevices, present as dismal and savage an aspect as ever I saw, except at the White Mountains. Found the steamboat at the wharf at the outlet of the lake, and were welcomed on board by old Dick, whose acquaintance we made at Caldwell, who now composed her whole crew, the rest being seated under a tree on shore. Dick showed us his rattlesnakes again, and told us how a fellow once stole them, shut up in their box, mistaking the rattling for the sound of some valuable piece of machinery; but when he examined his prize and found the truth of the case, he dropped the box in the woods and ran for his life. We consigned our boat to the Captain to be carried back to Caldwell and got on a stage we found at the wharf, which carried us to the village of Ty. It is a despicable manufacturing place, straggling and irregular—mills, houses, and heaps of lumber—situated in a broad valley with the outlet of Lake George running through the middle—a succession of fierce rapids, with each its sawmill. I bespake me here a pair of breeches of a paddy tailor, who asked me if I did not work on board the steamboat, a question which aggravated me not a little. I asked a fellow the way to the fort. "Well," said he, "I've heerd of such a place, seems to me, but I never seen it, and couldn't tell ye where it be." "You must be an idiot," thought I; but I found his case by no means singular. At last, I got the direction and walked about two miles before I saw the remains of a high earthen parapet with a ditch running through a piece of wood for a great distance. This, I suppose, was the place where the French beat off Abercrombie's army. Farther on, in a great plain scantily covered with wood, were breastworks and ditches in abundance, running in all directions, which I took for the work of Amherst's besieging armies. Still farther, were two or three square redoubts. At length, mounting a little hill, a cluster of gray, ruined walls, like an old château, with mounds of earth and heaps of stones about them, appeared crowning an eminence in front. When I reached them, I was astonished at the extent of the ruins. Thousands of men might have encamped in the area. All around were ditches of such depth, that it would be death to jump down, with walls of masonry sixty feet high. Ty stands on a promontory, with Champlain on one side and the outlet of Lake George on the other; his cannon commanded the passage completely. At the very extremity is the oldest part of the fortress—a huge mass of masonry with walls sinking sheer down to the two lakes. All kinds of weeds and vines are clambering over them. The senseless blockheads in the neighborhood have stolen tons and tons of the stone to build their walls and houses of—may they meet their reward.

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A MEMORY

By Marguerite Merington

INTO the slant of evening sun and shadow
  Went one when first the gold lay on the leaf,
Yet I, to whom his being meant rejoicing,
  I have no grief!

So beautiful his passing and prophetic,
  As by it earth and spirit there were wed,
That I, to whom his life of all meant living,
  Count not him dead!

UNCLE DAVID

By Leroy Milton Yale

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

THROUGH the clear water showed the bright gravelly bottom between patches of streaming weeds. Overhead the alders, maples, and beeches reached out horizontal branches so low that we threaded our way oftener crouching than standing, guiding our baits—the fly was impossible—as best we might. The boughs lifted and we raised our heads in freer space, a shaded steep bank on one side and a quick pool beneath. "This," said the Doctor "is 'Enoch's Garden,' a favorite place of Uncle David's." It was a pretty nook, but Uncle David's name gave it a charm not its own.

To neither the Doctor nor to me was David an uncle after the flesh. As a lad he had come into the family of my grandmother and there remained as long as she lived. Naturally he was "uncle" to me. But the avuncular element was so essential a part of his nature that, as years passed, he became the titular uncle of nearly every well-meaning boy or young man in the village. But to those of us who had a strain of sportsmanship in us he was more than that. Never have I known so keen a sportsman, who would take such pains to teach a child the craft of the fields and the streams. It is not strange, then, that those boys, gray-haired themselves to-day, still see him before them with his gun or beside them stealing through the alders to the brookside.

My own first memory of Uncle David comes from sad days. Severe illness entered my father's house: my elder sister died and I was badly hurt. David's faithful arms comforted my pains, and upon his shoulder I convalesced, soothed by the motion of his easy stride as he carried me to and fro. From that day we were friends.

That was a queer little seaside village in which we lived. Stretched along the water and climbing the hills behind, backed by woods and flanked by beaches and headlands, it was picturesque enough. The life of any New England village of that day seems quaint to us now, but this one had even then a repute for out-of-the-wayness. That is all gone. It resisted innovation well, even after it had come nigh. But fire on the one hand and the villas and improvements of "summer people" on the other have made old land-marks hard to find. Asphalt replaces sand, and trolley-cars run in streets thrown up by the waves over places where I used to sail my little boats. But in that day—when Tyler was

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President—things were different. The sea was the high-road of the people. They were in touch with all the earth, and had less need, perhaps, to feel the influence of what was near.

The house in which I was born, and in which I came to know Uncle David, was built just at the end of the Revolution, and had been rather a considerable one as things went there and then. It stood at a sharp curve of the village main street where it gave off a short branch, and not far from the convergence of the roads coming from several other villages and the country beyond. Its position gave it a view down quite a stretch of this village street, which, indeed, differed but little from the county road save in dustiness. This peculiarity in no wise deterred the villagers from placing their houses as closely as possible to the thoroughfare. This situation and the needless crowding of the houses were traditional. They have been explained as arising from the need of nearness for mutual protection in the early settling, which can hardly be the true explanation, since this village was not the earliest settlement of the region, and thereabouts whites and Indians had from the first lived in such amity that the latter refused to join Philip in his great uprising. Doubtless, it was an expression of the same desire for nearness which lines old country village streets with elbowing cottages. The demand may have been more intense in a community, most of whose strong men went down to the sea in ships, leaving the homes with only the safeguard of an orderly neighborhood.

In those palmy days of the whale-fishery, nearly every comfortable house bore evidence to the profitableness of the industry. Early years of voluntary exile and danger usually gave assurance of a middle life and age without undue toil. Besides the "blue-water sailors," many more, coasters, pilots, fishermen, got their living from the sea; and the whole atmosphere, physical and mental, smelt of the brine.

All this gave picturesqueness to the "properties" and a certain breadth of life in some directions. In the old houses local antiquities mingled with the spoils of the sea. In the hall—"front entry" it was called—hung side by side for decoration the spears and bows of the South Sea and the disused staff of the tithing-man, war clubs and paddles ornate with Polynesian carving, and the speaking trumpet; and over all, in solemn state, the line of leathern fire-buckets emblazoned with gilding and the owner's name. Beyond, in the keeping-room, were strange Spanish-American things from "'t'other side o' land" and perhaps, as a patent of nobility, the grandfather's pilot branch, signed by John Hancock. Even the garret had this mixture of near and far. For amid its usual treasures, the sage and the summer savory, the festoons of dried apples hanging from the powder-post beams, were chart-boxes, sextants, and quadrants; old bibles and high-shouldered gin bottles from Amsterdam, paints and toys from Canton. My cross-bow was made of the black bone of a Greenland whale, my long bow came from Roratonga and the pet goat from Pitcairn's Island. In the netted bag which swung beside the hammock one might find tapa of gay colors, corals and shells from the tropics, and great halibut hooks of wood and bone from the Northwest Coast, which we now call Alaska. The garret by itself was a course in geography.

Things moved more slowly then and we had traditional or actual touch with things which are now but history. We still cooked with the swinging crane over the open fire. Our meats were still roasted rather than baked. We planked our fish, and the great oven was solemnly heated for the weekly baking. One of my grandmothers could remember before the Revolution, and told me tales of happenings when she lived "on the frontier," at Buffalo. Many of my elder acquaintances had fought in "the war of '12" and several had suffered the hardships of Dartmoor. An aged relative still won shooting-matches with his old long gun, "Commodore," which in its earlier, flint-lock days had done duty against British marauders. Nay, was not the mother of my other grandmother one of the three girls who in the night with auger and powder-horn blew up the village Liberty-pole to prevent its replacing a damaged spar upon a British war-vessel?

But we have gone a long way from Uncle David. "Enoch's Garden" would never have recalled him; perhaps I may

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The line of leathern fire-buckets.—Page 32.

have never even been an angler had not my grandmother removed with all her household to a still smaller and more rural village. Away from the sea, in a sense, it was, but not out of sight of it. Its men were in the main those who had beaten their cutting-in spades into ploughshares and their harpoons into scythe-blades, and among them amusing reversions in type would occasionally occur, as when two farmers spied a whale and killed him with weapons made from the fire-irons. Yet it was "a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." The village itself stood upon the rolling plain where the hills fell off toward the great enclosed bodies of brackish water which were separated from the sea only by the beach. The greater part of its houses lay between two fine brooks which converged toward this basin, which had been their estuary when, in larger volume, they flowed from the wooded hills which the early settlers denuded with such restless and thoughtless energy.

Among these houses were some, my especial haunts, which were survivals of much earlier times. Houses from whose low ceilings the summer beams projected, in whose sitting-rooms the glass and china shone in the old corner buffet (*bowfat* it was pronounced), and in whose kitchens the tall spinning-wheel and knotting-reel stood ready for use and the click of the knitting-needle accentuated conversation. I well recall the acrobatic devices by which, on a visit to one of these houses, my cousin and I reached the summit of the dome of the feather-bed which sur-

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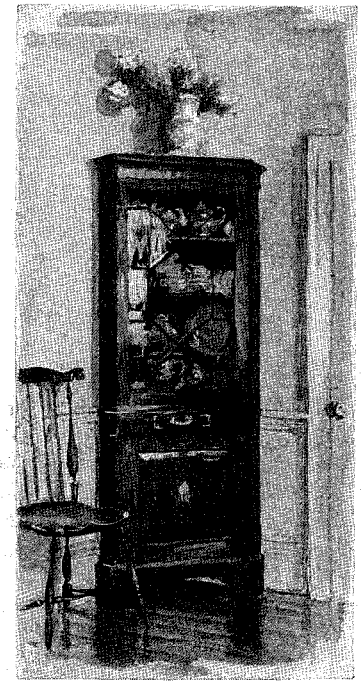
mounted the four-post bedstead. In the same house was an example of home industry quite strange to a boy bred in such a world-searching village as I have described. It was the valance to another four-poster, made of stout cream or Isabella colored linen embroidered in wools with flowers and sprigs of red and green and yellow. My aged relative, its owner, assured me, with evident pride, that the flax had been grown, rotted, hatchelled, spun, woven, bleached, and embroidered in the house or on the place, while the wool had been — growing, spinning, and dyeing — equally a home product.



A Corner "Bowfat."—Page 33.

What better landfall could a boy desire than a grandmother's house in a land of brooks which harbored great trout and where it had not yet entered into the heart of man to refuse the freedom of fishing to anyone who respected the growing crops and did not trample the math? Best of all to have the guidance of Uncle David, who was a sportsman where sportsmen were few. A writer on angling—in "the thirties"—speaks of the trout in these very brooks: "In no place," he says, "however, do we remember to have seen them in such abundance, . . . and it is perhaps from this very circumstance that they are held in so little estimation; . . . neither has the pleasure of taking them ever entered into the minds of the people."

But before the brook was to me more than a place for childish sports, the sportsman's gear was familiar, we children being allowed to play with the various implements standing within reach. The angler's outfit was simple then. A rod of solid cane or of jointed hazel, a line without a reel, split shot or a bit of lead, and a hook. If the latter were a Limerick and snooded with gut it was a luxury. In fact we had the tackle of Father Izaak, save that the gut had replaced the horse-hair. As toys the guns were far more attractive. No arms were then made for small boys. They inherited the discarded flint-locks of their elders. But even these had their charms, and I learned to load, to prime, to pick the flint, and, when bigger, to hold the heavy old musket steady on the fence rail when it had flashed in the pan, while the by-standing boys kept up illusive hope by exclaiming, "Hold her! hold her! she's a-goin'." But I was not allowed to play with Uncle David's double-barrelled gun of all work. In fact its eleven pounds of weight moderated my desire. My first practical experience was with an old-fashioned, light-butted rifle with heavy octagonal barrel. No breech-loading, metallic-cartridge affair, that. In the kitchen skillet or an iron ladle the lead was melted. Each filling of the mould gave a round ball and a conical one — slug, we called it. The necks and inequalities were trimmed off by hand with a jack-knife. One of these balls was patched with an oiled rag and driven hard home upon the powder. David showed me a safe place by the mill-pond to fire. I was not proud of my target, but I was not gun-shy.

Another early attempt I remember; this time with a light double-barrelled gun, but still with the fence-rail accompaniment. The little bird hopped about faster than I could adjust my aim. The report of the gun seemed to alarm him, but it brought to us two friends, and a walk begun with murderous intent was changed to one still sweet in memory. They were the doctor—father of him whom we left in Enoch's Garden—tall, erect, alert, handsome with the beauty of mature years, and his father, already bowed with age. The chat was of sports, the old man telling

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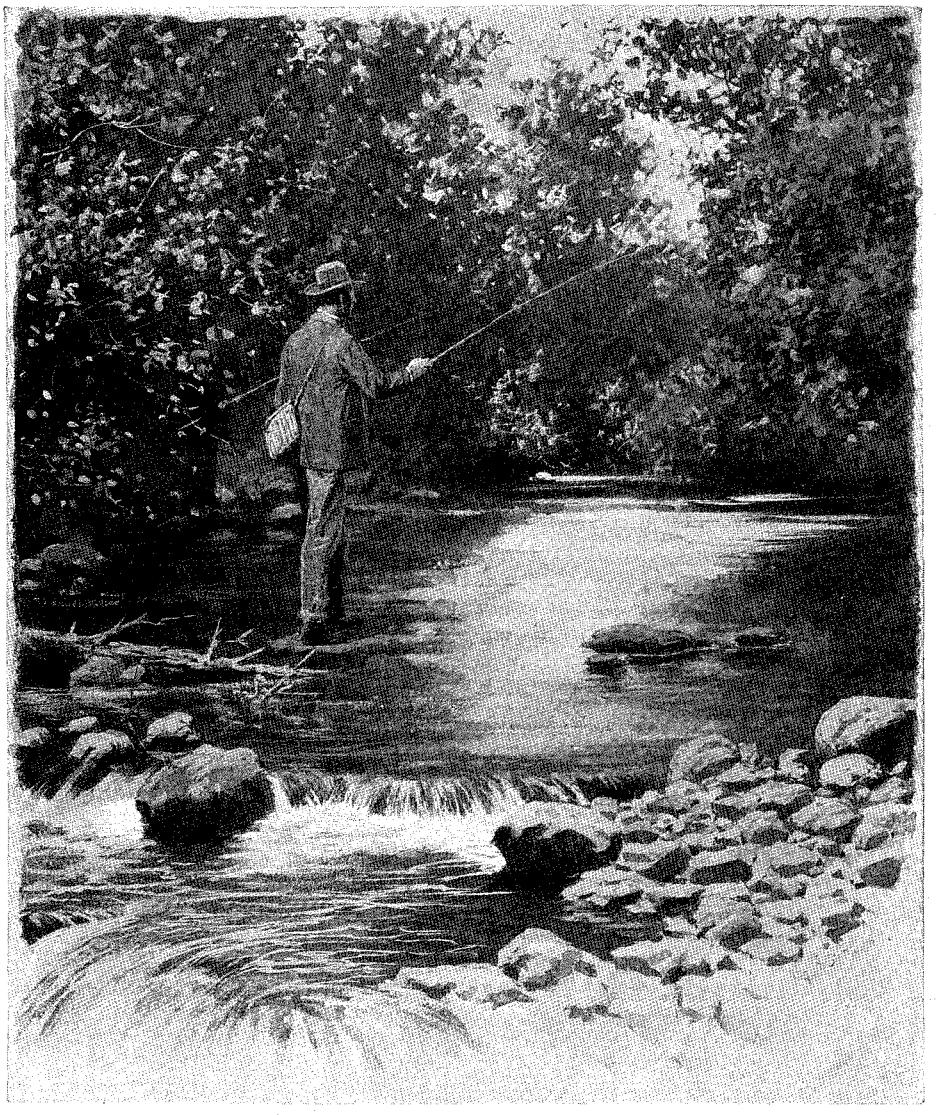

Enoch's Garden.—Page 31.

of his early skill with the gun ; the son, smilingly checking him lest he should seem to indulge in undignified boasting ; David adding occasional humorous remarks, and the boy absorbing it all. Yes, and much more. For he then for the first time recognized the mysterious power of spring-time. The brown slopes across the broad basin of the brook were showing tints of green ; on our bank the twigs were full of sap and the buds were swelling with impending foliage ; the black birch-bark shone with better gloss and its taste was more pungent. In the basin itself, no longer flooded, the brook wandered sometimes in several streams, sometimes in one, through swampy flats, over which hints of living things were shooting up, among which only the skunk-cabbage could be recognized, a harbinger of spring, which, despite its smell and repellent name, I have never since been able to see without a fulness in the throat.

In those days nearly every brook was well utilized for power, and each of the two streams flowing through the village had its chain of mill-ponds. The particular pond where the rifle-shooting occurred

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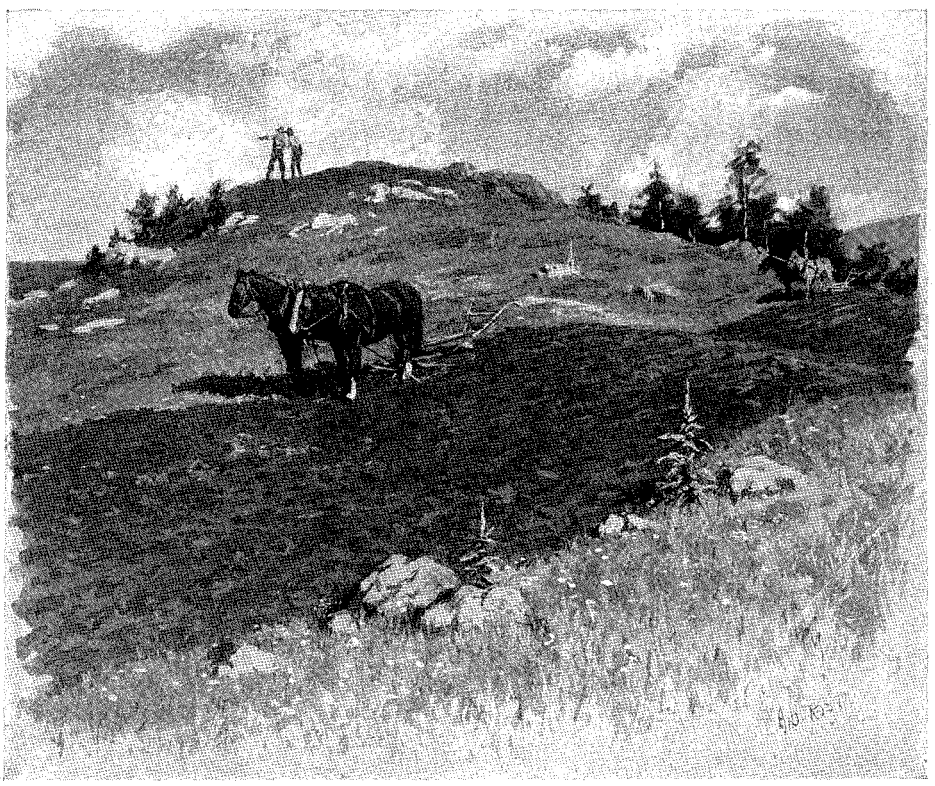

Two farmers spied a whale.—Page 33.

was the last of the chain on our home brook. In contained no fish large enough to attract attention save trout and, of course, the eel. How I hated the squirming thing when he had poked my hook—probably my only one. Good fish were in the pond, but it was little fished, having few good, accessible "holes" as compared with other ponds. The chief amusement which I got from it was in watching the muskrats as they came and went to and from their home in the bank near the dam. When their cold-weather coat was on they were in danger from grown-up boys, to whom the New England "two-and-threepence," which they hoped to get from the skin, was a great inducement to slaughter. Many of the skins, stretched upon hoops made from stout twigs, adorned the country store and diffused their musky odor around.

The shallow ford below the dam was the boys' playing place. Below this the trout again had exclusive occupancy, save when the smelts came up or during the spring run of alewives. The smelt nets destroyed many a big trout, and I have had there the odd experience of bringing home from a spring day's fishing, herring and trout in the same creel. Down this stretch of brook, Uncle David took me for my first experience in trout fishing. With eager expectations I ran beside him across the lot to the place he had selected, and knelt with him behind the alders while he showed me how to bait the worm. Almost immediately I had a trout; presently another. But with this one I learned the restraints of the art. It was small, not more than seven inches long, and I was told "to put it back to grow." It seemed to me like "flying in the face of Providence," but I was rewarded by being allowed to keep the third. "That is enough for to-day," from David, closed the lesson.

Soon he took me farther a-field, whenever business or sport, or both combined, might take him. The prime object might be something to partly satisfy a bad debt, but the rod and creel, or the gun and

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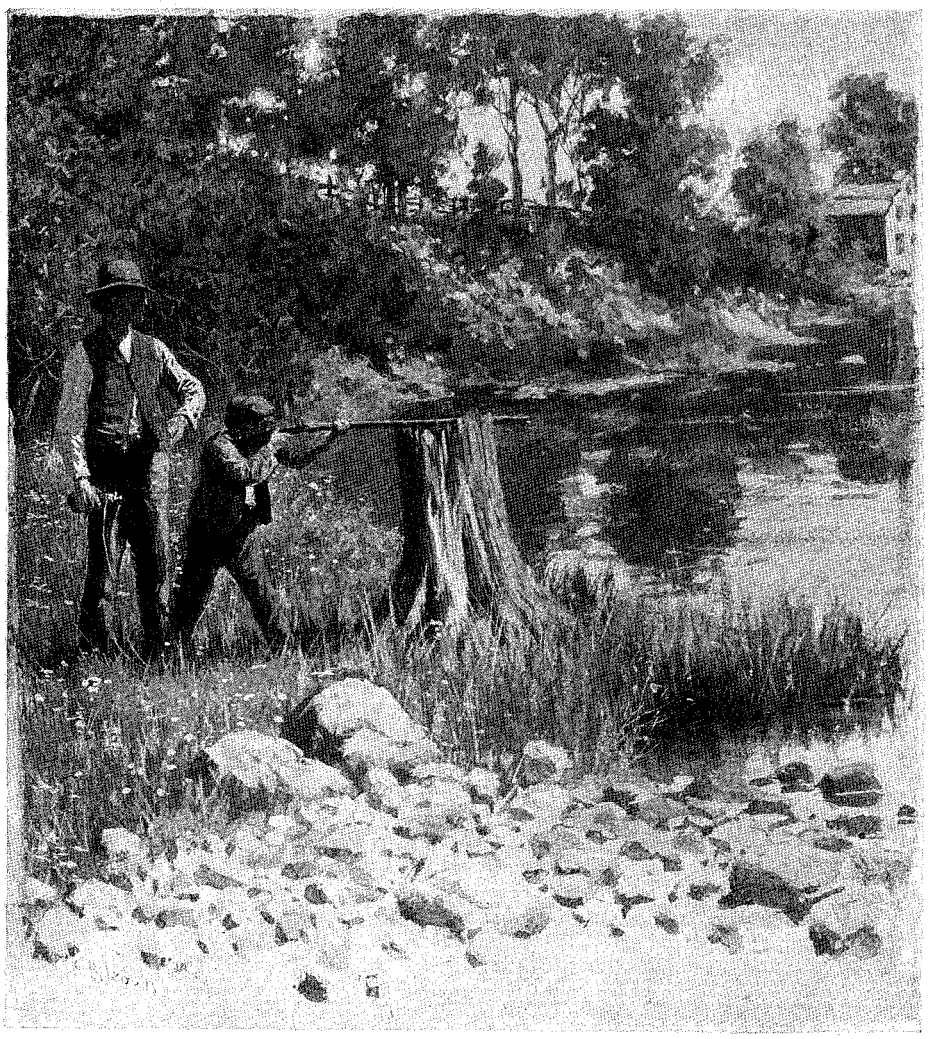
game-bag pretty surely went into the wagon if the way took us where they could be used. We might bring back a pig or a contribution of potatoes, but just as likely the only toll was what the gun or rod had collected. Whatever the errand or its result, joy was sure to be mine, for the journey would be to the splendid headlands, to the hills whence came the streams, to the plains where the goats ran wild, or to the broad levels by the sea where the game birds congregated. As we went every house brought out an anecdote, generally humorous, from David. Often he warned me in advance of the method by which the cross-grained owner of a water in which good trout lay was to be propitiated, and the success of these wiles was almost as enjoyable as that of the bait afterward.

Ah, those hills, those picturesque hills. Not mighty ones, but full of subtle beauty which test the artist's insight. Bald summits, nestling between them dark woods; woods which are rich in the sunshine and in the twilight gloom out at one as if their darkness were more than absence of light. Through the cleft shows the quick water, the highway of ships, or across plains as blue as itself, the far-away ocean.



I was not proud of my target.—Page 34.

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What calm broods over them. Involuntarily one repeats

> And the mountains shall bring peace to the people,
> And the hills, in righteousness.

In them long ago was done such a real work of Christianizing, by love and not by gunpowder, that white and red men ever were friends. That kindly spirit still lingered there in later days. On one of these hills dwelt my great-grandfather, who never allowed his door to be fastened at night, "for fear that some poor creature might come in the night and not be able to get in."

By whatever way one might come out of these hills he could hardly miss following a brook: brooks that babbled through stony places, whose yellow-bellied trout darted over sandy rapids; brooks that slipped quietly through swamps giving the fish a weight ill bought at the price of their dark skin; brooks that wound their way through bowlders and tree-trunks or moved with dignity as they widened into estuaries; brooks which half lost themselves as they went down the beach to meet the tide, and brooks which fell down the steep into the embrace of the breakers.

To all these, Uncle David took me, rod in hand, at the risk of spoiling his own sport, diligently explaining the secrets of the craft. Perhaps one brook will always take precedence—for what right-minded boy can forget his first big trout? There were three of us together. The third, a big young man, had endeared himself to me for all time by asking Uncle David, in my hearing, "Why he wanted to take boys along?" But he did not spoil my sport, for at the first halt David straightway placed me at a convenient break in the bushes where the water fell between two smooth bowlders into a little pool where he thought me likely to find "a good one." Giving me instructions he moved toward his own place. At once I was struggling with "a good one," indeed. The contest became a question of strength, for the tackle was equal to the emergency, and presently a good trout of three-quarters of a pound flew over my head into the meadow behind me. Laughing and shouting to quiet my excitement lest I should spoil my own sport, David ran to me and set me to try again in the same place, whence, by the same strenuous method I extracted the mate of my first fish. Then he turned to his own sport. Without his guidance my success was different, and I presently gave my attention to the charms of the meadow, quite content that I saw in the creels no other fish that matched my own pair.

In all my fishing my success was a source of almost paternal pleasure to my teacher. I have since fished with sportsmen whose eagerness outran their courtesy, and who could not conceal their envy of the success of others, even their own guests. Once only I feared from a passing look of seriousness on the face of Uncle David, when he saw my string, that I had been wanting in consideration of him, but he gave no word of rebuke or envy. After my grandmother's death, when I was, perhaps, a dozen years old, I was visiting Uncle David in the old village.

One day when he was busy about some matters which did not interest me, for want of occupation I wandered down to the brook, up the pleasant lane to the mill, and along the dam to a wasteway, a favorite idling place of mine. Sitting beside the little pool, into which the over-flow fell, I noticed a number of good-sized fish in it in plain sight. Doubtless, they were shotten herring, but to my eager and inexperienced eyes they could be only trout. To run home for the cane-rod, which stood with stout tackle already upon it, and to dig a few worms took but a little while. Had the fish I had seen really been trout my precipitancy and my want of concealment would have surely defeated my purpose. But fortune favored me. Into the water, upon the near side of the pool had fallen a number of boards, making a sort of sunken roof. Beyond this, and toward the fish in the middle of the pool, I threw my bait. Instantly, from beneath the boards dashed a good trout, and took it. He was presently upon the bank, and within, perhaps, as many minutes there lay together seven fish, averaging not less than half-a-pound. By this time my nerves were a little unsteady, and when the patriarch of the pool, a pound fish, seized the bait, in my excitement I tore it away from his mouth

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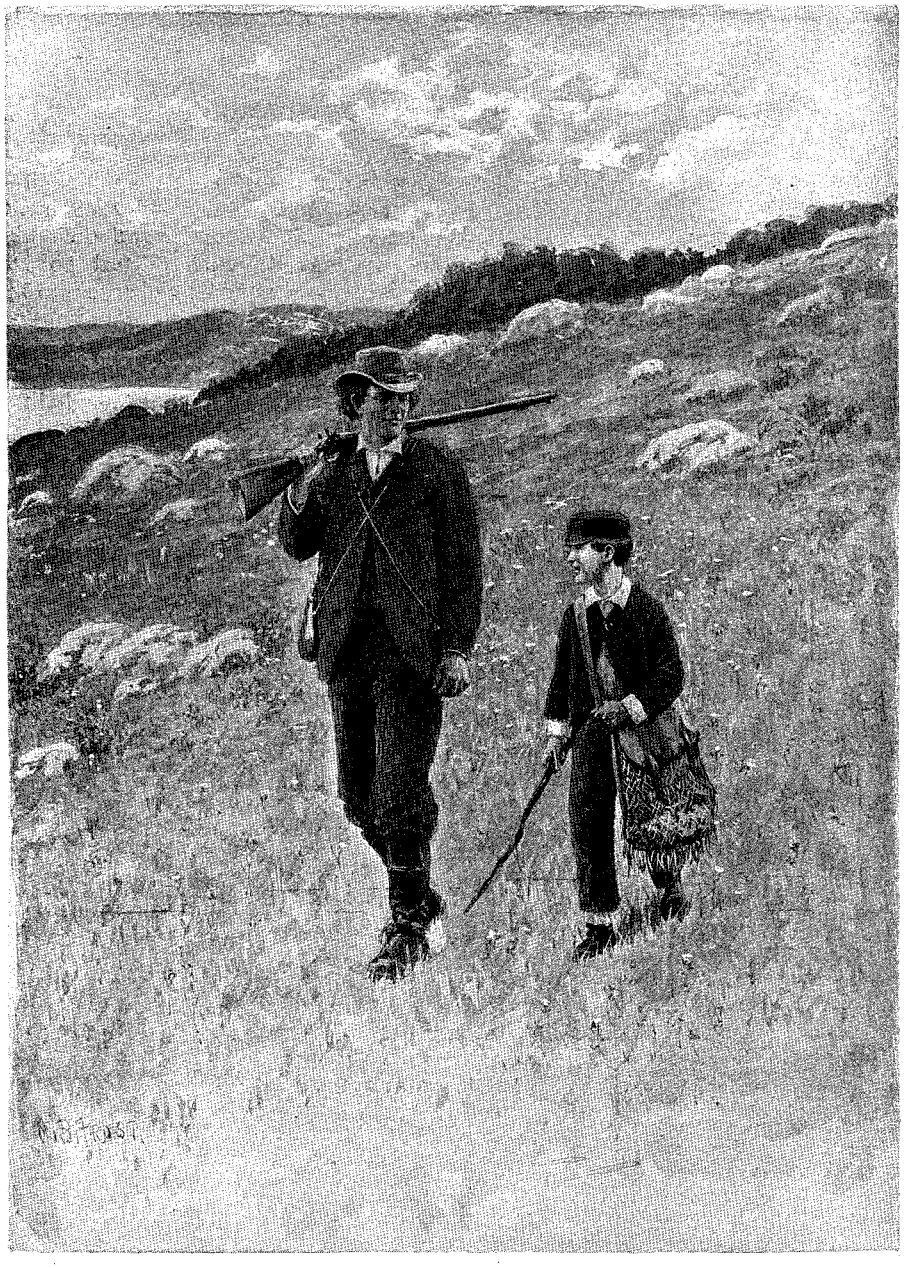

The only toll was what the gun or rod had collected.—Page 37.

as I half lifted him out of the water. I had too little skill, and too little patience, and, above all, was too eager to show my catch to wait for this big fellow to recover from his fright. Time heals sorrows and softens disappointments, but forty-five years have not quite reconciled me to the loss of that trout.

The taking of one trout differs little from that of another. The plover or curlew stopped in its circling flight, the duck or goose clean killed are alike abandoned to the law of gravitation, and come to earth in much the same way. But how do the haunts of the trout differ from one another, and what wonderful visions he sees

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who waits for the flight of the birds. It is the recognition of these things which distinguishes the sportsman from the pot-hunter or fisher. The distinction goes far back. It must have been in the mind of that Indian who named the great northern river Asawâbimoswân, "Where the hunters watch for the moose." No "Moose River," no river name commemorative of slaughter touches the same chord as that.

In our immediate region was no furred game worthy of the sportsman, and little of our feathered game was permanently with us. Only poachers killed the heath hen, save on those rare days voted open for resident shooters only. Few knew the haunts of the woodcock. But when the season brought the flight birds, sport was fine. Tradition said that the plover would keep tryst with us on September 1st. In the late August days, therefore, guns and ammunition were made ready, and decoys put in order. Although I was too little to handle a gun, I was taken because I was docile, and would lie as close as a well-broken dog all day long in the "stand" (a rudimentary blind of a fence-rail or two, or a few small bowlders, among which I could cuddle down) and never spoil a shot. Commonly our station was in the rolling hills between large waters, sometimes by the margins of the waters themselves when there was a chance at curlew, pill-pill, or yellow-legs.

I cannot deny that I enjoyed the success of David's gun, or that I desired his score to be better than his neighbor's. I liked to run for the birds as they fell, and to share in their eating afterward. But the memories that remain are of the broad sky above, its blue streaked with mare's tails; the close-cropped grass, brown from the summer's heat; the ceaseless circling flight of the birds, swerving suddenly at the sound of the sportsman's call; the fatal moment of poise over the decoys; the lapping of the nearer water in the sedges, and the boom of the sea farther away. Now and then a less contemplative recollection comes. There is the old sorrel, restless from too long watching the gun-flashes, venting her nerves upon the orchard fence to which she has been tied; the noon-day wading, hip deep with gun and garments held high aloft, as we changed from the shooting ground in the hills to one in the lowland; and, I believe that the name of curlew will always recall the figure of old Mr. L——. As we came upon him he stood, his lean frame in old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat, his head covered with a bell-crowned beaver—the very picture of Uncle Sam himself—speechless and trembling with excitement. While watching for curlew and their like he saw a good bunch of teal go by. Eagerly he had rammed a charge into his long-barrelled, converted king's arm, and then had fired all, ramrod included, at the teal. No ramrod which any of our party could offer was long enough by a foot, and the old man was helpless in the midst of abundant game. And then the ride home, the lengthening shadows bluing the recesses, while the hill-tops glowed in the yellow light, the cows standing around the milking-pens, and lamps lighting in the homes.

After these birds had all gone southward came the ducks and the geese. Shooting them gave no long pleasant days on the hill-side. The best opportunities came with the movement of the game in the dawn, and at closing day. It was pleasant to watch the sunset, but when the sun had gone the air grew suddenly chilly. I recall the solicitude of Uncle David and a fellow-sportsman, who had lingered into the twilight in hopes of a shot, lest the boy had been chilled by the exposure. What signs of harm I showed I cannot guess, but old "Rosy" was pulled up beside the half-hogshead watering-trough, some of the sweet spring water caught in the leathern drinking-cup, and a dose of brandy, suitable to my tender years, administered to me. Then I was slid under the buffalo robe for protection, and did not wake until I was taken out at my grandmother's door.

I cannot but wonder at the devotion which made David ever ready to take a boy on his sporting excursions at any cost of trouble to himself. I remember opening my eyes one morning to find him standing beside my bed with a lamp in one hand, while the other aroused me with a shaking. Half awake, I quickly accepted his invitation to go with him to the beach for a chance at a goose or a duck. He set down his lamp and helped me to dress, doubtless fearing the over-

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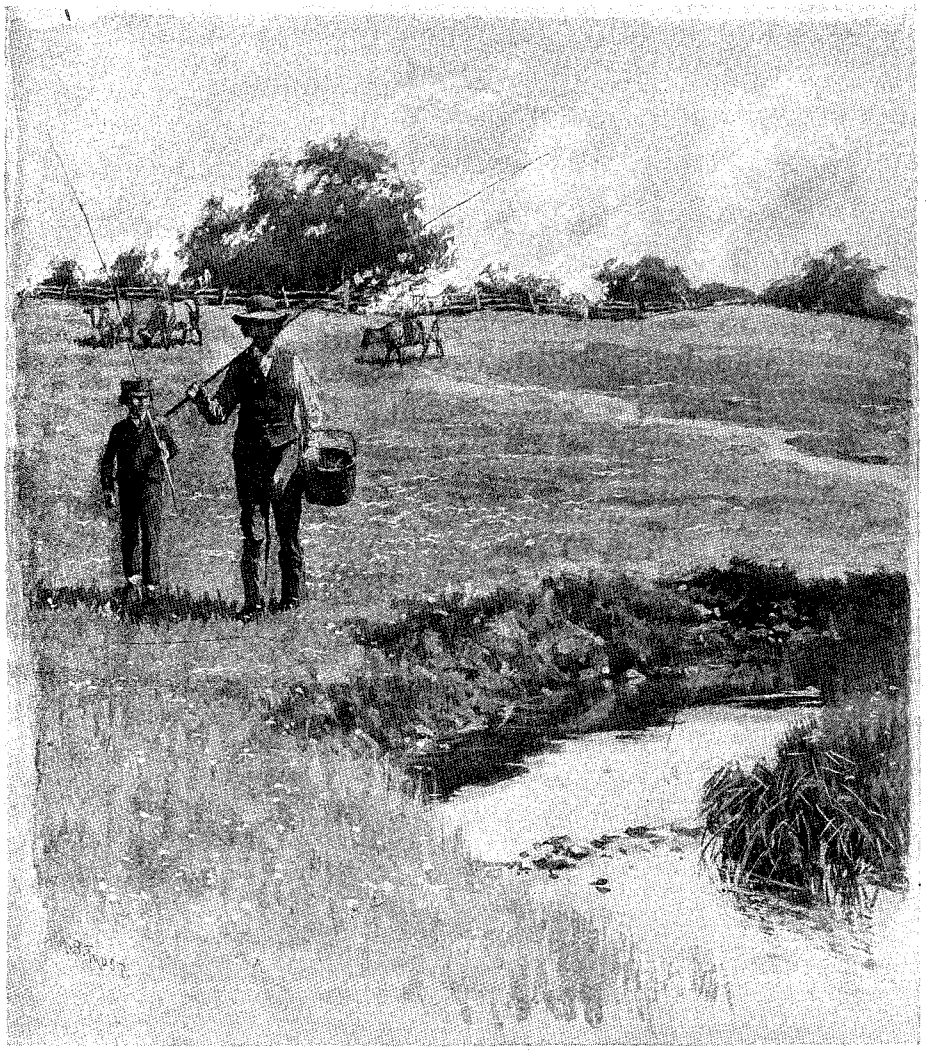

He could hardly miss following a brook.—Page 38.

mastering sleep of boyhood if I were left alone. Soon we were on our way by the starlight. Leaving the high road as soon as we were clear of the village, our way led us through gates and bars to a remote farm-house, near which we left the wagon, and walked on through the fields and black-grass marshes until we reached the beach, whose sand-dunes lay between the great enclosed pond and the sea. An odd place for a boy at such an hour, but it gave him sights he can never forget.

No sign of day had come. East and west ran the beach. Moving eastward until we reached a favorable point, we seated ourselves in the sand to wait, still facing the morning. On our left and onward lay the broad pond, beyond it the low-lying land silhouetted against the faintly luminous sky, and mingled below with its own reflections, these again shading off into the ripplings that broke the surface which returned the light from above. Away in the dark reflex a narrow ribbon, darker still. From it came a confused rustle, and presently the call of an old black duck or blue-bill drake, and a solemn "honk" told that the ribbon was not a shadow. Under the starlight the beach-sand glimmered gray against the darker beach hummocks. To the right lay the ocean, dark with a great dark-

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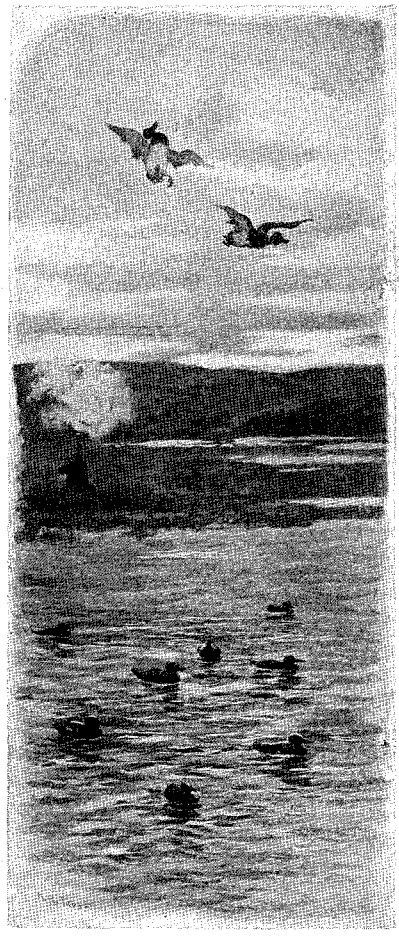
ness which is not blackness—rather the potentiality of all color — broken only by the whitening gleam of the breakers which came with the rhythm of the breathing of a very heavy sleeper.

Minute by minute the light increases. A louder sound, as of a commotion, comes from the raft of ducks. Out of the shadow comes a dark spot moving with wonderful speed. It passes seaward, a black duck out of range. The eye following it sees that the ocean hue is less dark, it is purple. Into the purple come every moment more and more hints of rose and along the horizon spreads the gleam of dawn. More and more frequently come birds from the raft now evident in the far shallows. Each in its flight carries the eye back again to that southeastern sky, rosier and more golden every instant. The sea has taken on prismatic power; green and blue touches are mingled with the rose and yellow. The glory in the sky will no longer take denial; the eye cannot wander from the solemn orb as it rises above the sea. The great miracle of daybreak is done.



The duck clean killed.—Page 39.

After I was twelve I rarely saw these brooks, and soon the old seaside village ceased to be my home. I visited it only at long intervals. Whenever I did go, of course I saw David. As I became a man I realized that his goodness to me was but an expression of his chief characteristics, kindness and loyalty. "Faithful to those he serves," was the summing up of his life by one who had known the whole of it. Faithful he surely was, even to those who ill repaid his loyalty.

In my grown years I had little chance to go afield with him. He had come to live in the old sea-side village. My holidays were in the heat of summer when the trout were in hiding and the flights had not begun. Twice only did we fish together and but once for trout. That was an important day. David had a new rod to show which my brother had sent him from a New York shop, and we had with us a boy of another generation, and it seemed incumbent upon us to induct him into the mystery. The summer-shrunken stream gave us no trout, but from the shelter of the kitchen of the farm-house on the hill, we watched the thunder-shower drive over the headlands and the water.

Finally came a visit when the twinkle of David's eye and the grasp of his hand did not greet me. I could do no more than mark his resting-place. Climbing to it from the road the hillside burying-ground seems lonely under the gray sky. Turn about. Below lie the road he used to follow, the fields and meadows through which he used to wander, the houses which welcomed him. Here are "the streams he loved, the streams that knew his hand," and there are the marshes and the moors which echoed to his gun. From the blue expanse beyond the south wind brings the rote of the ocean.

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KRAG, THE KOOTENAY RAM

By Ernest Seton-Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

PART II

LEE was a young, warm-hearted, impulsive cattleman. For a day or two he hung about the shanty. The loss of his three friends was a sad blow: he had no heart for more mountaineering. But a few days later, a spell of bracing weather helped his spirits, and he agreed, when Scotty suggested a hunt. They reached the upper level when Scotty, who had from time to time been scanning the hills with his glass, suddenly exclaimed:

"Hell! If thar ain't the old Gunder Ram; thought he was smashed in Skinkler's Gulch," and he sat down in amazement. Lee took the glass and he recognized the wonderful Ram by his superb horns; the color rushed to the young man's face. Now was his chance for glory and revenge at once! "Poor old Bran, good Rollo, and Ida!"

But few animals have cunning enough to meet the combined drive and ambush. Scotty knew the lay of the land as well as the habits of the Ram.

"He ain't agoin' to run down the wind and he ain't agoin' to quit the rocks. That means he'll pass up by the Gunder Peak, if he moves at all, an' he must take one side or the other. He won't go the west side if I show meself once that ar way. So you take the east, I'll give you two hours to get placed. I've a notion he'll cross that spur by that ledge."

Lee set out for his post, Scotty waited two hours, then moved on to a high ridge and clear against the sky he waved his arms and walked up and down a few times. The Ram was not in sight, but Scotty knew he would see.

Then the old mountaineer circled back by hidden ways to the south and began to walk and cut over the ridges toward the place where the Ram had been. He did not expect to see old Krag, but he did expect the Ram to see him. Lee was at his post and, after a brief spell, he sighted the great Ram himself bounding lightly down a ridge a mile away, and close behind him were three Ewes. They disappeared down a pine-clad hollow, and when they reappeared on the next ridge they were running as though in great alarm, their ears laid back and from the hollow behind came, not as Lee expected, the "crack" of Scotty's rifle, or the sound of his yell, but the hunting chorus of Timber Wolves. Among the rocks the Sheep could easily escape, but among the timber or on the level such as now lay ahead, the advantage was with the Wolves and a minute later these swept up in sight, five shaggy furry monsters. The level open was crossed at whirling speed. The Sheep, racing for their lives, soon lengthened out into a procession in order of speed. Far ahead the great Ram, behind him, with ten-yard gaps between each, the three Ewes, and forty yards behind the last the five grim Wolves—closing, gaining at every leap. The benchland narrowed eastward to pass a rocky shoulder. Long years and countless perils had taught the Sheep that in the rocks was safety, and that way led the Ram. But in the tangled upland birch the last of the Ewes was losing ground, she gasped a short "*baah*," as thrown by a curling root she lost a few more precious yards. The Wolves were almost within leaping distance when Krag reached the shoulder ledge. But a shoulder above means a ravine below. In a moment, at that call of distress, Krag wheeled on the narrow ledge and faced the foe. He stood to one side and the three Ewes leapt past him and on to safety. Then on came the Wolves with a howl of triumph. Many a Sheep had they pulled down and now they knew they soon would feast. Without a pause they closed, but in such a narrow pass it was one at a time. The

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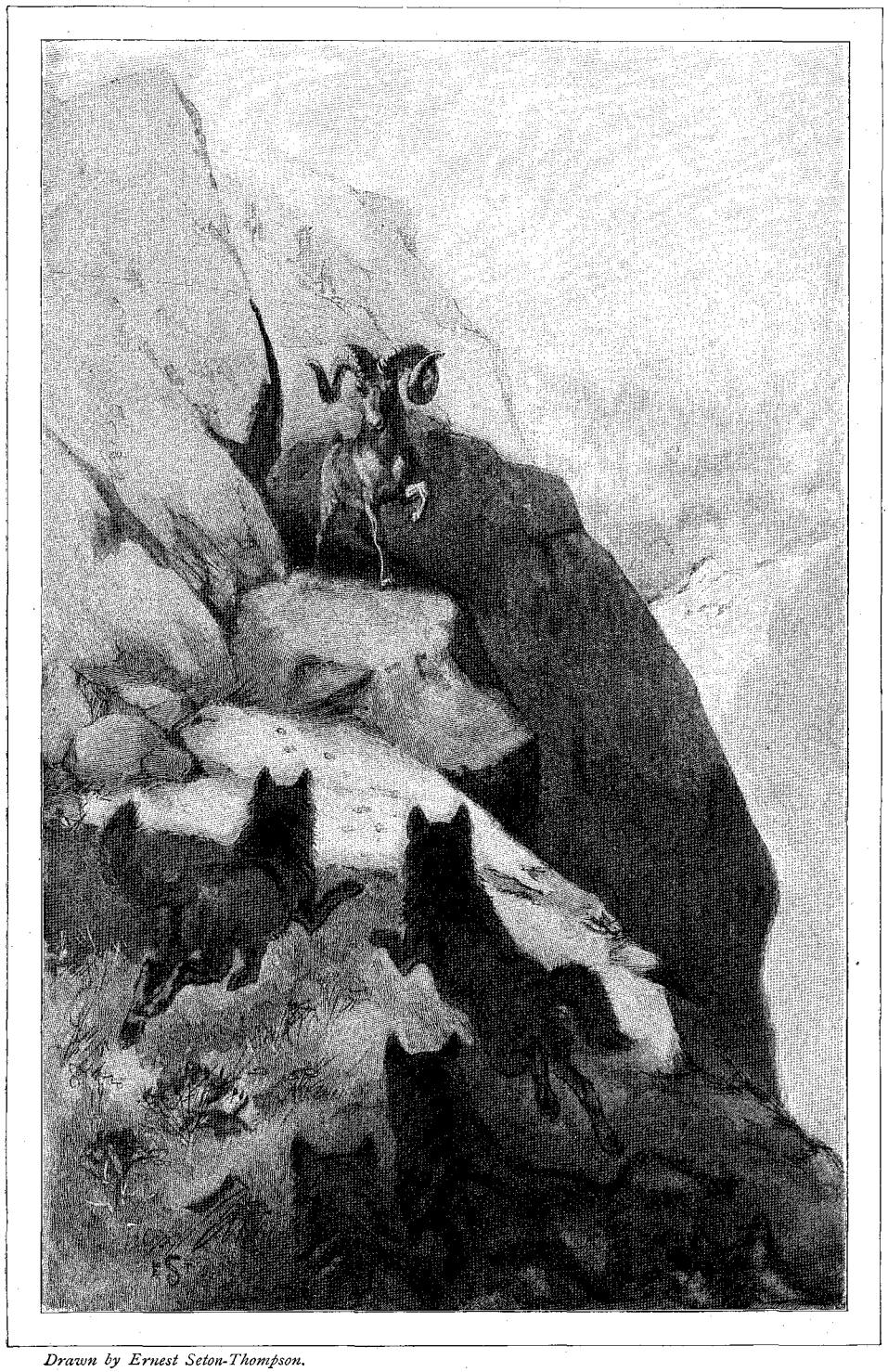

Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

Krag wheeled on the narrow ledge and faced the foe.—Page 43.

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leader sprang, but those death-dealing fangs closed only on a solid mass of horn and back of that was a force that crushed his head against himself and dashed him at his friend behind with such a fearful vim that both were hurled over the cliff to perish on the rocks. On came the rest, the Ram had no time to back up for a charge, but a sweep of that great head was enough, the points, forefronting now, as they did when he was a Lamb, speared and hurled the next Wolf and the next, and then Krag found a chance to back up and gather his force. None but a mad Wolf could have failed to take warning, but on he came and Krag, in savage glory of the fight, let loose that living thunderbolt—himself—and met the last of the furry monsters with a shock that crushed him flat against the rock, then picked him up on his horns as he might a rag and hurled him farthest yet, and standing on the edge he watched him whirl and gasp till swallowed in the chasm.

The great Ram raised his splendid head, blew a long blast from his nostrils like a war-horse and gazed a moment to see if more were coming, then turned and lightly bounded after the Ewes he had so ably guarded.

From his hiding-place young Lee took in the whole scene with eager, blazing eyes. Only fifty yards away from him it had passed.

He was an easy mark, fifty yards standing—he was a splendid mark, all far beyond old Scotty's wildest talk; but Lee had seen a deed that day that stirred his blood. He felt no wish to end that life, but sat with brightened eyes and said, with fervor: "You grand old warrior! I do not care if you did kill my dogs. You did it fair. I'll never harm you. For me you may go in safety."

But the Ram never knew; and Scotty never understood.

II

THERE was once a wretch who, despairing of other claims to notice, thought to achieve a name by destroying the most beautiful building on earth. This is the mind of the head-hunting sportsman. The nobler the thing that he destroys, the greater the deed, the greater his pleasure, and the greater he considers his claim to fame.

During the years that followed more than one hunter saw the great Ram, and feasted his covetous eyes on his unparalleled horns. His fame even reached the cities. Dealers in the wonderful offered fabulous prices for the head that bore them—set blood money on the life that grew them, and many came to try their luck, and failed. Then Scotty, always needy, was fired by a yet larger money offer, and setting out with his partner they found the Ram, with his harem about him. But in three days of hard following they never got a second glimpse, and the partner "reckoned thar was easier money to git" and returned home.

But back of Scotty's sinister gray eyes was the fibre of dogged persistency that has made his race the masters of the world. He returned with Mitchell to the shanty, but only to prepare for a long and obstinate hunt. His rifle, his blanket, his pipe, with matches, tobacco, a pot, a bundle of jerked venison and three or four pounds of chocolate, were all he carried. He returned alone next day to the place where he had left the track of the Ram and followed it fast in the snow; winding about in and out and obscured by those of his band, but always distinguishable by its size. Once or twice Scotty came on the spots where the band had been lying down and from time to time he scanned the distance with his glass. But he saw nothing of them. At night he camped on their trail, next day he took it up again; after following for hours, he came on the place where evidently the Ram had stopped to watch him afar, and so knew of his pursuer. Thenceforth the trail of the band for a long time was a single line as they headed for distant pastures.

Scotty followed doggedly behind, all day he followed, and at night, in a little hollow, crouched like a wild beast in his lair, with this difference only, he had a fire and he smoked a pipe in very human fashion. In the morning he went on as before—once or twice in the far distance he saw the band of sheep travelling steadily southward. Next day passed and the Sheep were driven to the south end of the Yak-i-ni-kak range, just north of Whitefish Lake.

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South of this was the Half-moon Prairie, east the broken land that stretched toward the north fork of the Flathead, and north of them their pertinacious and deadly foe. The Sheep were in doubt now, and as old Krag sought to sneak back by the lower benches of the east slope, he heard a "crack" and a stinging something touched one horn and tore the hair from his shoulder.

The touch of a rifle-ball on the horn of a Ram has a more or less stunning effect, and Krag, dazed for a moment, gave the signal which in our speech is "Everyone for himself now," and so the band was scattered.

Some went this way and some that, running more or less openly. But Scotty's one thought was old Krag. He heeded no other, and when the Ram made straight away eastward down the hill, Scotty again took up his trail and cursed and gasped as he followed.

The Flathead River was only a few miles away. The Ram crossed on the ice and keeping the roughest ground, turning when the wind turned, he travelled all day northeastward, with Scotty steadily behind. On the fifth day they passed near Terry's Lake. Scotty knew the ground. The Ram was going east and would soon run into a lot of lumber camps; then turn he must, for the region was a box-cañon; there was only one way out. Scotty quit the trail and crossing northward to this one defile, down which the Ram must go, he waited. The West, the Chinook wind had been rising for an hour or more, the one damp wind of the Rockies, the Snow Wind of the Hills, and as it rose the flakes began to fly. In half an hour more it was a blinding snowstorm. Things twenty yards away were lost to view. But it did not last, the heaviest of it was over in a few minutes and in two hours the skies were clear again. Scotty waited another hour, but seeing nothing he left his post and searched about for sign; and found it, too, a dimpling row of tracks much hidden by the recent snow, but clear in one place under a ledge. The Ram had passed unseen, had given him the slip, saved by the storm wind and the snow.

Oh, Chinook! Mother West-wind! that brings the showers of spring and the snows of winter; that makes the grass grow on these great rolling uplands; that sustains the grass and all flesh that the grass sustains; that carved these uplands themselves, as well as made all things that live upon them, are you only a puff of air, or are you, as Greek and Indian both alike have taught, a something better, a living, thinking thing, that first creates then loves and guards its own? Why did you come that day and hold your muffler about the eyes of the wolfish human brute, if it were not that you meant he should not see or harm your splendid dear one as he passed.

And was there not purpose in the meeting of these very two, that you brought about long years ago, the day the Ram was born?

III

Now, Scotty thought there must be an object in the Ram's bold dash for the east side of the Flathead, and that object must be to reach the hills around Kintla Lake, on which he was well known and had many times been seen. He might keep west all day to-day, while the Chinook blew, but if the wind changed in the night he would surely turn eastward. So Scotty made no further attempt to keep the trail, or to make the west point of the Kintla Range, but cut straight northward over the divide toward the lake. The wind did change in the night. And next day, as Scotty scanned the vast expanse between him and the lake, he saw a moving speck below. He quickly got out of sight, then ran to intercept the traveller. But when he got to the spot he aimed at, and cautiously peered, there, 500 yards away, on the next ridge, he stood—the famous Ram. Each in plain view of the other.

Scotty stood for a minute and gazed in silence. Then, "Wal, old Krag, ye kin see the skull and cross-bones on my gun; I'm Death on yer track; ye can't shake me off; at any price, I mean to have them horns. And here's for luck." Then he raised the rifle and fired, but the distance was great. The Ram stood till he saw the puff of smoke, then moved quickly to one side, and the snow was tossed by the ball not far from his former stand.

The Ram turned and made eastward, skirting the rugged southern shore of the

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lake, making for the main divide, and Scotty, left far behind for a time, trudged steadily, surely, behind him. For, added to his tireless strength, was the Saxon understreak of brutish grit, of senseless, pig-dogged pertinacity. The inflexible determination that still sticks to its purpose long after sense, reason, and honor have abandoned the attempt; that blinds its owner to his own defeat and makes him, even when he is downed, still feebly strike—yes! spend his final mite of strength in madly girding at his conqueror, whose quick response he knows will be to wipe him out.

It was on, on, all day. Then camp for the night and up again in the morning. Sometimes the trail was easy to follow, sometimes blotted out by new-fallen snow. But day after day they went; sometimes Scotty was in sight of the prize that he pertinaciously was hunting, but never very near. The Ram seemed to have learned that 500 yards was the farthest range of the rifle, and allowed the man to come up to that, the safety limit. After a time it seemed as though he much preferred to have him there, for then he knew where he was. One time Scotty stole a march, and would have had a close shot had not the fateful West Wind borne the taint, and Krag was warned in time, but this was in the first month of that dogged, fearful following. After awhile the Ram was never out of sight.

Why did he not fly far away and baffle the hunter by his speed? *Because he must feed.* The man had his dried venison and chocolate, enough for many days, and when they were gone he could shoot a hare or a grouse, hastily cook it and travel all day on that, but the Ram required hours to seek the scanty grass under the snow. The long pursuit was telling on him. His eye was blazing bright as ever, his shapely corded limbs as certain in their stride, but his belly was pinching up and hunger—weakening hunger—was joining with his other foe.

For five long weeks the chase went on, and the only respite to the Gunder Ram was when some snow-storm from the west would interpose its veil.

Then came two weeks when they were daily in sight of each other. In the morning Scotty, rising wolf-like from his frosty lair, would call out, "Come, Krag, time we wuz a-movin'," and the Ram on the distant ridge would stamp defiantly, then setting his nose to the wind move on, now fast, now slow, but keeping ever the safe 500 yards or more ahead. When Scotty sat down to rest the Ram would graze. If Scotty hid the Ram would run in alarm to some place where near approach unseen would be impossible. If Scotty remained still for some time the Ram would watch him intently and as still as himself. Thus they went on, day after day, till ten eventless weeks dragged slowly by. A singular feeling had grown up between the two. The Ram became so used to the sleuthhound on his track that he accepted him as an inevitable, almost a necessary evil, and one day, when Scotty rose and scanned the northern distance for the Ram, he heard the long snort far behind, and turning, he saw old Krag impatiently waiting. The wind had changed and Krag had changed his route to suit. One day after their morning's start Scotty had a difficult two hours in crossing a stream over which old Krag had leaped. When he did reach the other side he heard a snort, and looked around to find that the Ram had come back to see what was keeping him.

Oh, Krag! Oh, Gunder Ram! Why do you make terms with such a foe implacable. Why play with Death? Have all the hundred warnings of the Mother Wind been sent in vain? Keep on, keep on; do your best that she may save you yet, but make no terms. Remember that the snow, which ought to save, may yet betray.

IV

THUS in the winter all the Chief Mountain was traversed. The Kootenay Rockies, spur by spur, right up to the Crow's Nest Pass, then westward in the face of the White Wind, the indomitable pair turned their steps, west and south, to the MacDonald Range. And onward still, till the Galtom Range was reached. Day by day the same old mechanical following, two dark moving specks on the great expanse of snow. Many a time their trail was crossed by that of other Sheep and other game. Once they met a party

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of miners who knew of Scotty and his hunt, and chaffed him now, but he stared blankly, heeded them not and went on. Many a time the Ram sought to hide his fateful footprints in the wake of some passing herd. But Scotty was not to be balked, his purpose had become his nature; all puzzles he worked out, and now there were fewer interruptions of the chase, for the snow-storms seemed to cease, the White Wind held aloof, and Nature offered no rebuke.

On and on, still the same scant half-mile apart and on them both the hands of Time and Death seemed laid. Both were growing hollow-eyed and were gaunter every day. The man's hair had bleached since he set out on this insane pursuit, and the head and shoulders of the Ram were grizzling; only his jewel eyes and his splendid sweeping horns were the same, and borne as proudly as when first the chase began.

Each morning the man would rise stiff, half-frozen, and gaunt, but dogged as a very hound infernal, and shout across and Krag would respond, and springing into view from his own couch, the chase went on. Till in the third month, they crossed again from Galtom to Tobacco Range, then eastward back to Gunder Peak—the Ram and the sleuth inexorable, upon his trail behind him. Here, on the birthplace of the Ram, they sat one morning, at rest. The Ram on one ridge; Scotty 600 yards away on the next. For twelve long weeks the Ram had led him through the snow, through ten long mountain-ranges—five hundred rugged miles.

And now they were back to their starting-point. Each with his lifetime wasted by one-half in that brief span. Scotty sat down and lit his pipe. The Ram made haste to graze. As long as the man stayed there in view the Ram would keep that ridge. Scotty knew this well; a hundred times he had proved it. Then as he sat and smoked, some evil spirit entered in and sketched a cunning plot. He emptied his pipe deliberately, put it away, then cut some rods of the low creeping birch behind him; he gathered some stones, and the great Ram watched afar. The man moved to the edge of the ridge and with sticks, some stones, and what clothing he could spare, he made a dummy of himself. Then keeping exactly behind it, he crawled backward over the ledge and disappeared. After an hour of crawling and stalking he came up on a ridge behind the Ram.

There he stood, majestic as a bull, graceful as a deer, with horns that rolled around his brow like thunder-clouds about a peak. He was gazing intently on the dummy, wondering why his follower was so long still. Scotty was nearly 300 yards away. Behind the Ram were some low rocks, but between was open snow. Scotty lay down and threw snow on his own back till he was all whitened, then set out to crawl 200 yards, watching the great Ram's head and coming on as fast as he dared. Still old Krag stared at the dummy; sometimes impatiently stamping. Once he looked about sharply, and once he would have seen that deadly crawler in the snow, but that his horn itself, his great right horn, must interpose its breadth between his eye and his foe, and so his last small chance of escape was gone. Nearer, nearer to the sheltering rocks there crawled the Evil One. Then, safely reaching them at last, he rested, a scant half-hundred yards away. For the first time in his life he saw the famous horns quite close. He saw the great, broad shoulders, the curving neck, still massive, though the mark of famine was on all. He saw this splendid fellow-creature blow the hot breath of life from his nostrils, vibrant in the sun; and he even got a glimpse of the life-light in those glowing amber eyes, but he slowly raised the gun.

Oh, Mother White Wind, only blow! Let not this be. Is all your power offset? Are not a million idle tons of snow on every peak awaiting? And one, just one, will do; a single flying wreath of snow will save him yet. The noblest living thing on all these hills, must he be stricken down to glut the basest lust of man?

But never day was calmer. Sometimes the mountain Magpies warn their friends; but not a bird was anywhere in view and still the Gunder Ram was spellbound watching that enemy, immovable across the dip.

Up went the gun that never failed—directed by the eye that never erred. But the hand that had never trembled taking twenty human lives, now shook as though in fear.

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Two natures ? Yes.

But the hand grew steady. The hunter's face was calm and hard. The rifle rang, and Scotty—hid his head. For the familiar "crack!" had sounded as it never did before. He heard a rattling on the distant stones, then a long-drawn "*snoof!*" But he neither looked nor moved. Two minutes later all was still, and he timidly raised his head. Was he gone ? or what ?

There on the snow lay a great gray-brown form, and at one end, like a twin-necked hydra coiling, were the horns, the wonderful horns, the sculptured record of the splendid life of a splendid creature, his fifteen years of life made visible at once. There were the points, much worn now, that once had won his Lamb-days' fight. There were the years of robust growth, each long in measure of that growth; here was that year of sickness; there the splinter on the fifth year's ring, which notched his first love-fight. The points had now come round, and on them, could we but have seen, were the lives of many Gray Wolves that had sought his life. And so the rings read on, the living record of a life whose very preciousness had brought it to a sudden end.

The golden chain across the web of white was broken for its gold.

Scotty walked slowly over, and gazed in sullen silence, not at the dear-bought horns, but at the calm yellow eyes, unclosed and yet undimmed by death. Stone cold was he. He did not understand himself. He did not know that this was the sudden drop after the long, long slope up which he had been forcing himself for months. He sat down twenty yards away, with his back to the horns. He put a quid of tobacco in his mouth. But his mouth was dry. He spat it out again. He did not know what he himself felt. Words played but little part in his life, and his lips uttered only a torrent of horrid blasphemies, his only emotional outburst.

A long silence, then, "I'd give it back to him if I could."

He stared at the distance. His eyes fell on the coat he had left, and, realizing that he was cold, he walked across and gathered up his things. Then he returned

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to the horns, and over him came the wild, inhuman lusting for his victim's body, that he had heard his comrades speak of, but had never before understood. The reactionary lust that makes the panther fondle and caress the deer he has stricken down. He made a fire. Then feeling more like himself, he skinned the Ram's neck and cut off the head. This was familiar work and he followed it up mechanically, cutting meat enough to satisfy his hunger. Then bowing his shoulders beneath the weight of his massive trophy—a weight he would scarcely have noticed three months ago, he turned from the chase—old, emaciated, grizzled, and haggard—and toiled slowly down to the shanty he had left twelve weeks before.

V

"No! money couldn't buy it," and Scotty turned sullenly away to end discussion. He waited a week till the taxidermist had done his best, then he retraversed 300 miles of mountain to his lonely home. He removed the cover, and hung the head where it got the best light. The work was well done, the horns were unchanged, the wonderful golden eyes were there, and when a glint of light gave to them a semblance of regard, the mountaineer felt once more some of the feelings of that day on the ridge. He covered up the head again.

Those who knew him best say he kept it covered and never spoke about it. But one man said, "Yes, I saw him uncover it once and look kind o' queer." The only remark he ever made about it was, "Them's my horns, but he'll get even with me yet."

Four years went by. Scotty, now known as old man Scotty, had never hunted since. He had broken himself down in that long madness. He lived now entirely by his gold pan, was quite alone and was believed to have something on his mind. One day late in the winter an old partner stopped at his shanty. Their hours of conversation did not amount to as many paragraphs.

"I heerd about ye killin' the Gunder Ram."

Scotty nodded.

"Let's see him, Scotty."

"Suit yourself," and the old man jerked his head toward the draped thing on the wall. The stranger pulled off the cloth and then followed the usual commonplace exclamations. Scotty received them in silence. But he turned to look. The firelight reflected in the glassy eyes lent a red and angry glare.

"Kivver him up when you're through," said Scotty, and turned to his smoking.

"Say, Scotty, why don't ye sell him if he bothers ye that a way? That there New Yorker told me to tell ye that he'd give——"

"To hell with yer New Yorker. I'll niver sell him, I'll niver part with him. I stayed by him till I done him up, and he'll stay by me till he gits even. He's been a-gittin' back at me these four years. He broke me down on that trip. He's made an old man o' me. He's left me half luny. He's sucking my life out now, but he ain't through with me yet. There's more o' him round than that head. I tell ye when that old Chinook comes a-blowing up the Tobacco Creek, I've heerd noises that the wind don't make. I've heerd him just the same as I done that day when he blowed his life out through his nose, and me a-lyin' on my face afore him. I'm up agin it, and I'm a-goin' to face it out—right—here—on—Tobacco Creek."

The White Wind rose high that night, and hissed and wailed about Scotty's shanty. Ordinarily, the stranger might not have noticed it. But once or twice there came in over the door a long "*Snoof*" that jarred the latch and rustled violently the drapery of the head. Scotty glanced at his friend with a wild, scared look. No need for a word, the stranger's face was white.

In the morning it was snowing, but the stranger went his way. All that day the White Wind blew, and the snow came down harder and harder. Deeper and deeper it piled on everything. All the smaller peaks were rounded off with snow, and all the hollows of the higher ridges levelled. Still it came down, not drifting but piling up, heavy, soft, adhesive. All day long, deeper, heavier, rounder. As night came on, the Chinook blew yet harder. It skipped from peak to peak like a living

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thing, no puff of air, but a living thing as Greek and Indian both alike have taught, a being who creates, then loves and guards its own. It came like a mighty goddess, like an angry angel with a bugle horn, with a dreadful message from the far-off western sea. A message of war, for it sang a wild, triumphant battle-song, and the strain of the song was :

I am the mothering White Wind,
This is my hour of might ;
The hills and the snow are my children,
My service they do to-night.

And here and there at the word received, there were mighty doings among the peaks. Here new effects were carven with a stroke. Here lakes were made or unmade ; here messengers of life and death dispatched. An avalanche from Purcell's Peak went down to gash the sides, and show long veins of gold ; another hurried, by the White Wind sent, to block a stream and turn its wasted waters to a thirsty land—a messenger of mercy. But down the Gunder Peak there whirled a monstrous mass, charged with a mission of revenge. Down, down, down, loud "snoofing" as it went, sliding from shoulder, ledge, and long incline, now wiping out a forest that would bar its path, then crashing, leaping, rolling, smashing over cliff and steep descent, still gaining as it sped. Down, down faster, fiercer in one fell and fearful rush, and Scotty's shanty, in its track, with all that it contained, was crushed and swiftly blotted out. The hunter had forefelt his doom. The Ram's own Mother White Wind, from the western sea had come—had long delayed, but still had come at last.

Over the rocky upland came the spring, over the level plain of Tobacco Creek. Gently the rains from the westward washed the great white pile of the snowslide. Slowly the broken shanty came to light, and there in the middle, quite unharmed, was the head of the Gunder Ram. His amber eyes were gleaming bright as of old, under cover of those wonderful horns ; and below him were some broken bones, with rags and grizzled human hair.

Old Scotty is forgotten, but the Ram's head hangs enshrined on a palace wall today, a treasure among kingly treasures ; and men, when they gaze on those marvellous horns, still talk of the glorious Gunder Ram who grew them far away on the heights of the Kootenay.

WHEN GITCHIGAMME WARNED THE MUSCOVITE

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE coming of Wetmore Hawes to Painted Knob had been heralded by letter. The missive was from John Hawes, known throughout the Gogebics as "the old man" and in Wall Street as "the Michigan Copper King." The letter was crisp and brief and blunt. It told "Long Jim" Rowe, manager of the Escanaba mine, that Mr. Hawes was sending out his son to be assistant superintendent.

"Not that he will be of the least use," wrote Mr. Hawes, "but because it will be good for him. I want you to knock some of the nonsense out of him. If you can make a man of him I'll give you ten shares Escanaba, preferred. But you'll find him a bad egg."

As "Long Jim" read this his eyelids narrowed under his shaggy brows. This was sign he meant to have those Escanabas.

Yet for two days his grimness was modified by a puzzled air. "Long Jim," although sophisticated in some things, was all unused to the particular kind of wickedness bred in urban centres. Man in the rough he could conquer. As member of citizens' committees he had helped rule the riotous spirits of raw mining camps ; as sheriff, he had hunted stage robbers and horse thieves ; as mate on lake steamers he had compelled obedience from motley

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"He's working on a picture of the lake."—Page 57.

crews of roustabouts, and here he was, almost single-handed, in charge of two hundred surly Muscovites who had been imported from the far Urals, elaborate legislation to the contrary, to dig the red oxide from the backbone of Michigan's northern peninsula.

What manner of wickedness could this town-reared terror manage to bring to Painted Knob? Vainly did he try to enumerate the mischievous potentials of the place. But he meant to be prepared. So he had made a stout oak billy, sent to Sault Ste. Marie for a pair of handcuffs, and fitted a small store-room leading from his office with window-bars and double door-locks.

When the tri-weekly steamer from "The Soo" came ploughing up the lake, "Long Jim" stood on the dock waiting to welcome the prodigal into exile. He half expected to see a flag of distress flying from the boat which bore the "bad egg." But there was no sign of turbulence aboard.

In fact, the young man who walked down the gang-plank and introduced himself as Wetmore Hawes was wholly unlike the individual Mr. Rowe had prepared to receive. It was with unconcealed surprise "Long Jim" noted the slim figure, the pink-and-white complexion, and the curling red locks which gave an almost effeminate air to the boyish face. For this reason, perhaps, his greeting was rather clumsy.

"I suppose father has written you," said young Mr. Hawes as they walked up the hill toward the boarding-house where the entire American population of Painted Knob lived as members of one family, "why he sent me out here?"

"Well," replied, "Long Jim" Rowe, suddenly embarrassed by this frankness, "he did kinder hint somethin' of the sort. But—but I reckon you'll find it easier to keep straight in Painted Knob than it was in the city. You'll have to hunt mighty hard to find any devilment to do around this outfit."

Young Mr. Hawes, following with his eyes the wave of "Long Jim's" big hand, swept a comprehensive glance up the steep hill road, over the unsightly buildings at the shaft mouth, across the miners' barracks, and up to the top of the Knob itself.

"Yes," said he, "I should say so."

"You see," went on the superintendent, in the tone one might use to persuade a naughty boy that he ought to be good, "there's only me and Corliss and Dan Dwyer and his wife. We're all sober and steady. The Russians, of course, are a bad lot; but I don't reckon you'll chum much with them."

This seemed to amuse young Mr.

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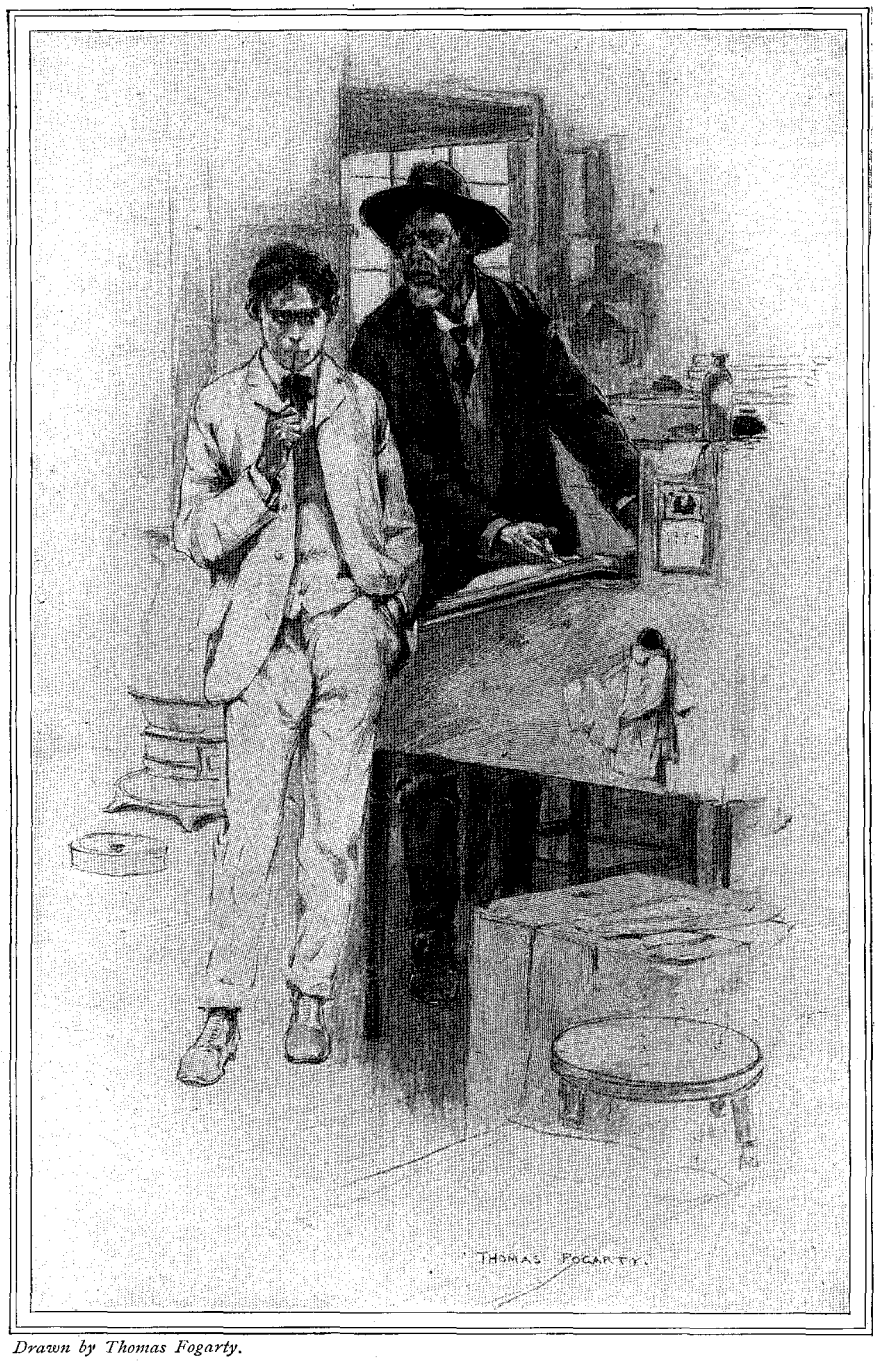

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"You're a plumb failure at this work."—Page 54.

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Hawes for he laughed and said he guessed he would not. For three days Rowe watched narrowly, expecting at any moment a showing of the cloven hoof. But it did not come. The suspense became irksome. Feeling need of advice, he left the office and went out to where Corliss was conning the steam-gauge and pulling back and forth the drum-lever that controlled the shaft-cable.

"Tom," he said, "what do you think of the young'un?" and he jerked his thumb toward the office where Wetmore Hawes sat in a daze before long columns of figures representing carloads of copper ore.

"Nice, quiet, young fellow," was the decision of Corliss.

"That's the trouble," responded the superintendent; "he's too blamed quiet. I s'pose I might's well tell you first as last; the old man has sent him out here to reform."

"Reform?" echoed Corliss, incredulously.

Was it to hold communings with some unseen spirit? —Page 58.

"That's it, reform. He's been a bad one, he has. From what the old man wrote I cal'late he made things pooty lively for 'em back East, and he wants me to keep him straight. But what beats me is to know where or how he'll break loose. Think he carries a gun, Tom?"

Corliss laughed and shook his head.

"Or a knife?"

Again the engineer laughed.

"Huh, you needn't laugh. If you'd knocked around as much as I have you'd know that when these youngsters *are* bad they're worse than the old ones. Didn't a young'un no bigger'n him cut up six of us out in Carson 'fore we could rope him? No, sir; you can't tell by the looks. I've fixed it so's he can't git no liquor to speak of, but if he does, and you see him startin' to cut loose, jest you holler for me."

"All right," said Corliss, and grinned as he said it.

In the succeeding week nothing developed save a friendship between the engineer and young Mr. Hawes. Slow growth had this relation, for both were silent, reticent men. Yet, the life at Painted Knob was such that it was bound to bring out any latent congeniality which might exist. Soon they began to get up at daybreak and go out together before breakfast.

"Long Jim," intent on earning those shares, was troubled. He noted that young Mr. Hawes carried with him a curious flat box of japanned tin. Ostensibly the two went for walks on the lake shore. But why the black box? What was in it? "Long Jim" thought he ought to know.

Cautiously he sounded the engineer on the meaning of the box and the early walks. Corliss gave only evasive answers. It was against "Long Jim's" nature to play the spy, even with preferred shares of Escanaba as a prize. So one day, a month after the arrival of Wetmore Hawes, the two had a reckoning. The talk was precipitated by the more than usually muddled condition of the ore book.

"See here," began the superintendent, "you're a good, clean, white sort and I hate to put you on the carpet, but there's got to be a show down. You're a plumb failure at this work."

"I suppose I am," admitted young Mr. Hawes.

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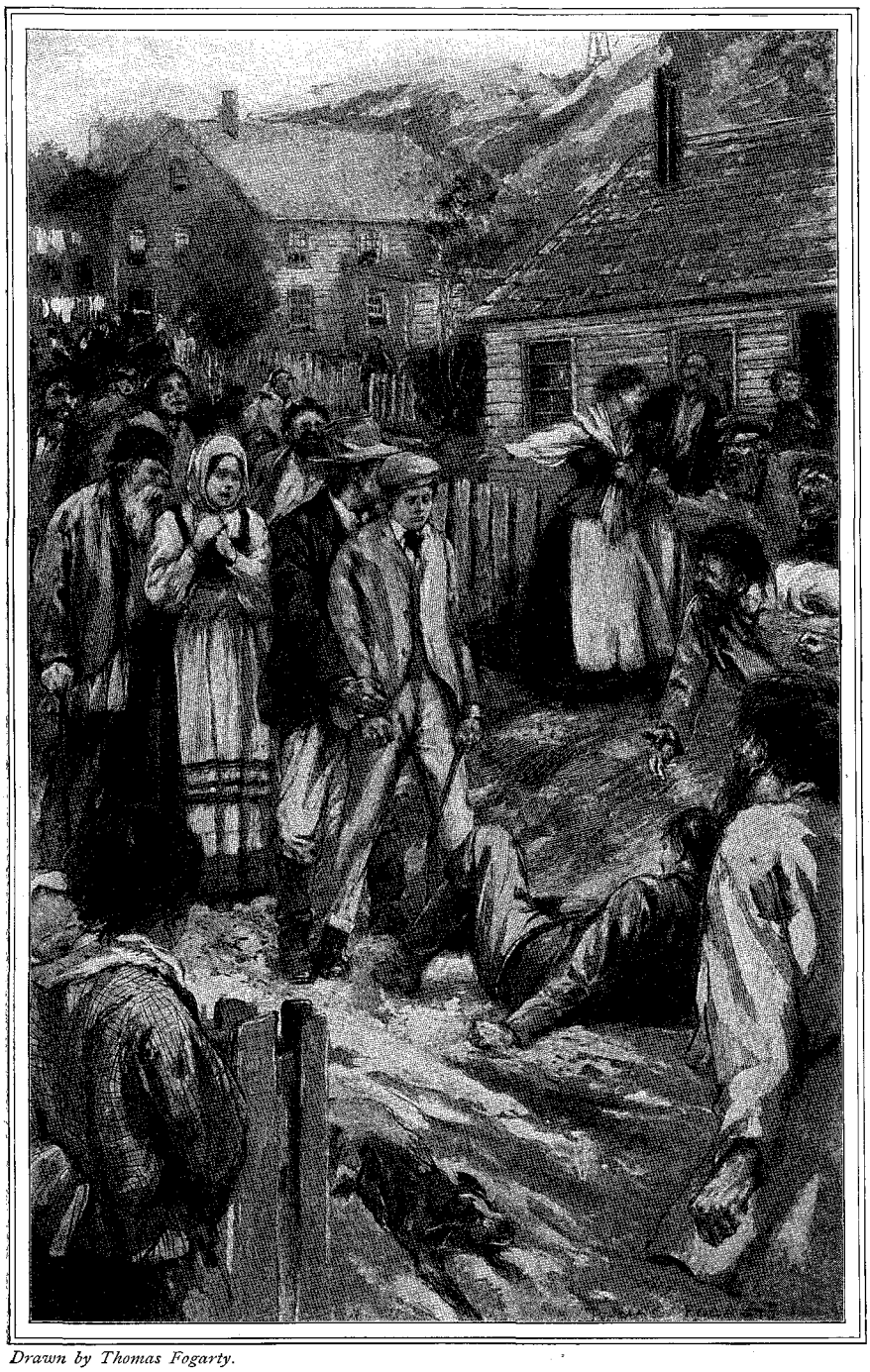

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

Landed a blow which stretched the young Russian at full length.—Page 58.

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"And another thing," went on Rowe, "the old man, you know, asked me to keep an eye on you. Now this mornin' business may be straight enough, or it may not. What I want to know is this: would he kick if he knew about it?"

"Yes, he would," said the young man, testily throwing into the rack the penholder he had been idly nibbling.

"Wall, I'm whipsawed!" exclaimed the superintendent. "I kinder suspicioned, but I could hardly believe it. Now let's git down to hardpan; what's your particular brand of cussedness?"

Young Mr. Hawes smiled whimsically and replied, "Art for art's sake."

"The devil you say! Bad as that, hey?" "Long Jim" was evidently in the dark, but unwilling to confess it. "Well, go on."

"That's all," said young Mr. Hawes.

"But—" began Rowe, struggling to frame a question.

"Oh, go to thunder!" snapped young Mr. Hawes. Then he put on his hat and left the office.

Now the few men who had previously flouted "Long Jim's" authority had met sudden retribution. Yet, a six-foot, two-hundred-pound man, if he be of Rowe's stamp, does not willingly use his fists on a slender youth. So the superintendent went to Corliss for explanation. "You're used to town ways, Tom," he said, "and you've been thick with the youngster. What's his lay?"

Leading the mob was a giant miner.—Page 60.

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"He means that he paints pictures for the fun of it."

"Paints picters, heh!" echoed "Long Jim." He stopped to run a meditative finger over the stubble on his chin, indicating deep perplexity. "S'pose he drinks and gambles and shoots some on the side?"

"No," said Corliss, "he doesn't."

"No? Jest paints, heh? Wall, I'm switched. Paints!" It seemed that the full significance of young Mr. Hawes's iniquity was hard to grasp. "Paints picters!" he repeated. "Now, I've *heard* of men that did that, but I never *see* none, only women. Kinder woman's work, ain't it?"

"Not altogether," replied Corliss, smiling quietly.

"But can't he stop it?"

"Look here," said Corliss, "you don't seem to understand the trouble between Wetmore and his father. It's here: the boy has a natural turn for painting—gets it from his mother. The old man don't know any more about painting than—well, than you do. All he knows is about mines, and ore, and the price of stocks. He'd counted on his boy's being the same sort. But Wetmore took to painting. He was sent abroad for his health, and studied for two years in Paris without letting the old man know. But somehow, after he came back, his father found it out. They had a big row. The old man threatened to cut him adrift without a dollar, and sent him out here to cure him. He thought the youngster couldn't paint out here. But he has. He's working on a picture of the lake, and I tell you it's a hummer. Want to see it?"

"No," said the superintendent. "I don't want to know no more about it. Fact is, Tom, this proposition is one too many for me. Now, I like the young feller a heap, but this picter paintin' business sort of unsettles me. It don't seem jest the thing a man oughter be doin'. I guess old Hawes got the right of it, when he asked me to help make a man of the youngster. What gits me, though, is where I can put my oar in. I've got to have time to think the thing over."

The act of thinking was a serious business to "Long Jim." For the rest of the day he went about like a person under a spell. At supper he regarded young Mr. Hawes as one might an intricate puzzle.

The next day being Sunday, Corliss and young Mr. Hawes started soon after breakfast for their usual stroll on the lake shore. They ended by seeking out the sun-warmed nook which the engineer had long since discovered at the foot of the Knob, and from which could be seen that wonderful view which the young artist was putting on canvas. In the foreground, to the left, were the richly tinted cliffs, like the walls of some fairy city. For the rest there were the wide, blue, mysterious waters of Superior, stretching north to the skyline. In silence they paid devotion to the scene for a long time.

"No wonder the Indians called it The Lake of the Great Spirit," said Hawes. "What do you say is the Indian for that, Corliss?"

"Gitchigamme," replied Corliss, without removing the pipe from between his teeth.

"That's what I shall call my picture," said the young man, and again they were silent.

Reluctantly they left the nook and climbed the Knob. The splendid calm of the lake seemed to have swept inland and covered the land. But great calms are often in the van of great storms. So this peace of Painted Knob was to be followed by stirring events.

Chance and a whim of young Mr. Hawes took them back through the barrack-lined street, instead of along the path on their return to Mrs. Dwyer's boarding-house.

Now, the Muscovite has no appreciation for the scenes in Nature's great picture gallery. Therefore he had not been worshipping at the shrine of Gitchigamme. Following his usual custom, he was spending his one day above ground in playing seven-up, which America had given him; and drinking corn brandy, which he had given America.

There were, unfortunately, exceptions. These comprised a group in which were a very old man, a rather young one, and a weeping girl. Above the latter's head, the old man flourished a whip of many lashes.

Had Mr. Wetmore Hawes been familiar with Muscovite peasant customs, he would have guessed at once that here

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was a stern parent urging an unwilling daughter into matrimony. Young Mr. Hawes, however, either knew nothing of this, or did not care, for he watched only long enough to see the knout strike once on the girl's shoulders. Then he acted with small discretion but much promptness.

Before Corliss could stop him, he had snatched away the whip and was wasting forcible English on the venerable Russian. The younger Russian, who was tall and fair and dressed in much strange finery, now took a hand. He tried to shove the interloper to one side. Then young Mr. Hawes, profiting by certain half-forgotten boxing lessons, very neatly landed a blow which stretched the young Russian at full length in the road.

Things happened quickly after that. The barracks emptied as if the houses had been turned inside out, and shaken. Corliss and his friend found themselves facing an excited, chattering crowd.

"Come," said young Mr. Hawes, stirring the prostrate Russian with the toe of his shoe, "get up and tell your friends the circus is all over."

But the young Muscovite, seeing his enemy still standing over him, sank back again.

"Well, lie there, then. Come on, Corliss, we'll be late for dinner."

Just why they were allowed to get away alive the engineer did not understand, but no one followed as the two walked down the hill toward the boarding-house.

When "Long Jim" Rowe heard of the affair he was visibly disturbed. "And you knocked him out, eh? Well, you've done it! Why, that feller's the kingpin of them all. He's a count or duke or some big gun, and all this outfit came from his father's ranch over in Rooshy. 'English Joe,' foreman of Number Seven level, told me about him—said he was a Skobiloff, whatever that might be. I reckon the whole gang'll be down here pretty quick, like a nest of hornets. Here, Dan, you run up and see if you can find Joe."

Dwyer had no relish for the job, but he went. When he came back the foreman of Number Seven level was with him. Although Joe's English, from which he derived his nickname, was largely made up of profanity, he managed to give his questioners an idea of the state of affairs in the barracks.

The Muscovites were frantic. The red-haired youth who had done violence and indignity to the son of the great Ivan Skobiloff must pay penalty with his life. While they were about it they would settle accounts with the engineer. Of both they had much fear. Did not these two make strange visits, early in the morning, to the shore of the big sweet water sea which was called the Lake of the Great Spirit? Was it to hold communings with some unseen spirit in the dark waters of Gitchigamme? They, the Muscovites, believed so.

They knew the engineer, at least, for a man of strange power. Did he not manage the beast in the iron skin, the one which ate fire? Would it not start and stop for him and for none other? Every day when they went down the shaft they must trust their lives to him. They would do so no more.

Of course, added "English Joe," he knew these to be foolish sayings. Had not the engineer shown him how to start or stop the cable-drum by pulling a stick, and had he not given him good tobacco for his pipe? Still, how can one man talk against two hundred. His countrymen would wait until night, when the spirit of Gitchigamme was asleep and could not help. Then, after the moon rose, they would come and he, "English Joe," hoped that the kind engineer would not wait to see what might happen.

"You bet he wont, nor any of us," said the superintendent, decisively. "But Joe, you tell your friends that I have started for Ontonagon. When I come back to-morrow I'll have a hundred men with rifles. If you Dagoes haven't behaved yourselves there'll be a lot of you shot full of holes. Understand? Bang! Bang! Plunk!" and "Long Jim" made eloquent pantomime. "Now git, an' come back in an hour or so to tell us what they say."

Uttering remarkably constructed expressions of fidelity, "English Joe" departed. Rowe, finding himself facing tangible danger, seemed in his element. "So you soaked the high mogul of the Dagoes, did you? Wall, I never thought it was in you. It's a wonder they didn't make hash of you. Now, I'm goin' to take

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Mrs. Dwyer and Dan with me in one of the boats and go for a posse. You and Corliss wait until Joe comes back. Then you can follow in the other. P'raps they'll agree to simmer down in case they think you've skipped. If they do you can bring me word. But don't let 'em git at you. So long," and the superintendent, followed by Dan and Mrs. Dwyer, hurried down the path to where the double-ended Mackinac sail-boats were moored to the wharf.

"Well," said Corliss, "I guess you'd better pack your things. I'll watch for the Russians."

During all this time young Mr. Hawes had said little, but he watched earnestly the alarming results of his hasty act. Now he was rather pale. In fact, he was badly frightened. The abruptness with which the situation had developed shook his nerve.

But instead of making ready for flight he sat very still, his teeth shut and his hands clinched. If he had inherited from a refined mother the spirit of an artist, he had also got from his father something of the grim courage which had pulled old John Hawes through many a panic and out of many a corner.

A full quarter of an hour he sat thus. Then he went outside where the engineer stood looking up the narrow gauge ore track.

"All ready?" asked Corliss. "Suppose you go down and shake out the sails."

"Corliss," said young Mr. Hawes, "I'm not going."

"Wha-at!" exclaimed the engineer.

"No, sir; I'm not going to run away like a scared dog."

"See here, this is nonsense. What show would you stand against two hundred crazy Russians. Come, Hawes, don't be a fool."

But young Mr. Hawes was obstinate. Corliss pleaded, warned, and scolded; all to no use. Finally he asked: "But when they get here, full of brandy and primed for deviltry, what will you do?"

"I have thought out a plan."

"Oh, you have, eh?" scornfully replied Corliss. "What is it?"

"Come inside and I'll tell you; but understand, I don't ask you to stay. I only want a little of your help before you go."

In the beginning the engineer listened with evident impatience, but when the scheme was all before him he pulled thoughtfully at his pipe for a while without speaking. "It will be a risky thing," he said at last, "but it might go through. By thunder, I'll stay and try it."

"English Joe" came to them later with a long face. His friends would listen to no reason. They had drunk much corn brandy and their courage was high in consequence. The women urged them on. They would revenge the insult to the scion of the mighty Skobiloffs. So long as it was day they feared the spirit with which these two talked at dawn on the lake shore. But when the moon was up they would surely come. They would punish the Americans, destroy the mine, plunder the storehouse, and live forever after without work and in peace.

"A very fine programme," said Corliss, "but it won't work. Go back and tell your friends to come along. They shall see that we can call the spirit of the great water from his sleep. Tell them to listen for his voice and when they hear it to look out. Let 'em come."

"English Joe" having been sent off with this message, Corliss and young Mr. Hawes made some rather curious preparations. As soon as it was dusk they took some of Mrs. Dwyer's sheets and went cautiously up to the engine-house at the shaft mouth. In the nearby barracks they could hear an ominous hum, the sound of many voices.

After a half-hour's work young Mr. Hawes left Corliss in the engine-room and went alone down to the boarding-house. Lighting two lamps and several lanterns he placed them in the sitting-room, threw open the front door and sat down, in full view of the path, to wait.

The voice of a distant mob is a soul-chilling thing to hear. It first strikes the ear like the buzzing of some great insect. Now it is like the hissing of hot steam from an immense escape-valve. Now it deepens into a guttural repetition of the letter R as it might sound if roared through a giant megaphone by some world-distant Titan. It has a kind of rhythm which rises and falls, swells and sinks, and rises again; each time with greater volume. At last it becomes a mighty growl; hoarse, brutal, intense, menace incarnate.

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As young Mr. Hawes sat there in the lighted doorway and listened to this sound coming nearer he felt a terror such as it comes to the lot of few men to feel.

The mob seemed to creep along. Yet in the moonlight he could see that the men and women were running headlong down the steep path. The futility of his plan burst upon him. In a second he had a dozen impulses to action, but still he sat rigid in his chair.

Leading the mob was a giant miner, hairy, whiskered, wild-eyed. In one hand he flourished a long steel drill. It weighed at least twenty pounds. He handled it as if it had been a broomstick.

This man was within a dozen yards of the door before young Mr. Hawes stirred. Without evidence of haste he took up one of the lighted lanterns and stepped across the sill. Three times he swung the lantern before him in a circle from head to feet. Then he set it down and pointed dramatically toward the mine-shaft on the hill-top. The mob stopped as if it had run against a stone wall. With gaping mouths they turned to gaze toward the shaft-house.

They had not long to wait. Of a sudden there came through the moonlighted air such a cry as these simple folk had never heard before; a weird ululation, like the wail of some disturbed monster.

"Ah-we-e-e-e! Ah-we-e-e-e!" it said, and the painted hills bandied back and forth the startling echo.

Gitchigamme, it seemed, had spoken.

But this was not all. As they looked there appeared, silhouetted against the dark mass of the shaft buildings, a great white object. It was almost formless, but it appeared to have wings for, without an instant's stop or other warning than a second anguish-laden cry, it swooped down the hill directly toward them.

There came a rushing sound. There was a glimpse to be had of great, flapping pinions as the thing hurtled down the slope.

The Muscovites heard and saw. For a moment, obeying a common impulse, they huddled together. Then they broke in panic. By the time the sound of a mighty splash came up from the lake shore they were all in mad flight.

Early next forenoon came a steamer, from which landed "Long Jim" and many men armed with rifles and shotguns. Forming a somewhat uneven company front they deployed skirmishers quite creditably, and cautiously worked their way up the hill. To their amazement they found the shaft gear running, ore buckets coming up and going down with great regularity, and Tom Corliss with his hand on the drum-lever.

"Long Jim" expressed astonishment with all the strong language at his command. Also he asked enlightenment.

"It was a scheme of the youngster's," said Corliss. "He called the spirit of Gitchigamme, and old Gitchi was right on deck. It cost us an ore-car and two of Mrs. Dwyer's sheets. But say, we can't use that new siren whistle that came from Chicago the other day. Hereafter that speaks only for Gitchigamme."

"By the great cats," roared "Long Jim," when he had heard the whole story, "but he's a slick one, that youngster is."

. . . . . .

As a rule Painted Knob troubles itself not at all about what occurs in the world of art. Painted Knob wants only to know the price of copper, and the Escanaba quotations. But when in December there came a paper which told—in an inside column, to be sure—about the appearance of a new artist whose first picture, called Gitchigamme, had been awarded the gold medal at a great national exhibition, there was quite an impromptu celebration. It was held in the sitting-room of Mrs. Dwyer's boarding-house.

"Yes," said Corliss, who had returned from a journey East, and who had brought the paper, "the picture made a great hit. Old man Hawes is as proud as a peacock, too. Here's something he sent you, Mr. Rowe."

The superintendent opened the big, thick envelope, and pulled out some stiff parchment-like sheets handsomely printed in blue.

"Preferred stock! Twenty shares! Wall, I'm whipsawed!" exclaimed "Long Jim," not as a declaration of fact, of course, but merely from force of habit.

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SOME FAMOUS ORATORS I HAVE HEARD

By George F. Hoar

I HEARD a debate in the House of Commons in 1860, on the paper duties, in which Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Gladstone, and John Bright took part. Gladstone's part was not very prominent. I now remember little that he said. His image, as it then appeared, is effaced by his later appearance on a much greater occasion. Bright spoke admirably, both in manner and matter. He was an Independent, though giving general support to the measures of the Government, in which Palmerston and Lord Russell were the leaders. He complained bitterly of their acquiescence in what he thought the unconstitutional attitude of the House of Lords, in refusing to consent to the abolition of the paper duties, for which the House of Commons had voted. But the Government, though they had tried to abolish the duty, were very glad to hold on to the revenue. Bright had none of the English hesitation, and frequent punctuation of sentences with — "er" — "er" — which has led someone, speaking of English orators, to say that "to err" is human. He reminded me in general, in look, voice, and manner, of the late Richard H. Dana, although he sometimes threw more passion and zeal into his speech than Dana ever indulged. Periods followed each other in easy and rapid flow. He had a fine voice and delivery, easily filling the hall from his place below the gangway.

Palmerston, in his jaunty and off-hand way, rebuked Bright for desiring to make the House of Commons adopt a resolution which would only show its own helplessness. On the whole, he seemed to me to get the better of the debate. Bright could not persuade the House, or the people of England, to make a great constitutional question out of the paper duties, especially after Lord Lyndhurst's powerful speech, who, then more than ninety years old, argued for the side of the Lords with a power that no other speaker on the subject rivalled.

I heard Gladstone again in 1871, when there was a great struggle between him and Disraeli over the Parliamentary and Municipal Elections Bill. I visited the House with Thomas Hughes, to whom I was indebted for much courtesy while in London, and had a seat on the floor just below the gallery, where a few strangers are, or were then, admitted by special card from the Speaker.

Bernal Osborne, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Stafford Northcote, Gladstone, and Disraeli took part in the debate. The bill was introduced by Mr. Gladstone's Government. The question that night was on a motion to strike out the provision for the secret ballot; so the opponents of the Government had the close in support of the motion. The report of Hansard purports to be in the first person. But I can testify from memory that it is by no means verbally accurate. I have no doubt the speeches were taken down in short-hand. The phonetic system was then used. But the report seems to be about like those which our good short-hand reporters used to make before that invention. The speeches are well worth studying by a person who wishes to get an idea of the intellectual and literary quality of these champions. There is no great passage in any one of them. But the capacity and quality of power appear distinctly. Osborne was full of a shrewd and delightful wit, without the vitriolic flavor which often appears in the sarcasm of Disraeli. Gladstone showed his power of elevating the discussion to a lofty plane, which his opponent never reached, although Disraeli launched at him many a keen shaft from below. Mr. Hughes sat by me most of the night, and occasionally brought and introduced to me some eminent person whom he thought I would like to know.

The members of our National House of Representatives, however turbulent or dis-

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orderly, never would submit to the fashion of treating a speaker whom they do not want to hear, which prevails in the House of Commons. When Mr. Gladstone got through, the night was far spent, and the House evidently wanted to hear Disraeli, then vote and go home. Mr. Plunket, a member for the University of Dublin, who seemed an intelligent and sensible man, rose, wishing to correct a statement of Mr. Gladstone's, which he thought had done him an injustice. Disraeli rose about the same time, but bowed and gave way. The House did not like it. Poor Plunket's voice was drowned in the storm of shouts —"Sit down. Sit down. Dizzy, Dizzy," in which my friend, Mr. Hughes, although of Gladstone's party, joined at the top of his lungs. I think the Bedlam lasted five minutes. But Plunket stood his ground and made his correction.

Although Bernal Osborne was a man of great wit and sense, and Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach were then, as the latter is now, very eminent characters, yet the only speakers who belonged to the rank of the great orators were Gladstone and Disraeli. I will not undertake to add another description of Gladstone to the many with which every reader of mine is thoroughly familiar. The late Dr. Bellows resembled him very nearly, both in his way of reasoning and his manner of speech. Persons who have heard Dr. Bellows at his best will not deem this comparison unworthy.

Gladstone was terribly in earnest. He began his speech by a compliment to Northcote, his opponent, for whom he had shown his esteem by sending him to the United States as one of the Joint High Commission to make the Alabama Treaty. But when Mr. Gladstone was well under way, Sir Stafford interposed a dissent from something he said by calling out, "No, no"—a very frequent practice in the House. Gladstone turned upon him savagely, with a tone of anger which I might almost call furious: "Can the gentleman tolerate no opinion but his own, that he interjects his audible contradiction into the middle of my sentence?" The House evidently did not like it. Hughes, who agreed with Gladstone, said to me: "What a pity it is that he cannot control his temper; that is his great fault."

There are no passages in this speech of Gladstone that can be cited as among the best examples of the great style of the orator. But there are several that give a good idea of his manner, and show something of the argument in two or three sentences: "I am not at all ashamed of having said, and I say it again, that this is a choice of evils. I do not say that the proposal for a secret ballot is open to no objections whatever. I admit that open voting has its evils as well as its merits. One of these merits is that it enables a man to discharge a noble duty in the noblest possible manner. But what are its demerits? That by marking his vote you expose the voter to be tempted through his cupidity and through his fears. We propose, by secret voting, to greatly diminish the first of these, and we hope to take away the second. We do not believe that the disposition to bribe can operate with anything like its present force when the means of tracing the fact of the bribe are taken away, because men will not pay for that they do not know they will ever receive."

"I think it is too late for the honorable gentleman to say, 'We are passing through an experiment; wait for more experiment.'" "We have already been debating this subject for forty years; we have plenty of time on our hands; it is a God-send to have anything to fill up our vacant hours; and therefore let us postpone the subject in order that it may be dealt with in future years."

The great quality of Gladstone, as of Sumner, was his profound seriousness. He made the impression on his hearers, an impression made, but not so strongly, upon his readers, that the matter he is discussing is that upon which the foundations of heaven and earth rest.

It would be a great mistake to hold Disraeli cheap. He turned the tables upon Osborne, who had gone into several what Disraeli called archæological details, with respect to the antiquity of the ballot, and had cited a proclamation of Charles I. prohibiting the ballot in all corporations, either in the city of London or elsewhere, which Disraeli said "was done with the admirable view of identifying the opinions of those who sit on this side of the House with the political sentiments of that mon-

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arch. But there was another assertion of the principle that the ballot should be open that the gentleman had not cited. That occurred in the most memorable Parliament that ever sat in England—the Long Parliament. . . . They wished it therefore to be exercised, not to satisfy the self-complacency of the individual, but with due respect for common-sense and the public opinion of the country, and influenced by all those doctrines and all that discipline of party which they believed to be one of the best securities for public liberty."

Gladstone showed in his speech the profounder reflection on the general subject, the more philosophy, and the intenser earnestness; Disraeli showed quickness of wit, a ready command of his resources, ability for subtle distinctions, and glimpses of his almost Satanic capacity for mocking and jeering. He describes Mr. Gladstone most felicitously as "inspired by a mixture of genius and vexation." He speaks of his majority as a "mechanical majority, a majority the result of heedlessness of thought on the part of members who were so full of other questions that they gave pledges in favor of the ballot without due consideration."

He said: "There is a celebrated river, which has been the subject of political interest of late, and with which we are all acquainted. It rolls its magnificent volume, clear and pellucid, in its course; but it never reaches the ocean; it sinks into mud and morass. And such will be the fate of this mechanical majority. The conscience of the country is against it. It is an old-fashioned political expedient; it is not adapted to the circumstances which we have to encounter in the present, and because it has no real foundation of truth or policy, it will meet with defeat and discomfiture."

Gladstone had, what is quite rare, and what no famous American orator that I now think of, except Choate and Evarts, have had—a tendency to diffuse and somewhat involved speech, and at the same time a gift of compact epigrammatic utterance on occasions. When Mr. Evarts, who was my near relative, and a man with whom I could take a liberty, came into the Senate, I said to him that we should have to amend the rules so that a motion to adjourn would be in order in the middle of a sentence; to which he replied that he knew of nobody in this country, who objected to long sentences, except the criminal classes.

Gladstone was the last of a school of oratory, and the last of our time—I hope not for all time—of a school of statesmen. When he entered upon a discussion in Parliament, or on the hustings, he elevated it to the highest possible plane. The discussion became alike one of the highest moral principles and the profoundest political philosophy. He seemed to be speaking as our statesmen of the Revolutionary time, and the time of framing our Constitution. He used to speak to all generations alike. What he had to say would have been true and apt and fit to be uttered in the earlier days of Athens or of Rome, and true and apt and fit to be uttered for thousands of years to come. He had, in a large measure, a failing which all Englishmen have, and always had: the notion that what is good for England is good for humanity at large. His morality and his statesmanship were insular. Still it was a lofty morality and a lofty ideal statesmanship. It was sincere. What he said, that he believed. It came straight from his heart, and he kindled in the bosoms of his listeners the ardor of his own heart. He was not afraid of his ideals.

I heard Dr. Guthrie in Edinburgh in 1860. It was a hot day. My companion was just getting well from a dangerous attack of bleeding at the lungs. We made our way with difficulty into the crowded church. The people were, almost all of them, standing. We were obliged, by my friend's condition, to get out again before the sermon. I remember, however, the old man's attitude, and his prayer in the racy, broad Scotch, the most tender, pathetic, and expressive language on earth for the deeper emotions as well as for humor. I wonder if my readers have ever seen the version of the Psalms—

"Frae Hebrew Intil Scottis," by P. Hately Waddell, LL.D., Minister, Edinburgh, 1891.

If not, and they will get it, a new delight is in store for them, and they will know something of the diction of Dr. Guthrie.

He once began a prayer, "O Lord, it

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is a braw thing to loe ye. But it is a better (bitter) thing to hate ye."

The beauty of this dialect is that while it is capable alike of such tenderness, and such lofty eloquence, and such exquisite and delicate humor, it is, like our Saxon, incapable of falsetto, or of little pomposities.

I heard Lyman Beecher, then a very old man, before a meeting of the members of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1852, when the measure known as the Maine Liquor Law was pending. He bore unmistakable marks of advanced age. But there were one or two passages that showed the power of the orator, one especially in which he described the beauty and delight of our homes, and intemperance threatening them with its waves like a great sea of fire.

I saw Henry Ward Beecher several times in private, and had pleasant talks with him. But I am sorry to say I never heard him speak, so far as I can now remember, on any occasion when he put forth his power. But if half that is told of his speeches, during the Civil War, some of them to hostile and angry audiences, be true, he was a consummate master. One story is told of him which I suppose is true, and, if it be true, ranks him as one of the greatest masters of his art that ever lived. It is said that he was speaking to a great crowd in Birmingham, or perhaps Liverpool, which constantly goaded him with hostile interruptions, so that he had great difficulty in getting on. At last one fellow provoked the cheers and applause of the audience by crying out—"Why didn't you put down the Rebellion in sixty days as you said you would?" Beecher paused a moment until they became still, in their eagerness to hear his reply, and then hurled back—"We should if they had been Englishmen." The fierce, untamed animal hesitated a moment between anger and admiration, and then the English love of fair play and pluck prevailed, and the crowd cheered him and let him go on.

But any man who reads Beecher's delightful "Letters from the White Mountains," or some of his sermons, and imagines his great frame, and far-sounding voice, will get a conception of his power to play on the feelings of men, of his humor, and pathos, and intense conviction, and rapidity in passing from one emotion to another, and will understand him.

I heard Rufus Choate a great many times. I heard nearly all the speeches given in "Brown's Life"; and I heard him a great many times at the bar, both before juries and the full court. He is the only advocate I ever heard who had the imperial power which would subdue an unwilling and hostile jury. His power over them seemed like the fascination of a bird by a snake. Of course, he couldn't do this with able judges, although all judges who listened to him would, I think, agree that he was as persuasive a reasoner as ever lived. But with inferior magistrates and juries, however intelligent, however determined they were in a made-up opinion, however on their guard against the charmer, he was almost irresistible. There are very few important cases recorded that Choate lost. Non supplex, sed magister aut dominus videretur esse judicum.

Choate's method was pure persuasion. He never appealed to base motives, nor tried to awake coarse prejudices or stormy passions. He indulged in no invective. His wit and sarcasm and ridicule amused the victim almost as much as it amused the bystander. He had the suaviloquentia which Cicero attributes to Cornelius. There was never a harsh note in his speech.

Latrantur enim jam quidam oratores, non loquuntur.

When he was confronted with some general rule, or some plain fact, he had a marvellous art of subtle distinction. He showed that his client, or witness, or proposition, belonged to a class of itself. He invested it with a distinct and intense personality. He held up his fact or his principle before the mind of the court and the jury. He described and pictured it. He brought out in clear relief what distinguished it from any other fact or proposition whatever. If necessary, he would almost have made a jury, before he was through, think the Siamese twins did not look alike, and possibly that they never could have been born of the same parents.

He had a voice without any gruff or any shrill tones. It was like a sweet, yet

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powerful flute. He never strained it or seemed to exert it to its fullest capacity. I do not know any other public speaker whose style resembled his in the least. Perhaps Jeremy Taylor was his model, if he had any model. The phraseology with which he clothed some commonplace or mean thought or fact, when he was compelled to use commonplace arguments, or to tell some common story, kept his auditors ever alert and expectant. An Irishman, who had killed his wife, threw away the axe with which Choate claimed the deed was done, when he heard somebody coming. This, in Choate's language, was "the sudden and frantic ejaculation of the axe." Indeed his speech was a perpetual surprise. Whether you liked him or disliked him you gave him your ears, erect and intent. He used manuscript a great deal, even in speaking to juries. When a trial was on, lasting days or weeks, he kept pen, ink, and paper at hand in his bedroom, and would often get up in the middle of the night to write down thoughts that came to him as he lay in bed. He was always careful to keep warm. It was said he prepared for a great jury argument by taking off eight great coats and drinking eight cups of green tea.

When I was a young lawyer in Worcester I had something to do before the court sitting in the fourth story of the old stone court-house in Boston. I finished my business and had just time to catch the train for home. As I came down the stairs I passed the door of the court-room where the United States court was sitting. The thick wooden door was open, and the opening was closed by a door of thin leather stretched on a wooden frame. I pulled it open enough to look in, and there, within three feet of me, was Choate, addressing a jury in a case of marine insurance, where the defence was the unseaworthiness of the vessel. I had just time to hear this sentence, and shut the door and hurry to my train: "She went down the harbor, painted and perfidious—a coffin, but no ship."

I hear now, as if still in the eager throng, his speech in Faneuil Hall during the Mexican War. He demanded that we should bring back our soldiers to the line we claimed as our rightful boundary, and let Mexico go. He said we had done enough for glory, and that we had humiliated her enough.

"The Mexican maiden, as she sits with her lover among the orange-groves, will sing to her guitar the story of these times —'Ah, woe is me, Alhama,' for a thousand years to come."

Choate, like other good orators, and like some great poets, notably Wordsworth, created the taste which he satisfied. His dramatic action, his marvellous and strange vocabulary, his oriental imagination, his dressing the common and mean things of life with a poetic charm and romance, did not at once strike favorably the taste of his Yankee audiences. Webster and Everett seem to have appreciated him from the first. But he was, till he vindicated his title to be a great lawyer, rather a thorn in the flesh of Chief Justice Shaw, of whose consternation and amusement, caused by the strange figure that appeared in his court-room, many queer stories used to be told. But the young men and the people liked him.

"Non probantur hæc senibus—sæpe videbam cum invidentem tum etiam irascentem stomachantem Philippum—sed mirantur adulescentes multitudo movetur."

It was a curious sight to see on a jury twelve hard-headed and intelligent countrymen—farmers, town officers, trustees, men chosen by their neighbors to transact their important affairs—after an argument by some clear-headed lawyer for the defence, about some apparently not very doubtful transaction, who had brought them all to his way of thinking, and had warned them against the wiles of the charmer, when Choate rose to reply for the plaintiff—to see their look of confidence and disdain—"You needn't try your wiles upon me." The shoulder turned a little against the speaker—the averted eye—and then the change; first, the changed posture of the body; the slight opening of the mouth; then the look, first, of curiosity, and then of doubt, then of respect; the surrender of the eye to the eye of the great advocate; then the spell, the charm, the great enchantment—till at last, jury and audience were all swept away, and followed the conqueror captive in his triumphal march.

He gesticulated with his whole body. Wendell Phillips most irreverently as well

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as most unjustly compared him to a monkey in convulsions. His bowings down and straightening himself again were spoken of by another critic, not unfriendly, as opening and shutting like a jack-knife. His curly black hairs seemed each to have a separate life of its own. His eyes shone like coals of fire. There is a passage of Everett's which well describes Choate, and is also one of the very best examples of Everett, who, with all his fertility of original genius, borrowed so much, and so enriched and improved everything that he borrowed. Cicero said of Antonius:

"Omnia veniebant Antonio in mentem; eaque suo quæque loco, ubi plurimum proficere et valere possent, ut ab imperatore equites pedites levis armatura, sic ab illo in maxume oportunis orationis partibus conlocabantur."

Now see what Everett does with this thought in his eulogy, spoken in Fanueil Hall, the week after Choate's death:

"He is sometimes satisfied, in concise epigrammatic clauses, to skirmish with his light troops, and drive in the enemy's outposts. It is only on fitting occasions, when great principles are to be vindicated, and solemn truths told, when some moral or political Waterloo or Solferino is to be fought, that he puts on the entire panoply of his gorgeous rhetoric. It is then that his majestic sentences swell to the dimensions of his majestic thought; then it is that we hear afar off the awful roar of his rifled ordnance; and when he has stormed the heights, and broken the centre, and trampled the squares, and turned the staggering wings of the adversary, that he sounds his imperial clarion along the whole line of battle, and moves forward with all his hosts, in one overwhelming charge."

One of the most remarkable advocates of my day was Sidney Bartlett. He seldom addressed juries, and almost never public assemblies. He was a partner of Chief Justice Shaw before 1830. He argued cases before the Supreme Court of the United States and before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts after he was ninety. He cared for no other audience. He had a marvellous compactness of speech, and a marvellous sagacity in seeing the turning-point of a great question. He found the place where the roads diverged, got the court's face set in the right direction, and then stopped. He would argue in ten or fifteen minutes a point where some powerful antagonist like Curtis or Choate would take hours to reply. I once told him that his method of argument was to that of ordinary lawyers like logarithms to ordinary mathematics. He seemed pleased with the compliment, and said, "Yes, I know I argue over their heads. The Chief Justice told me he wished I would talk a little longer." I do not know that Bartlett ought to be reckoned among orators. But he had a great power of convincing, and giving intellectual delight to minds capable of appreciating his profound and inexorable logic.

Edward Everett seems to me, on the whole, our best example of the orator, pure and simple. Webster was a great statesman, a great lawyer, a great advocate, a great public teacher. To all these his matchless oratory was but an instrument and incident.

Choate was a great winner of cases, and as relaxation he gave, in the brief vacations of an overworked professional life (he once defined a lawyer's vacation as the time after he has put a question to a witness while he is waiting for an answer), a few wonderful literary and historical addresses. He gave a brief period of brilliant but most unwilling service in each House of Congress. He made some powerful political speeches to popular audiences. But his heart was always in the court-house. No gambler ever hankered for the feverish delight of the gaming table as Choate did for that absorbing game, half chance, half skill, where twelve human dice must all turn up together one way, or there is no victory.

But Everett is always the orator. He was a clergyman a little while. He was a Greek professor a little while. He was a college president a little while. He was Minister to England a little while. He was Representative in Congress and Senator. He was Governor of the Commonwealth. In these places he did good service enough to make a high reputation for any other man. Little of these things is remembered now. He was above all things—I am tempted to say, above all

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men—the foremost American orator in one class.

There is one function of the orator peculiar to our country, and almost wholly unknown elsewhere. That is the giving utterance to the emotion of the people, whether of joy or sorrow, on the occasions when its soul is deeply stirred—when some great man dies, or there is a great victory or defeat, or some notable anniversary is celebrated. This office was filled by other men, on some few occasions by Daniel Webster himself, but by no man better than by Everett. A town, or city, or state is very human. In sorrow it must utter its cry of pain; in victory, its note of triumph. As events pass, it must pronounce its judgment. Its constant purpose must be fixed and made more steadfast by expression. It must give voice to its love and its approbation and its condemnation. It must register the high and low water mark of its tide, its rising and its sinking in heat and cold. This office Edward Everett, for nearly fifty years, performed for Massachusetts and for the whole country. In his orations are preserved and recorded everything of the emotion of the great hours of our people's history. The camera of his delicate photography has preserved for future generations what passed in the soul of his own in the times that tried the souls of men.

I do not know where he got his exquisite elocution. He went abroad in his youth, and there were good trainers abroad, then. He must have studied thoroughly the speeches of Cicero and the Greek orators. Many casual phrases in his works, besides many quotations, show his familiarity with Cicero's writings on oratory.

If you would get some faint, far-off conception of him, first look at the best bust or picture of Everett you can find. Imagine the figure with its every movement gentle and graceful. The head and face are suggestive of Greek sculpture. This person sits on the platform with every expression discharged from the face, looking like a plaster image when the artist has just begun his model, before any character or intelligence has been put into it. You think him the only person in the audience who takes no interest whatever in what is going on, and certainly that he expects to have nothing to do with it himself. He is introduced. He comes forward quietly and gracefully. There is a slight smile of recognition of the welcoming applause. The opening sentences are spoken in a soft—I had almost said, a caressing voice, though still a little cold. I suppose it would be called a tenor voice. There was nothing in the least unmanly about Edward Everett. Yet if some woman had spoken in the same tones, you would have not thought them unwomanly.

Illa tanquam cycnea fuit divini hominis vox et oratio.

He has found somewhere in the vast storehouse of his knowledge a transaction exactly like the present, or exactly in contrast with it, or some sentiment of poet or orator which just fits the present occasion. If it be new to his audience, he adds to it a newer delight still by his matchless skill as a narrator—a skill almost the rarest of all talents among public speakers. If it be commonplace and hackneyed he makes it fresh and pleasant by giving in detail the circumstances when it was first uttered, or describes some occasion when some orator has applied it before; or calls attention to its very triteness as giving it added authority. If he wish to express his agreement with the last speaker and "say ditto to Mr. Burke," he tells you when that was said, what was the occasion, and gives you the name of Mr. Kruger, who stood for the representation of Bristol with Burke.

Mr. Everett's stores were inexhaustible. If any speaker have to get ready in a hurry for a great occasion, let him look through the index of the four volumes of Everett's speeches, and he will find matter enough, not only to stimulate his own thought and set its currents running, but to illustrate and adorn what he will say.

But pretty soon the orator rises into a higher plane. Some lofty sentiment, some stirring incident, some patriotic emotion, some play of fancy or wit comes from the brain or heart of the speaker. The audience is hushed to silence. Perhaps a little mist begins to gather in their eyes. There is now an accent of emotion in the voice, though still soft and gentle. The Greek statue begins to move. There is life in the limbs. There has been a lamp kindled

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somewhere behind the clear and transparent blue eyes. The flexible muscles of the face have come to life now. Still there is no jar or disorder. The touch upon the nerves of the audience is like that of a gentle nurse. The atmosphere is that of a May morning. There is no perfume but that of roses and lilies. But still, gently at first, the warmer feelings are kindled in the hearts of the speaker and hearers. The frame of the speaker is transfigured. The trembling hands are lifted high in air. The rich, sweet voice fills the vast audience-chamber with its resonant tones. At last, the bugle, the trumpet, the imperial clarion rings out full and clear, and the vast audience is transported as to another world—I had almost said as to a seventh heaven. Read the welcome to Lafayette or the close of the matchless eulogy on that illustrious object of the people's love. Read the close of the oration on Washington. Read the contrast of Washington and Marlborough. Read the beautiful passage where, just before the ocean cable was laid, the rich fancy of the speaker describes—

"The thoughts that we think up here on the earth's surface in the cheerful light of day—clothing themselves with elemental sparks, and shooting with fiery speed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from hemisphere to hemisphere, far down among the uncouth monsters that wallow in the nether seas, along the wreck-paved floor, through the oozy dungeons of the rayless deep ; the last intelligence of the crops, whose dancing tassels will in a few months be coquetting with the west wind on those boundless prairies, flashing along the slimy decks of old sunken galleons, which have been rotting for ages ; messages of friendship and love, from warm, living bosoms burn over the cold green bones of men and women, whose hearts, once as fond as ours, burst as the eternal gulfs closed and roared over them, centuries ago." Read the passage in the eulogy on Choate where he describes him arming himself in the entire panoply of his gorgeous rhetoric—and you will get some far-away conception of the power of this magician.

One thing especially distinguishes our modern orator from the writer in the closet, where he writes solely for his readers, or where he has prepared his speeches beforehand—that is, the influence of the audience upon him. There is nothing like it as a stimulant to every faculty, not only imagination, and zeal, and reason, but especially, as every experienced speaker knows, memory also. Everything needed seems to come out from the secret storehouses of the mind, even the things that have lain there forgotten, rusting and unused. Mr. Everett describes this in a masterly passage in his "Life of Webster." Gladstone states it in a few fine sentences :

"The work of the orator, from its very inception," he says, "is inextricably mixed up with practice. It is cast in the mould offered to him by the mind of his hearers. It is an influence principally received from his audience (so to speak) in vapor, which he pours back upon them in a flood. The sympathy and concurrence of his time is, with his own mind, joint parent of his work. He cannot follow nor frame ideals ; his choice is to be what his age would have him, what it requires in order to be moved by him, or else not to be at all."

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PASSAGES FROM A DIARY IN THE PACIFIC

TAHITI

By John La Farge

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

February 12, 1891.

WHEN we rose in the early morning our ship had already passed the reef, and we were in the harbor of Papeete. There was the usual enchantment of the land, a light blue sky and a light blue sea; an air that felt cooler than that of Samoa, whatever the thermometer might say; and when we had landed, a funny little town, stretched along the beach, under many trees. From under their shade the outside blue was still more wonderful, and at the edge, where the blue of sky and sea came together opposite us, the island of Moorea, all mountain, peaked and engrailed like some far distance of Titian's landscapes, seemed swimming in the blue.

Near the quay, neatly edged with stone steps, ships lay only a few rods off in the deep water, or their yards touching the branches of the great trees. Farther out, on a French man-of-war, the bugle marked the passing duty of the hour. But everything else was lazy, except the little horses driven by the Kanakas. Natives moved easily about, no longer with the stride of the Samoans, which throws out the knees and feet, as if it were for the stage. People were lighter built, more *effacé;* but there were pretty faces, many evidently those of half-breeds.

White men were there with the same contrasting look of fierceness and inquisitiveness marked in their faces, which now that we see less of them, looks beaky and eager in contrast with the brown types that fill the larger part of our sight and acquaintance.

We were kindly received by the persons for whom we had introductions, and set about through various more or less shady streets marked French-wise on the corners: *Rue des Beaux-Arts, Rue de la Cathédrale,* etc.; first to a little restaurant, where I heard, in an adjacent room, "Buvons, amis, buvons!" and the noise of fencing; then to hire furniture and buy household needs for the housekeeping we proposed to set up that very day, for there are no hotels. The evening was ended at the "Cercle," where we played dominoes, to remind ourselves that we were in some outlying attachment of provincial France. By the next morning we were settled in a little cottage on the beach that is shaded all along by trees; we had engaged a cook, and Awoki was putting all to rights. As we walk back into the town there are French walls and yellow stuccoed houses for government purposes. A few officers in white and soldiers pass along.

A few scattered French ladies pass under the trees; so far as we can tell (for we have been long away) dressed in some correct French fashion, looking not at all incongruous, because already we feel that this is dreamland—that anybody in any guise is natural here, except a few Europeans, who meet the place half-way, and belong neither to where they came from, nor to the unreality of the place they are in. There is no noise; the street is the beach; the trappings of the artillery horses and the scabbards of the sabres rattle in a profound silence so great that I can distinctly count the pulsations of the water running from the fountain near us into the sea. The shapes and finish of the government buildings, their long spaces of enclosure, the moss upon them, remind us of the sleepiest towns of out-of-the-way bits of France.

The natives slip over the dust in bare feet, the waving draperies of the long gown of the women seeming to add to the stealthy or undulating movement which carries them along. Many draw up under the arm some corner of this long, night-gowny dress that it may not trail, or let their arms swing loosely to the rhythm of their passing by.

Most of the native men wear loose

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jackets, sometimes shirts, above the great loin-cloth which hangs down from the waist, and which is the same as the *lava-lava* of the Samoans, the *sulu* of the Fijians, and is here called the *pareu*.

Many of the women have garlands round their necks and flowers behind their ears. Occasionally we hear sounds of singing that come back to us from some cross-street, and as I have ventured to look, I see, in a little enclosure, some women seated, and one standing before them making the gestures, perhaps of a dance; and, I grieve to say, looking as if all had begun their latest evening very early in the day. But this I have noticed from sheer inquisitiveness. I feel that in another hour or so I shall not care to look for anything, but shall sit quietly and let everything pass like the turn of a revolving panorama. In this state of mind, which represents the idleness of arrival, we meet at our Consul's an agreeable young gentleman belonging to a family well known to us by name—the Branders, a family that represents, though mixed with European—the best blood of the islanders. They speak French and English with the various accents and manners that belong to those divisions of European society; they are well connected over in Scotland. Do you remember the Branders of "Lorna Doone"? At home their ancestry goes back full forty generations. They are young and pleasant, and we forget how old we are in comparison. We call on their mother later, a charming woman, and on an aunt, Mrs. Atwater, who has a similar charm of manner, accent, and expression; and on another aunt, the ex-Queen Marau, but she is away with her younger sister Manihinini.

In the evening, with some remnant of energy, we walk still farther than our house upon the beach, passing over the same roads that Stoddard wearily trod in his "South Sea Idylls." We try to find, by the little river that ends our walk, on this side of the old French fort, the calaboose where Melville was shut up. There is no one to help us in our search; no one remembers anything. Buildings occupy the spaces of woodland that Melville saw about him. Nothing remains but the same charm of light and air which he, like all others, has tried to describe and to bring back home in words. But the beach is still as beautiful as if composed for Claude Lorrain. Great trees stand up within a few feet of the tideless sea. Where the shallows run in at times, canoes with outriggers are pulled up. People sit near the water's edge, on the grass. Outside of all the shade, we see the island of Moorea, farther out than the far line of the reef, no longer blue, but glowing like a rose in the beginning of the twilight.

At night we hear girls passing before our little garden; we see them swinging together, with arms about the flowers of their necks. They sing—alas! not always soberly, and the wind brings the odor of the gardenias that cover their necks and heads.

In the night the silence becomes still greater around us, though we hear, at a distance, the music of the band that plays in the square, which is the last amusement left to this dreary, deserted village called a town. In the square, which is surrounded by many trees, through which one passes to hidden official buildings, native musicians play European music, apparently accommodated to their own ideas, but all in excellent time, so that one just realizes that somehow or other these airs must have been certain well-known ones. But nothing matters very much.

A few visitors walk about; native women sit in rows on the ground, apparently to sell flowers, which they have before them. People of distinction make visits to a few carriages, drawn up under the trees. Occasionally, in the shadows, or before the lights, in an uncertain manner, natives begin to dance to the accompaniment of the band. But it is all listless, apparently, at least to the sight, and just as drowsy as the day.

In the very early morning we drive to the end of the bay at Point Venus, to see the stones placed by Wilkes and subsequent French navigators, in order to test the growth of the coral outside. And we make a call on a retired French naval officer, who has been about here more or less, since 1843, the time of Melville. We drive at first through back roads of no special character. We pass through a great avenue of trees, over-arching, the pride of the town; we cross a river-torrent, and the end of our road brings us along the

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sea, but far up, so that we look down over spaces of palm and indentations of small bays fringed with foam, all in the shade below us. On the sea-outline always the island of Moorea, and back on Tahiti the great mountain, the Aorai, the edge, apparently, of a great central crater; a fantastic, serrated peak, called the "Diadem"; also an edge of the great chasm; and, on either side, long slopes that run to the sea from the central heights, and recall the slopes of Hawaii. But all is green; even the 8,000 feet of the Aorai, which look blue and violet, melt into the green around us, so as to show that the same verdure passes unbroken, wherever there is a foothold, from the sea to the highest tops. This haze of green, so delicate as to be namable only by other colors, gives a look of sweetness to these high spaces, and makes them repeat, in tones of light, against the blue of the sky, chords of color similar to those of the trees and the grass against the blue and violet of the sea.

Nearer us, the slopes are all broken up into knife edges of green velvet, streaked, right near us, by clay, which, in contrast, seems almost like vermilion. So far, the roads were good, though the slippery clay might be very different when the great rains came down; and as our driver forced his horses at a gallop, near the edges of the cliffs hanging over the lovely pictures of the secluded trees and water, we felt that a more sandy, more prosaic road would better suit the South Sea habits of carriage travel.

All the trees were about us that we knew in Samoa: and many more rounded mango-trees, with red fruit hanging on long stems, or lying green by the road. All this was to be seen with cool air full of life, and under a sky more like ours than the Samoan, but exquisitely blue and gay.

Little has been done by us, even of going about; Atamo has written many letters; I have tried to sketch a little from our veranda, in front of which, on the shore, grows a twisted *puraú*, called *faú* in Samoa. Through its branches I see the sea and the reef, and the island of Moorea, in every tint of blue that keeps the light, even in the evening or in the afterglow, when the sunset lights up, in yellow and purple, the sky behind it. And yet there is a reminiscence in my mind of something not foreign to us, even at this moment, when the haze of light seems new, and the pale blue sea is spangled with little silver stars, as far as I can see distinctly.

We have called on the ex-King; and in the evening, at the club, I have seen him —a handsome, elderly man, somewhat broken. He was playing with a certain Keke, a black Senegambian in the French service, a prince of his own negro land, who speaks excellent French, and whom I surprised sitting on the sill of his house one evening (while we were taking a rainy walk). Keke wore in this retirement a pair of marvellous trousers, of a brilliant yellow, with red flamboyant pattern—something too fine for the ordinary out-of-door world. Many of the officials are colored men from the French colonies, and so is the governor, more or less. Of course the idea is infinitely respectable and humanitarian, as so many French things are, but I fear that the Republic is unwise in sending people whom the native here cannot look up to as he does to a white man.

Of course they are all French and have votes, as the native here can have also; but whether it is for the real good of a population accustomed to dependence I am not so sure. There are many curious anomalies: our American friends of Samoa speak with our natural way of looking at things correctly, of the preposterous way the French have of backing the Catholic missions and protecting their missionaries, even as we would. But here I find the Catholic mission dependent upon the gifts of the faithful, while the Protestant missions are supported by the French Government, as the Protestant clergy would be in France.

The King, upon whom we called, and whom we met at the club in affable mood, surrendered his rights to the French a few years ago, under long pressure and with some advice from the missionaries. In exchange he received an annual income, and retained his honors and certain privileges. This end I suppose to have been inevitable. His mother, the famous Queen Pomaré, whose name was known to all sea-going people in that half of the globe, whose resistance to French pretensions had come, apparently, for a moment, near bringing France and England into a quar-

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rel, had lived for many years (since 1843?) under French authority, a government under the name of protectorate. Such, I suppose, must always be the end, as it has been everywhere that the English have been; as it has been in Fiji; as it will be to-morrow, when King George of Tonga dies; as it will be in Hawaii, whenever the whites there determine to use their power. Nor is the line of the Pomaré, any more than that of the Hawaiian rulers, so connected with all antiquity as to be typical of what a Polynesian great chief might be to the people whom he rules. The Pomarés date only from the time of Cook. They were slowly wresting the power from the great family of the Tevas, by war and by that still more powerful means—marriage, which in the South Seas is the only full and legitimate source of authority.

You know from all that I have told you of Samoa, that in Polynesia descent is the only real, absolute aristocracy; there is no ruling except through blood. Hence the absurdity of the kingships that we have fostered or established, which in our own minds seem quite legitimate, because they embody the European ideas which belong to our ancestry. Hence the general discomfort and trouble that we have helped to foster. Hence, also—and far worse—the breaking down, in reality, of all the bases upon which these old societies rested, the saving of which in part was the only hope remaining for the gradual education of the brown man, for his keeping to ideas of order different from our own, it is true, but still involving the same original foundations. Hence the demoralization; the arbitrary "white" laws, always misunderstood, always bringing on the vices which they were meant to control; hence the end of the "brown" man by himself.

The missionaries' good-will has never gone so far as to try to understand him as a being with the same rights to methods of thinking that we claim for ourselves. Part of this sad trouble is, of course, owing to the unfortunate moment which gave birth both to greater missionary enterprise, to a first acquaintance with these races, and to the disruption of authority in the West. Perhaps, indeed, it might then have required more comprehension than could be asked of any but the most exceptional mind to realize that what we call savagery was a mode of civilization. So must have been the European world when the civilization of antiquity broke down, and things of price went into the night of forgetfulness, along with the mistaken beliefs and superstitions that were joined to them. So here, where, as in all civilizations, religious views, manners, customs, superstitions, were woven about every bit of life, the exterminating of anything that might seem pagan involved many habits, and some good ones, which, necessarily, from their fundamental antiquity, had been protected by religious rites. Hence we brought on idleness and consequent vice; for idleness is as bad for the savage, whom we innocently suppose to be idle, because we do not understand how he busies himself, as it is for the worker in modern civilization. It is not the actual doing that is important, but such occupation as may determine a habit of useful or harmless attention, which prevents the suggestion of untried moral experiments.

Even tattooing was a matter which, like any society duty, involved attention, considerable self-abnegation and suffering, so as to suit the supposed requirements of civilization, and a recognition of some manly standard, however childish it might seem to us, even if it seems as absurd as some of our society standards might seem to the savage.

These reflections came from reading a law of missionary civilization which I find in the records of the year 1822, in the neighboring island of Huahine; in which a man or woman who shall mark with tattoo, if not clearly proved, shall be tried and punished, and made—for the man—to work on the road, for the woman, to make mats, in a proportion of which the only exact measure that I find is that for the man it is about the same as that for bigamy; for the woman just the same as adultery.

With the coming of the missionaries, with the coming of the white men traders, coincided the first attempts of the ambition of these Pomaré chieftains. They had already done a good deal for themselves before Cook left for the last time. He had seen Oberea, of whom I first spoke, a great person. When he left, her line of family

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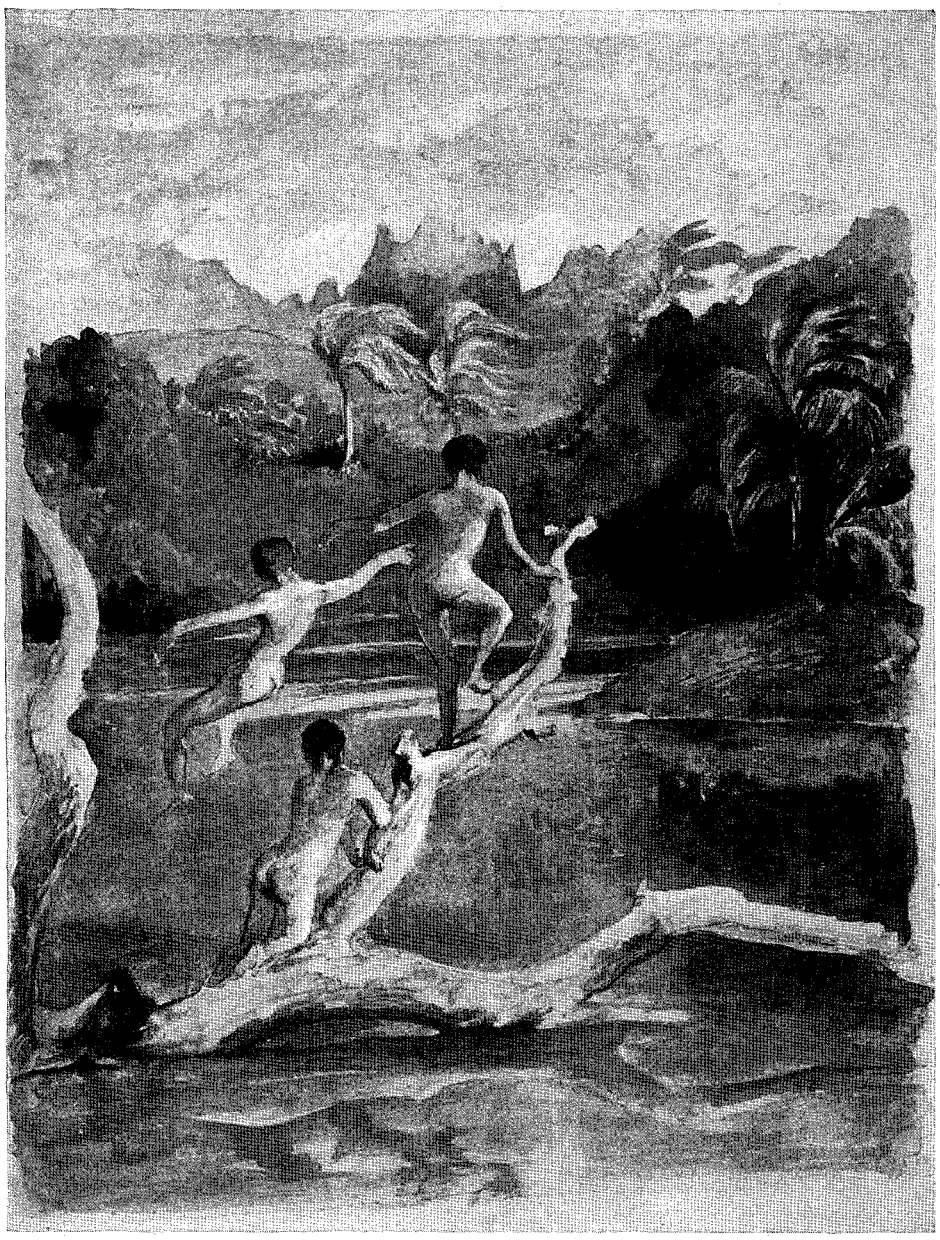

Girls Bathing on the Shore Near Papeete, in an Outlet of the River Fantana.
The Diadem or Crown Mountain in distance.

was already on the decline ; war and massacre had weakened it. Pomaré—the Pomaré of that day, with the support of the guns of the white men, established his final superiority, and becoming the great chief, was solemnly crowned and oiled by the missionaries, like a new king of Scripture. And this man is the last of the line. His first great ancestor, Otu, just appears with the first discoverers' records of the details of the ceremonials and etiquette belonging to high chieftainship, which are recorded in the first missionary accounts.

You may remember the picture painted by Robert Smirke, Royal Academician, where the high priest of Tahiti cedes the

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district in which we now are to Captain Wilson, of the missionary ship the Duff, for the missionaries. In the centre, with a background of palms and peaks, two young people—Pomaré, the son of Otu, and his queen are represented on men's shoulders. That was the old fashion of Tahiti, the great chief not being allowed to touch the land with his feet, lest it become his by touch. And therein also is shown the peculiar political arrangement by which the young chief took his father's place when a child and ruled, in appearance at least; for there, in the picture alongside of the two young sovereigns called kings by us, stand father and mother uncovered to the waist, out of respect to their child's higher position—Otu and Iddeah, the dear lady whose notions about infanticide troubled the good missionaries to such an extent, but whose courtesy was willing to go so far as to promise that she "never would do it again," when once she had done as she pleased. As I understand it, the Pomarés, then, pass away with the present King, but the great line whose place they took—the Tevas or their representatives, remain. In that line continues a descent from that Queen Oberea, whose figure, in another picture that I have referred to, and which I beg you will look up in the volume containing Wallis's discovery, is so charmingly made a type for an imaginary kingdom, like those of the operas and the tapestries of the eighteenth century, in which nothing is untouched by fancy but the muskets and grenadier-caps and uniforms of Wallis and his men.

Princess Pri.

I have almost been tempted, as you see, to begin a sort of explanation of the history of the island, but I think that I can manage later to give you certain stories which will have the advantage of a more personal knowledge or acquaintance with what might be called the text, than these vague reminiscences of the books that I have read and which are nearer to you than they are to me. Meanwhile let me tell you that last evening, at the club, his Majesty, who was in extreme good-humor, singled us out, told us how he liked us, that he liked Americans, who themselves liked Tahitians, and that the French, who stood all about him, were all d—— d—— d——

This he said in English, in a proper reminiscence of nautical terms of reproach, and added, blandly, "But I don't understand English."

He has a fine, aristocratic head, and must have been a very handsome man. He has, for an adopted son, one of the young gentlemen of the Branders, who will succeed to an empty honor, though there might perhaps yet be a part to fill for the family that represents all that there has been far back and recently.

Next week we shall go into the country, farther along the coast, and make a visit to the old lady who is at the head of the house, grandmother of these young men, and who is the Chiefess representing that great line of the Teva, alongside of which the Pomaré—the kings through the foreigner, are new people. Then I may write lengthily, or at least with some detail, about matters that I only see confusedly, but which must be curiously full of ancient, archaic history, however lost or eclipsed to-day.

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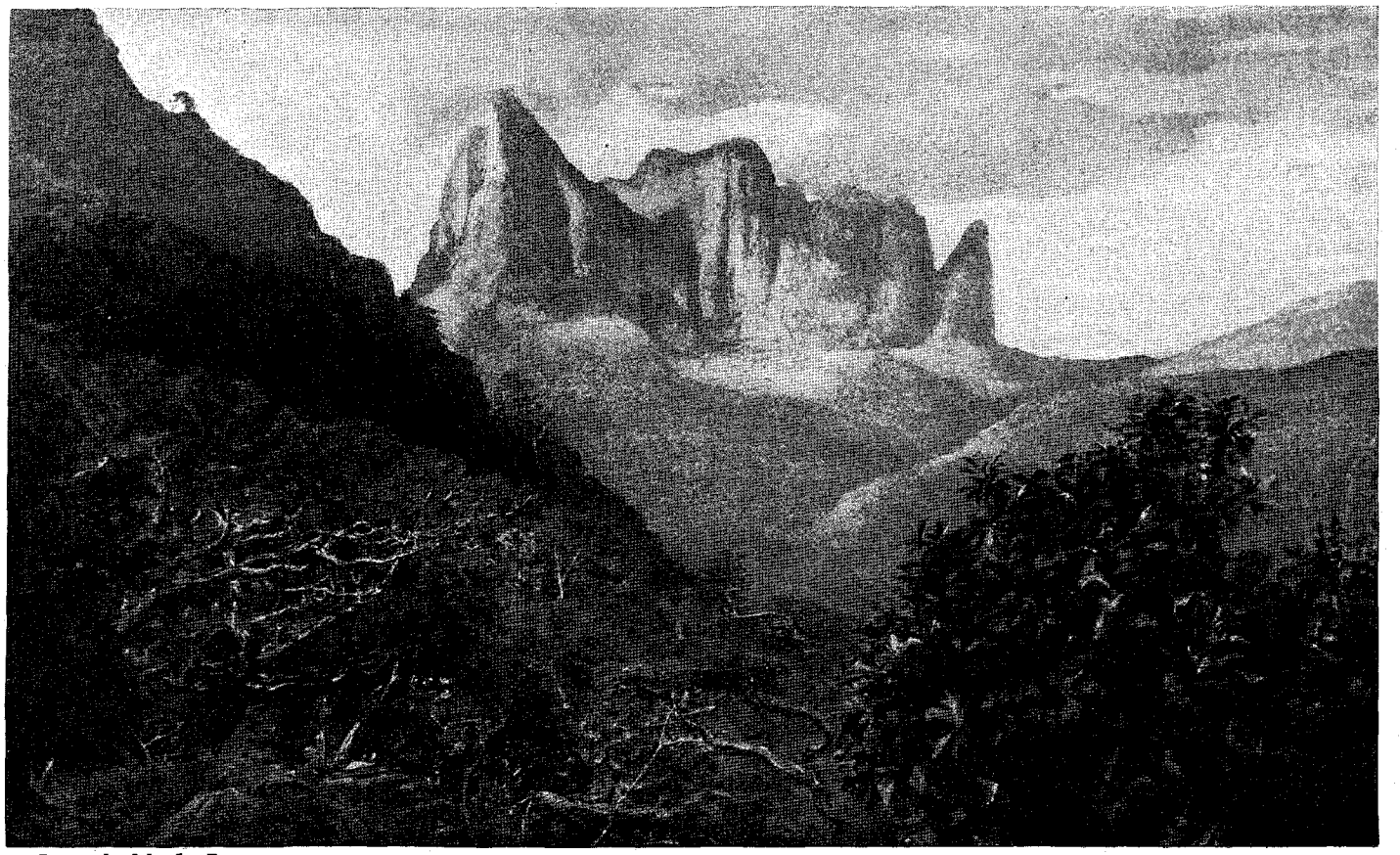

Drawn by John La Farge.

The Diadem.

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I notice in my habits, now forming, as I write out my journal for you, a tendency to dream away into a manner of philosophizing which evidently has for its first beginning the appreciation of the remote forms of these savage civilizations, so that as I grow to understand them better, it is necessary for my individual happiness of thought to be able to consider the earlier ways of man as not unconnected with the present, and even to be willing to consider all foundations of society as passing methods, suitable to the moment, and perhaps in the great future to vary as much from the present as the past is strangely different. The good missionary who simply looked upon a good deal of this past as strangely resembling the antiquities of the Bible, consoled himself and persuaded many of his brown brethren in the belief that they, at last, were the famous lost tribes, who still kept, in many ways and details, that very peculiar manner of life which the Bible sets out in many details.

One evening in Samoa, the great Baker, the former missionary and ruler of Tonga, finding me interested and credulous in regard to many superstitions which he described, and many facts quite as extraordinary that he vouched for, unfolded to me, as a reward of confidence, his firm belief that in these islands of the Pacific, Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Zebulon, Issachar, Dan, Gad, Asher, Naphtali, Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin had found a home. And if a man so worldly wise, such a producer of money, such a controller of weaker minds, dwelt in this view with satisfaction, as a relief from the sordid necessities of power, I think that a mere dreamer like myself can be excused for turning to more scientific and accurate arrangements of man's history.

Head of a Girl (Noctambula).

These words come to me more distinctly suggested by the place in which I am, not because I am thinking of the ancient ways that I touch, but because I remember how Melville passed from those

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records of exterior life and scenery to a dwelling within his mind—a following out of metaphysical ideas, and a scheming of possible evolutions in the future of man.

. . . . . .

PAPARA, Thursday, February 26th.

We are on the south coast, upon the sea; breakers almost at our door, for the reef, which is here very close to shore, opens just at the mouth of the little river that runs by the house. To-day the sea is of the usual light blue, upon which rise

King Pomaré.

the great foaming masses of the breakers. Last night they were like bars of white light, on the violet dark of the sea and the violet haze of the sky. For we had a full moon whose light rivalled the afterglow, and made me believe that I could see the green of the grass and the reds and yellows and light blues of the crowd of singers out on the grass by the sea. They sat in a half-circle, pensive, and apparently thoughtful, between the intervals of the songs—which, after all, are those of Samoa; the same cadences, the same leading high notes, the same bass which runs through all, the hum-hum which gives the

Head of a Girl (Noctambula).

illusion of an instrument—some bassoon or pipe accompanying the song. There is clearly a touch of the pleasure of sadness in this recognition of Samoa's belonging to the past. We shall now begin to say: so it was in Samoa, thus and so; I suppose that it is all the more true because in Samoa we have struck the keynote, or, at least, what remains of the antique Polynesian civilization. Here they are more than a half-century—almost some seventy years, in advance or rather in change of the older ways. Here they wear hats, the girls especially, and the long gown; the men wear the "lava-lava" or loin-cloth (which they call "pareu," here), and usually a shirt; though I sometimes see the bare body, usually fine and strong; their color is paler or more neutral than the ruddy tone of Samoan flesh; and the faces are finer, but sadder, and yet not nobler. Indeed, though I do not feel it here so much, in this charming place, where our host and his sister and his mother, the old Chiefess, are kindly entertaining us, there is a general impression of sadness and pensiveness which covers even the very landscape. The blues and violets and greens fall into chords that are rarely gay, even though the landscape

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forms are those that we might call *riant*, if we were talking French. The running of the many little rivers to the sea, and the meeting of their waters with the incoming tide, the sight of the breakers on the reef, or their splashing on the shore behind a screen of foliage of beautiful patterns, the blue haze, or the darkness of the mountains and the grayness of reflected light, which makes them look like velvet —all these combinations are lovely, and slightly sad.

Here at Papara the lookout on one side is all to the breakers ; they strike and undermine the shore upon which the house is built ; they help the river that runs alongside, when in times of freshet it tears away the trees on the bank.

Landward, we see mountains, down whose green sides pour waterfalls from yesterday's rain, that make lines of silver some two thousand feet long. There is a dark valley, seen behind tree-tops, and one spur of a great hill or mountain, on whose steep face I dream may be the hidden caves where are buried the ancestors (even to the very last, whose memory is still fresh) of the family we are visiting. Our Chiefess has been telling us how these tombs are secret ; that one family of dependants alone have its knowledge, and in that family only one ; and how, when the chiefs had been ostensibly buried, their bodies were carried off to these inaccessible points, by those whose traditional duty it was to care for them and preserve them. Thus the bodies were secured from insult or degradation, or, I suppose myself, from

Women Bathing in Papara River.

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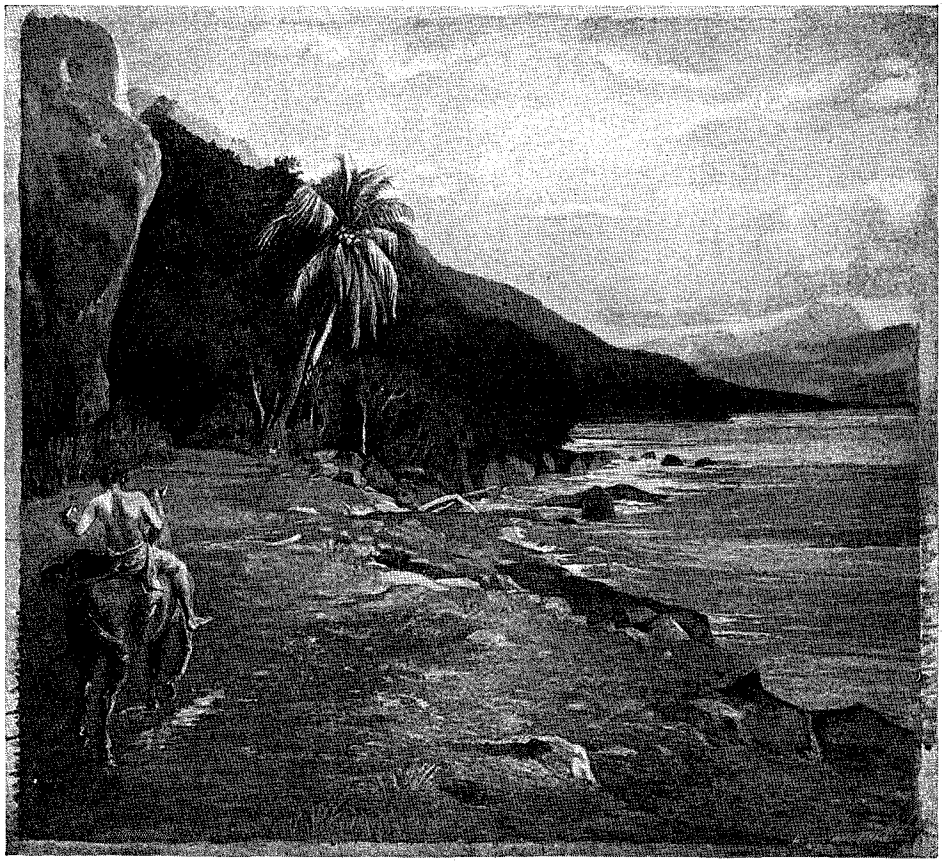

A Bridle-path in Tahiti.

the control of their souls by any holder of some part of their earthly house. The severed head, at least, was secure from a possible enemy. There is some track, some means of finding these places, but no path; perhaps some shrubs, such as the red hibiscus, may zigzag in a direction that might indicate them to the one who knew and who might have no time to lose in finding them.

This great lady, the greatest in all islands, is the last link of the old and new: with her will go all sorts of traditions and all sorts of stories and habits; and we are asking her to tell us of some, while we are here. But it would take months to get even a part. Some of it will be saved; the genealogies which prove title to names and successions, and hence to lands, for with each name goes some ownership. All this has been secret; for with the mixing of families, and no written records until to-day, the knowledge of one's ancestry was the proof of descent and ownership. Our host tells us that, once upon a time, during the many evenings that some old lady had to give to the teaching of her son or grandson, in this long roll of names, a covetous person listened in the dark, night after night, securing thereby a knowledge that might help him to make up the links of his own genealogy, and thereby claim property rights that did not properly belong to him.

As we sat in the twilight, upon the mats laid out on the grass by the sea, the old Chiefess repeated to us, with curious cadences and intonations unknown to the people here to-day, some of the forms of salutation through which a visitor addressed the honored person that he visited, or was addressed by him. These words gave names and surnames, and references to past history, and made out the proper titles to descent. They were recited in the form of a lamentation; and there were

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pauses, she said, when the speaker was supposed to weep; and in committing them to memory, she learned also when this wailing was to come.

Once, she said, she had visited either Raiatea or Bora Bora with her friend, the famous late Queen Pomaré, to call upon the Queen there; and Queen Pomaré, less versed than herself, asked her to speak these salutations for her, as they walked along upon their official visit.

"It was difficult," said the old lady; "I had to walk just so, and to repeat all this at the same time, without an error, and at the proper places to lament."

For our hostess was a lady of the greatest family, of greater family than the late Queen's; though her affection for her prevents her saying what she thinks. Indeed, her grand-uncle was to have succeeded the old King Pomaré, by his choice; but his affection for the last Queen, who was then a girl, influenced him in declining the place.

The missionaries also were opposed to it; he was a man of great importance and distinction, no possible tool; and some of his family had been the last pagans, or rather opponents of the new things that were to kill their past. Had he been made King, it is not unlikely that things might have been different, and that there might have remained something else than the impending extinction which seems inevitable for these people; for he knew Europeans and was respected by them, and his family had retained the greatest power and prestige in the islands. He was, says an impartial witness, Moerenhout, a just man, incorrupt, the only one, and extremely intelligent, though gentle.

A Tahitian Dancing-girl.

To-day the family are partly of European blood, and the younger daughter, who is our kind hostess, speaks English, French, German, and Spanish, has been in Europe, and is back here in exile, on account of her health; and she talks to us of the Nibelungen in explanatory reference to the legends she has been translating to us from her mother's talk. She is beautiful, with remarkable fineness of profile (and, indeed, there is a great deal of beauty in the family) and with a charming cadence of voice that sounds like a caress.

Her elder brother, who speaks English and was brought up in England, reminds me of our poor Richardson, by his size, his weight, his voice, his face, and many little touches and ways. He is Chief here, and rules not only in open way by law, but in the innumerable ways of the head of a clan who takes an interest in his people; he is a general adviser and referee; and much of

Outline of the Island of Moorea from Tahiti.

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his time is taken up by these demands of his people. One of his nephews, only a little younger than the young aunt, is here with us; he has been mostly in France, and no one would know by anything he says that he was not a Frenchman, with a perfect knowledge of the native tongue and ways. His father was a Scotchman of good lineage, who made a great fortune here, and married into this family of native aristocracy. So that there could be no greater contrast than that presented by the good people on the mats with us, last evening, while the old lady told us of the ways of the older time. It is all too disconnected for me to get it down here now, but one curious little trait she spoke of, when we told her of the Samoan Taupou, or official maiden, who had been so large a part of our entertainment in Samoa. They, too, she said, had maidens set apart to show for the fame and good report of the districts: girls who were kept fair in the shade, who were carefully looked after, and who, on certain occasions, were exhibited to the admiration of all. These occasions, especially, were when the girls went out to bathe and play in the sea. Then, relieved of their confinement and of their dresses, their forms could be seen, and the fame of their beauty spread about, along with their good repute.

This evening a long story has been told, a legend made unutterably lengthy by the repetition of the names, surnames, appurtenances, etc., not only of the hero and heroines, but even of the idealized waters in which the hero bathes, and which accompany him.

It is the tale of a king who goes to visit the girl he is promised to, and who takes the appearance of a leper or old sick man, to try her. She discards him, and he having miraculous powers and help (birds, rainbows, light, water, etc.), pursues another love in the same way, beneath the sea, and finally returns again, clad in consuming light, to the girl who had despised him. Though warned of dangers, she endeavors to secure her prize, and perishes in the fire.

This is the story of the "Prince of the Double Body" (Terii-tinorua—Prince-body-two), and the old lady justly rebuked her grandson, who did not appreciate that this was the story of his own name, for that was one of his ancestral titles.

These are all people with many names. There is an English baptismal name, as Loys for our young lady; a native name for the same person, Tefatau; a nickname, as Pri (short for Piritani, *British*); a marriage name—the old lady's marriage name is Huruate, if I remember. She is called Hinaari and Teriitere * i tooarai. Her official name with the Government is Ariitamai; and she holds many other names of chieftainship, for each place upon which she has rights. I hope I have mentioned them all—the sorts of names, I mean; but if I have not, I shall make it straight farther on.

All through the evening has been running in my sleepy mind the impression of my being present at the end of something—the twilight of a past.

The Queen's sister, the young lady with the delicate features, talked to us about her likings in Europe, and referred incidentally, as I said before, to the Nibelungen, while her old mother, of the antique cast of head, had repeated to us, in the dreamy and half-bashful way old people have when recalling their youth, those old cadences and words by which great people once saluted each other—things that with her will pass into the vague darkness where forgotten nations are.

Do you remember the story of the parrot, that alone kept a few words of the language of the Incas, when they had melted away before the Spaniards? Well, when this venerable dame has joined her ancestors, not even a parrot will be able to speak this language that was spoken sixty years ago.

We who listen and she who speaks represent, as we sit about her on the mats, vast differences of training and of race; extreme varieties of habits of mind; and I am all the more impressed when I realize the vast spaces of the physical and the intellectual world that are compressed together into this little space. When the delicate voice of the younger princess whispers, that, too, is like the German legends; or the Queen translates into French, because the exact meaning is not so possibly represented in English, I feel

* Terii is *Prince* or *Princess*.

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that we have come really to the end of the ancient world. I am listening to a person who when a child must have been near to the Phædra of the dramatist or to the other descendants of the gods of Greece. "Mon aïeul est le père et le maître des dieux. Le ciel, tout l'univers est plein de mes aïeux."

Christianity is here, in a very simple and I think a very sincere form. One of our ladies repeats to herself, during the evening songs, the word of great meaning to her, the Sacred Name Ietu (Jesus).* But the old ideas have not perished all about us. Tati, on looking over my pictures, says, "You know that that man—the old man before the hut by the water, under the pandanus-trees, calls in the spirits of the dead."

When I ask about the old tutelar divinity of the family, the shark, I am told that he still frequents—harmless to his friends—the water inside the reef; changing his size when he comes in or out, because of the small passage, which gives but little place. And our Chiefess repeats, this evening for us, the following story:

STORY TOLD BY ARIITAMAI OR HINARII, OUR CHIEFESS

When Queen Pomaré Vahine of Huahine had died of some sudden illness she was wrapped up and carried from place to place, around the island, watched only by daughters of chiefs, who brushed away the flies and oiled her body. She was carried about because it was proper that each district or part of her islands should lament over her as chieftain of each separate place.

Then on her return, after some weeks, to the little island which was the place of her family or race, just outside or inside of the reef, she lay before the final burial, watched by mourners. Already they were prepared, for there were signs that the sacred body had yielded to decay. The night was far through when one of the women saw that the Queen had moved first her eyelid and then her foot. Soon she uttered a sigh, and life came back throughout her.

When she recovered her senses and her faculties she was able to relate the story of her experiences after death. She had wandered about, forced in some way, that I do not remember distinctly enough to give in detail, from place to place, protected by her guardian spirit and in danger of others. For already she had been singled out of womankind to be the chosen wife of another Varuaino, who lay in wait for her, in watch at some tree by which the road she had to travel obliged her to pass. She was fought for by different chiefs of the spirit-land, and fell to the share of one, a young chief, who managed to hide her, for a time, under nets and tappa. From him she could not escape, and was detained in some sort of cage, that need not have been so different from the native house, with its wooden barred walls. Around it hovered her protector, ready to take any chance for her escape. In some manner she was caught away from there, and served elsewhere as handmaiden for a time.

Many were her adventures in different islands. In one, unknown to her before, when she came back to life, she pointed out the cocoanut-tree up which, as a servant, in her spirit life, she had been made to climb, so as to gather what I suppose was the spirit of the fruit.

Again she fell into the hands of her new husband the Chief, but while he was away there came a spirit to her—her grandfather or her great-grandfather—and urged her back to life, hurrying her to her own dead body. Commanded to re-enter it, strange as it may seem, she hesitated at beginning all over again; but her protector forced her again through the paths of life, into the empty shell now beginning to give way.

She related all this, and her many wanderings during the period of her death, as long as she lived; indeed, it is not many years ago that she died. In proof of the accuracy of her statements, she told her people where they would find this or that tree, this or that water, through the places she had traversed; and her body remained marked by the scars of the places where dissolution had begun, as a further test of the extreme limit which she had reached before her return to a second life.

Here you see we have again the good and bad angels, whom we found in Samoa. The paths after life are the same: there are jumping-off places for the souls, and boats of Charon and difficult places that are trials. Our dear old Chiefess told us

* No *s* in the Tahitian language.

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the story, and she had heard it from the old Queen herself. This ancient personage was a remarkable woman ; had been engaged, perhaps married, to the Pomaré of history ; had yielded her place—if, indeed, it was a place—to her sister Terito, whose resemblance to a girl of low degree with whom Pomaré was entangled, had made this latter marriage more agreeable. The relation is difficult to understand, evidently not laid down in the books.

With all his protection of the new religion and general devoutness as per missionary accounts, the introducer of Christianity was somewhat loose in conduct, according to the same accounts. Indeed, if the anecdotes I have heard are true, he was in certain matters "perfectly awful." But as these cannot be insisted upon, on account of the habits of our language, I shall return to say this much more of our heroine : that she was brave and capable, and that her capacity in war seems to have had a great deal to do with the success of Pomaré.

Perhaps I ought to quote her words also in telling her story to our Chiefess, that "we do not believe these things now, my dear—this was before I became a Christian."

THE DELTA COUNTRY OF ALASKA

By G. R. Putnam

No white man lives on the coast of Alaska between the Kuskokwim River and the northern mouth of the Yukon, a stretch of 350 miles, and no portion of the coast of the territory, not even the Arctic shore, is less known. Yet this is not a desert country, for it readily supplies the means of life to those who can confine their needs to four things : salmon, seal, water-fowl, and drift-wood. Nor is this region beyond the limits of civilization, for to the south of it is Bristol Bay, with its salmon canneries and fishing banks, and to the north the Yukon, carrying its large river trade, St. Michael, an important port where have been at one time as many as thirty ocean vessels, and the Cape Nome district, already occupied by thousands of miners. Numerous Eskimos dwell throughout the delta country, and its southern portion is the most densely populated with natives of any part of Alaska. One can go no great distance on the coast, rivers, or sloughs without seeing their low log huts. It is true that these are frequently unoccupied, for the Eskimos have different houses for the seasons of the year, but this is offset by the fact that a single house shelters on an average about a dozen people, and sometimes double this number, and there is but one room to a house. Nature has set up a barrier which has had much to do with the Eskimos being left in undisturbed possession of this region ; a barrier of sand and mud, which by the action of the two great rivers, the Yukon and Kuskokwim, has been filled in along the shores of Bering Sea to such an extent that vessels cannot approach within sight of land on this delta coast except at two points. There is, further, little to attract the civilized man, for it is a cheerless region to the eye, and there has been no rumor of the discovery of gold.

The geography of this delta coast has been veiled in mysteries, of which the Yukon itself was long one. The Russians knew its mouth ; the Kwikpak, they called it, after the Eskimo "great river." The English traded on its upper reaches ; to them the "Yukon" meant, in Indian, "*the* river" ; but they supposed that it turned to the northward and emptied into the Arctic Ocean, east of Point Barrow, and it was so shown on early maps. In 1863 for the first time the identity of the Yukon and Kwikpak was established by a Russian who ascended the river from St. Michael. As the interior trade has always gone along the extreme northern channel of the Delta, there has been little occasion to explore the other outlets of the river, so it is not surprising that remarkable discrepancies were developed when lately it

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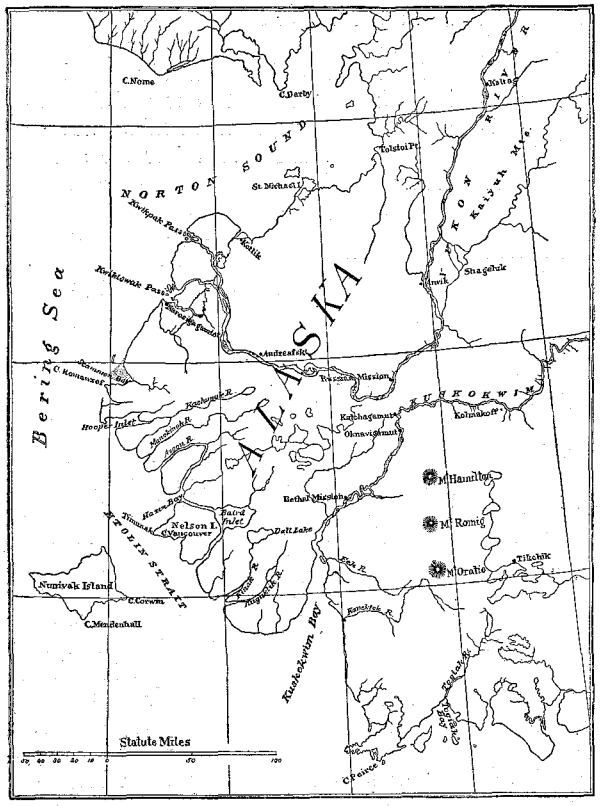
was surveyed. Vessels have grounded when sixty miles from this coast, as shown on the old charts, so that it was supposed the shoal flats off this river-mouth were of very great extent. But it has recently been proved that this shore was much farther to the seaward than had been supposed



(as much as 35 miles in one portion), making an addition to the continental area of 3,000 square miles. Of the southern half of this coast, near the Kuskokwim, little is known as yet. Very few white people have visited it, although, according to the census of 1890, it is more thickly peopled with natives than any other portion of Alaska. The census enumerator reported that he was the first white man ever seen by thousands of people in this and the neighboring district.

The Yukon and the Kuskokwim rivers, which drain a large proportion of Alaska, have joined forces in building out a delta and in filling in the eastern portions of Bering Sea. Although their mouths are now 200 miles apart, yet at a distance of 150 miles back from the coast the rivers approach within ten miles, and it seems probable that in this vicinity were at one time the outlets of the two rivers. From this point to the sea-coast the land between them is a great marsh, filled with lakes and ponds and cut with innumerable sloughs. In the midst of this marsh, however, rise a few groups of mountains, isolated peaks, and hills. These were probably once islands off this coast, and indeed so low and flat and watery is the surrounding country that they still look like islands. Very unlike are the mouths of these neighboring rivers; the Kuskokwim empties into a single great estuary, so wide that one cannot see the opposite shore, while the Yukon has pushed the land far into Bering Sea and dissipates its energy in finding its way through this delta to more than two dozen mouths. A mighty river it is, discharging into Bering Sea, at the low summer stage, 430,000 cubic feet (or about 13,000 tons) of water each second. This is about two-thirds the average flow of the Mississippi. Deep and wide also is the Yukon in its lower stretches, with twenty to eighty feet in the channels, and one to two miles of open water, and yet this volume is rendered ineffective when with its strength divided among so many outlets it meets the opposing tidal forces of Bering Sea. Across many of these mouths one can wade at low tide, and the deepest of them carries but nine feet to sea. It is ninety-four miles, by the coast, between the mouths of the river now surveyed, and it is reported that there is still another outlet 100 miles south of these. The river water is of a grayish tinge, and carries a very fine sediment, taking long to settle. Immediately after the break up of the ice each spring the lower delta region is flooded, and doubtless during this period an immense amount of material is swept out

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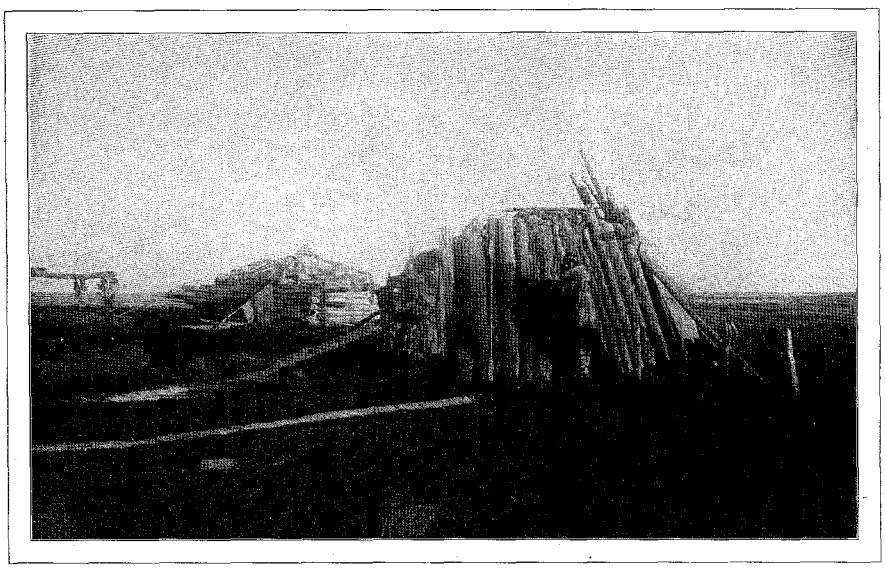
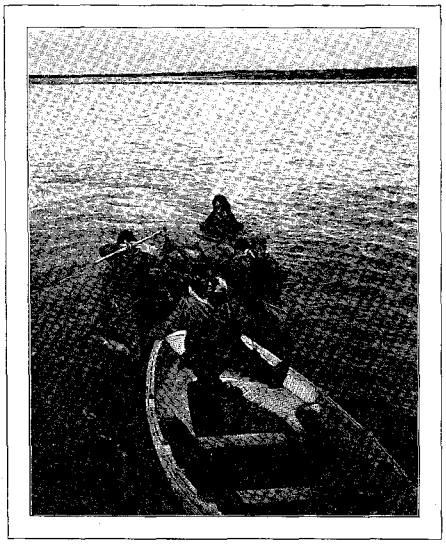


Eskimo Houses at the Yukon Mouth.

into Bering Sea. No trees grow anywhere on the coasts of western or northern Alaska, and yet these shores, for thousands of miles, and the islands of Bering Sea are strewn with immense quantities of drift-wood, in places piled high on the beach, bearing good testimony to the work of these rivers. This drift is the salvation of the Eskimo, furnishing him with fuel, and material for houses, boats, and sleds. The entire northeastern half of Bering Sea is very shoal, less than 500 feet in depth, while the southwestern half is mostly over 12,000 feet deep.

The delta of the Yukon is a dreary region, covering thousands of square miles, cut up by a net-work of sloughs, and with very little land not subject to overflow by the spring floods. During the last few years hundreds of Klondike miners have floated down the Yukon in the same boats that they built at Lake Bennett to take them to Dawson; all bound to St. Michael, many completely "broke," perhaps in health as well as financially, others looking for better luck, while some travel this way simply to see the scenery. There is a very simple direction that will carry them safely through the delta, "keep to the right," for the channel for St. Michael is always on the right hand. But sometimes when they come to that labyrinth of passes, bars, and islands at the head of the delta, they overlook the narrow steamboat channel, and the swift current quickly carries them far from their route. When they discover their mistake it is very difficult to work back against the current with the clumsy Bennett boats. The friendly Eskimos will help them as far as they are able, but there are doubtless Klondikers who will never be heard from, gone



Taking a Ride Behind a Steamer.

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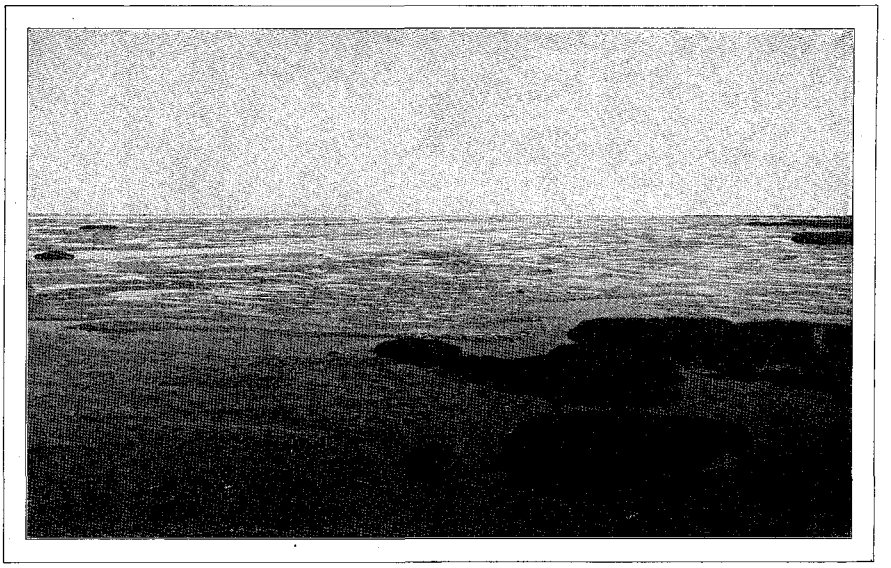
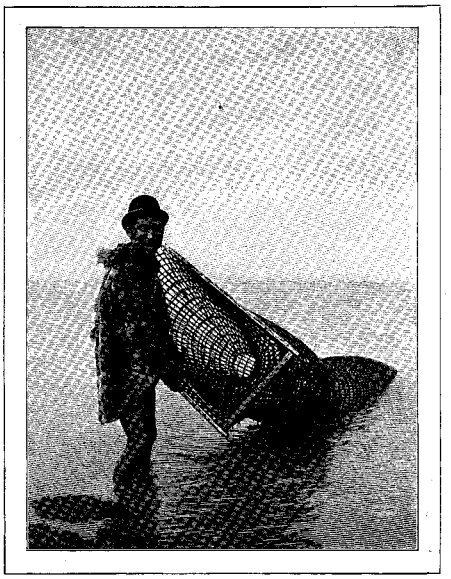


A Low Tide off the Delta Coast.

astray in this wilderness of the Yukon mouths.

During the past summer an officer of the Coast Survey traversed the front of the Yukon delta, the first white man who had ever followed this shore. He was accompanied by three men, and the party, with all their provisions and camp outfit, was carried in an open canoe and a small row-boat. At the river mouths there is comparatively deep water immediately off the coast, but between these the distinction between land and sea is very indefinite, and the mud-banks laid bare at low tide may be a mile or more in width. Even with a canoe drawing but a few inches of water it was often impossible to get closer to the shore than a mile, so that to make camp it was necessary to pack outfit and provisions on the men's backs, sinking at every step knee deep in the thick blue mud. Even ashore, however, the difficulties were not past. For long stretches this coast is but a few inches above ordinary high tide. On account of its shallowness this part of Bering Sea is subject to extraordinary tides. When the wind blows strong from the northeast the water goes with it, leaving extensive bare flats and shoals along the shore, while with an opposite wind the water piles up in Norton Sound, flooding the lower portions of the delta coast, as is evidenced by the line of drift-wood nearly always to be seen some distance inland. One night the party was rudely awakened by the water running through their tents, and went out to find the tide over the bank on which they were camped. After that they took the precaution to elevate their beds. The usual tides along this shore are not great, averaging only about four feet; it is a curious freak of nature that at the south



Eskimo and Fish Trap.

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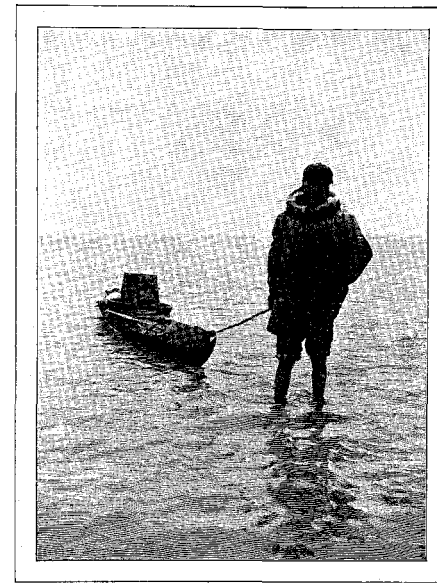
Contented and Independent.

mouth of the Yukon there are two tides a day, while at the north mouth there is but one. This coast being so low and with no vegetation but marsh grass, it is often impossible to see land even at the short distance at sea at which the Eskimos travel in their skin boats. To guide them therefore to the entrances to the sloughs, and to the better camping-grounds which may sometimes be found a short distance back, they set up great conical stacks of drift-logs on end, and grouped variously so as to distinguish each locality. Thus have the natives long preceded us in placing aids to navigation in northern Alaska. On a bright day the mirage sometimes produces startling effects in these shoal waters; a drifting snag will appear to be a schooner, and a white gull will look like a waving flag.

All the natives of this coast are Eskimos, though the miners call them Indians. The interior is peopled with true Indians, and the dividing line is some distance back. Up the river one sees the birch-bark canoe of the Indian, but near the coast the seal-skin kayak of the Eskimo. The writer, who has seen these people of the north on the Greenland and Labrador coasts on almost the opposite side of the Pole, was struck by the similarity in the character and appearance of the people, as well as in their implements, mode of life, and language. They have the same boats, the kayak, intended for one man, and the large umiak or woman's boat; they have similar seal-hunting spears with detachable points and air-bags for keeping the line afloat, and throwing sticks to cast the spear with greater force. The similarity in these and many other appliances might be the natural result of their having to contend with the same conditions in the strug-



A Mile off the Delta Coast.

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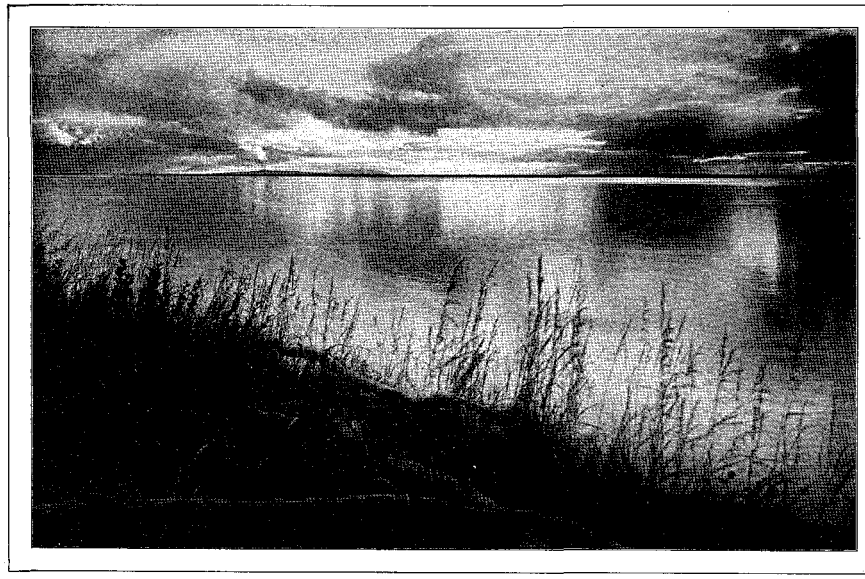
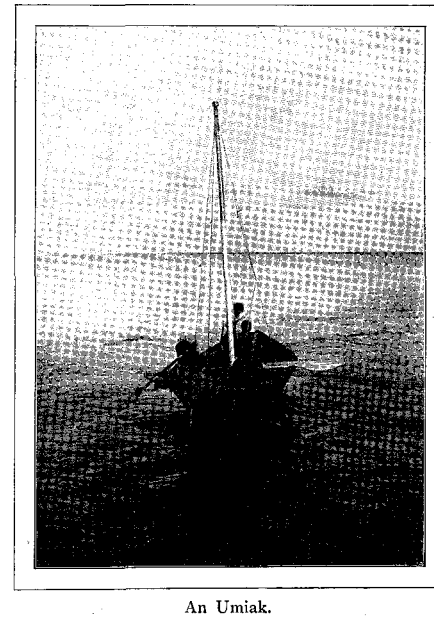


Sunset on the Lower Yukon.

gle for life, but their common origin seems to be proven by the fact that their languages are similar in their grammatical construction and have identical names for the more important articles. The Eskimo language is remarkably complex, considering the few needs and simple life of these people. It consists of object names, from which an almost infinite variety of words may be formed by adding suffixes; these terminations take the place of verbs, adjectives, and adverbs. It is needless to say that the resulting words are rather unmanageable to an American, particularly when combined with the guttural and unusual sounds of the Eskimo tongue.

The Eskimos of the delta region are among the poorest and most primitive natives of the continent. Although nature affords them a livelihood, they find little that is of value to others, and consequently have small means wherewith to trade. The result is that they are seldom brought into contact with other races. The possessions of these people consist of their skin boats, sleds, dogs, dried fish, seal-skins, oil and log huts. Their ingenuity seems to have been developed only in connection with the most necessary pursuits of their lives. One does not find among them the skill in carving possessed by their more northern brethren, nor the desire for ornamentation displayed by the Greenland Eskimos both in their dress and their boats and equipment. Their life follows a regular routine repeated each year; the summer months are spent at their villages at the mouths of the rivers and sloughs, fishing. Large quantities of salmon are taken, principally with ingenious traps, made of split-wood basket work, which they place on the sides of the streams; considerable salmon is dried for winter use, besides what they eat fresh from day to day. Fish is almost their sole



An Umiak.

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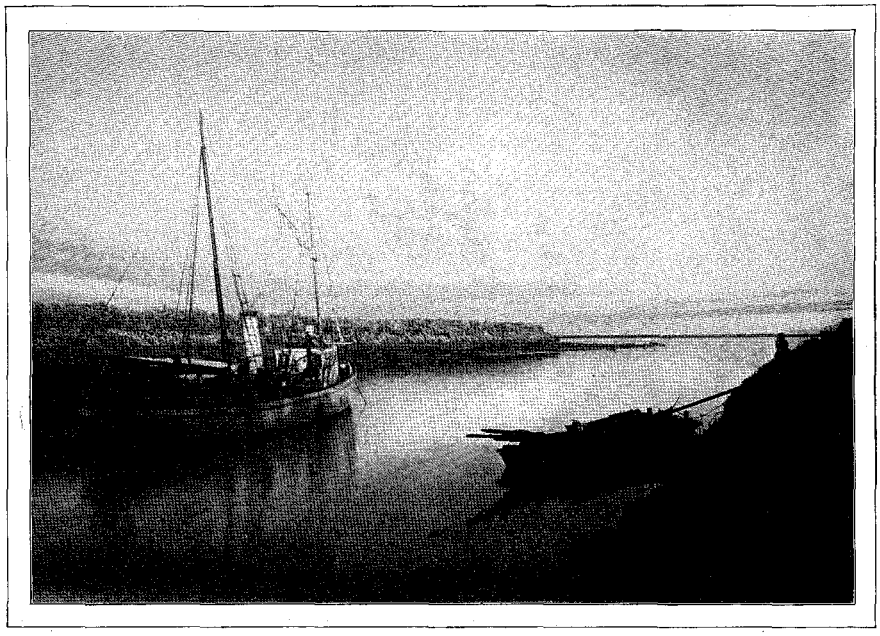
diet for a large proportion of the year, but they crave variety, and this accounts for a remarkable manner they have of preparing part of the fish. Each house has on front of it a rectangular hole dug in the ground, and this is filled with salmon and covered over with earth. When in a proper condition to suit their tastes, the contents, over it are placed paddles, or other implements or ornaments, likely to be of use in the other world.

To-day wherever the Eskimo is met, he is peaceable and hospitable, and it seems difficult to understand how they were ever warlike enough to massacre some of the early Russians in northern Alaska, or to



Evening in the Yukon Delta.

no longer recognizable as fish, are eaten. Enormous quantities of ducks and geese frequent the delta marshes in the fall, and afford the poor Eskimos a welcome change of diet. When the winter storms begin to come the Eskimos migrate from the coast, where an unusually strong westerly wind may at this season cause a tide that will flood them out, and follow up the streams to their winter homes on higher land. The winter is their festive season, devoted largely to dancing and visiting. Each village has its kazheem, a community house used both for dancing and for the hot steam baths of which they are fond. In the spring they are again at the coast for the sealing season ; the hair seal is a most important animal to them, furnishing clothing, covering for the boats, food, and oil. Their method of burial is peculiar. The body of the deceased is doubled into a short box about three feet long, and this is set up above the ground on posts, and completely exterminate the first Norse settlements in Greenland. There appears to be little doubt that in the former case, at least, the provocation was great. The delta Eskimos are perfectly honest and remarkably free from quarrels among themselves. Although sometimes living together in large villages, they get along without chiefs or local government of any kind. They are strong respecters of custom ; for instance, one finding some desirable drift-logs on the shore has but to place by them a vertical stick to have undisputed possession until it suits his convenience to come for them. They apparently have no religion.

Though entirely unfamiliar with our ideas of cleanliness or comfort, one cannot but respect them for their simple and uncomplaining life among such adverse conditions. An Eskimo gliding swiftly along in his graceful kayak is the picture of contentment and independence.

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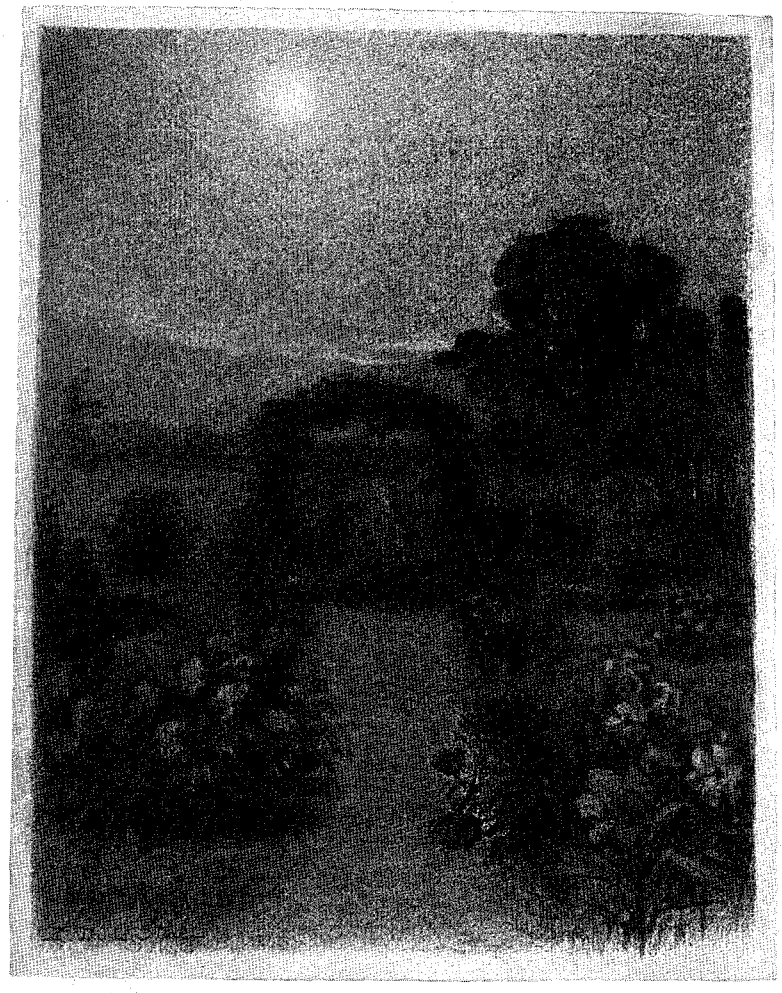

HOMESICK

By Julia C. R. Dorr

ILLUSTRATIONS BY Z. DeL. STEELE

O MY garden! lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew,
Far across the leagues of distance flies my heart to-night to you,
And I see your stately lilies in the tender radiance gleam,
With a dim, mysterious splendor, like the angels of a dream!

I can see the stealthy shadows creep along the ivied wall,
And the bosky depths of verdure where the drooping vine-leaves fall,
And the tall trees standing darkly with their crowns against the sky,
While overhead the harvest moon goes slowly sailing by.

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I can see the trellised arbor, and the roses' crimson glow,
And the lances of the larkspurs all glittering, row on row,
And the wilderness of hollyhocks, where brown bees seek their spoil,
And butterflies dance all day long, in glad and gay turmoil.

O, the broad paths running straightly, north and south and east and west!
O, the wild grape climbing sturdily to reach the oriole's nest!
O, the bank where wild flowers blossom, ferns nod, and mosses creep
In a tangled maze of beauty over all the wooded steep!

Just beyond the moonlit garden I can see the orchard trees,
With their dark boughs overladen, stirring softly in the breeze,

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And the shadows on the greensward, and within the pasture bars
The white sheep huddling quietly beneath the pallid stars.

O my garden! lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew,
Far across the restless ocean flies my yearning heart to you,
And I turn from storied castle, hoary fane, and ruined shrine,
To the dear, familiar pleasaunce where my own white lilies shine—

With a vague, half-startled wonder if some night in Paradise,
From the battlements of heaven I shall turn my longing eyes
All the dim, resplendent spaces and the mazy star-drifts through,
To my garden, lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew!

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Workmen were trudging home.—Page 94.

THE DIARY OF A GOOSE GIRL*

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON

IX

July 16th.

PHŒBE and I have been to a Hen Conference at Buffington. It was for the purpose of raising the standard of the British Hen, and our local Countess, who is much interested in poultry, was in the chair.

It was a very learned body, but Phœbe had coached me so well that at the noon recess I could talk confidently with the members, discussing the various advantages of True and Crossed Minorcas, Feverels, Andalusians, Cochin Chinas, Shanghais, and the White Leghorn. (Phœbe, when she pronounces this word, leaves out the "h" and bears down heavily on the last syllable, so that it rhymes with begone!) The afternoon session was most exciting, for we reached the subject of imported eggs, an industry that is assuming terrifying proportions. The London hotel egg comes from Denmark, it seems —I should think by sailing vessel, not steamer, but I may be wrong. After we had settled that the British Hen should be protected and encouraged, and agreed solemnly to abstain from Danish eggs in any form, and made a resolution stating that our loyalty to the Princess of Wales would remain undiminished, we argued the subject of hen diet. There was a great difference of opinion here and the discussion was heated; the chair standing for pulped mangold and flint grit, the floor insisting on barley meal and randans, while one eloquent young woman declared, to loud cries of "'Ear, 'ear!" that rice pudding and bone chips produce more eggs to the square hen than any other sort of food. Phœbe was distinctly nervous when I rose to say a few words on poultry breeding, announcing as my topic "Mothers, Stepmothers, Foster-Mothers, and Incubators." Protected by the consciousness that no one in the assemblage could possibly know me, I made a distinct success in my maiden speech; indeed, I somewhat overshot the

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A Hen Conference.—Page 93.

mark, for the Countess in the chair sent me a note asking me to dine with her that evening. I suppressed the note and took Phœbe away before the proceedings were finished, vanishing from the scene of my triumphs like a veiled prophet.

Coming home we alighted from the trap to gather hogweed for the rabbits. I sat by the wayside lazily and let Phœbe gather the appetizing weed, which grows along the thorniest hedges in close proximity to nettles and thistles.

Workmen were trudging home with their luncheon baskets of woven bulrushes slung over their shoulders. Fields of ripening grain lay on either hand, the sun shining on their every shade of green and yellow, bronze and orange, while the breeze stirred the bearded barley into a rippling golden sea

Phœbe asked me if the people I had left behind at the Hydropathic were my relatives.

"Some of them are of remote consanguinity," I responded evasively, and the next question was hushed upon her awe-stricken tongue, as I intended.

"They are obeying my wish to be let alone, there's no doubt of that," I was thinking. "For my part I like a little more spirit' and a little less 'letter'!"

As the word "letter" flitted through my thoughts, I pulled one from my pocket and glanced through it carelessly. It arrived, somewhat tardily, only last night, or I should not have had it with me. I wore the same dress to the post-office yesterday as I wore to the Hen Conference to-day, and so it chanced to be still in the pocket. If it had been anything I valued, of course I should have lost it or destroyed it by mistake; it is only silly, worthless little things like this that keep turning up and turning up after one has forgotten their existence.

You are a mystery! (it ran). I can apprehend but not comprehend you. I know you in part. I understand various bits of your nature; but my knowledge is always fragmentary and disconnected, and when I attempt to make a whole of the mosaics I merely get a kaleidoscopic effect. Do you know those geographical dissected puzzles that they give to children? You remind me of one of them.

I have spent many charming (and dangerous) hours trying to "put you together"; but I find, when I examine my picture closely, that after all I've made a purple mountain grow out of a green tree; that my river is running up a steep hillside; and that the pretty milkmaid, who should be wandering in the forest, is standing on her head with her pail in the air!

Do you understand yourself clearly? Or is it just possible that when you dive to the depths of your own consciousness, you sometimes find the pretty milkmaid standing on her head? I wonder! . . .

Ah, well, it is no wonder that he wonders! So do I for that matter!

The afternoon session was most exciting.—Page 93.

X

July 17th.

THORNYCROFT FARM seems to be the musical centre of the universe.

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When I wake very early in the morning I lie in a drowsy sort of dream, trying to disentangle, one from the other, the various bird notes, trills, coos, croons, chirps, chirrups, and warbles. Suddenly there falls on the air a delicious, liquid, finished song; so pure, so mellow, so joyous that I go to the window and look out at the morning world, half awakened like myself.

There is I know not what charm in a window that does not push up, but opens its lattices out into the greenness. And mine is like a little jewelled door, for the sun is shining from behind the chimneys and lighting the tiny diamond panes with amber flashes.

A faint delicate haze lies over the meadow, and rising out of it, and soaring toward the blue, is the lark, flinging out that matchless matin song, so rich, so thrilling, so lavish! As the blithe melody fades away, I hear the plaintive ballad-fragments of the robin on a curtseying branch near my window; and there is always the liquid pipe of the thrush, who must quaff a fairy goblet of dew between his songs, I should think, so fresh and eternally young is his note.

There is another beautiful song that I follow whenever I hear it, straining my eyes to the tree-tops, yet never finding a bird that I can identify as the singer. Can it be the

> Ousel-cock so black of hue,
> With yellow tawny bill?

He is called the poet-laureate of the primrose time, but I don't know whether he sings in midsummer and I have not seen him hereabouts. I must write and ask my dear Man of the North. The Man of the North, I sometimes think, had a Fairy Grandmother who was a robin; and perhaps she made a nest of fresh hay and put him in the green wood when he was a wee bairnie, so that he waxed wise in bird lore without knowing it. At all events describe to him the cock of a head, the glance of an eye, the tip-up of a tail, or the sheen of a feather, and he will name you the bird. Near-sighted he is, too, the Man of the North, but that is only for people.

Coming Home.

The Square Baby and I have a new game.

I bought a doll's table and china tea-set in Buffington. We put it under an apple-tree in the side garden, where the scarlet lightning grows so tall and the Madonna lilies stand so white against the flaming background. We built a little fence around it, and every afternoon at tea-time we sprinkle seeds and crumbs in the dishes, water in the tiny cups, drop a cherry in each of the fruit-plates, and have a *thé-chantant* for the birdies. We sometimes invite an "invaleed" duckling, or one of the baby rabbits, or the peacock, in which case the cards read:

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Along the Highway.

Thornycroft Farm.
The pleasure of your company is requested
at a
Thé-Chantant
Under the Apple Tree.
Music at five.

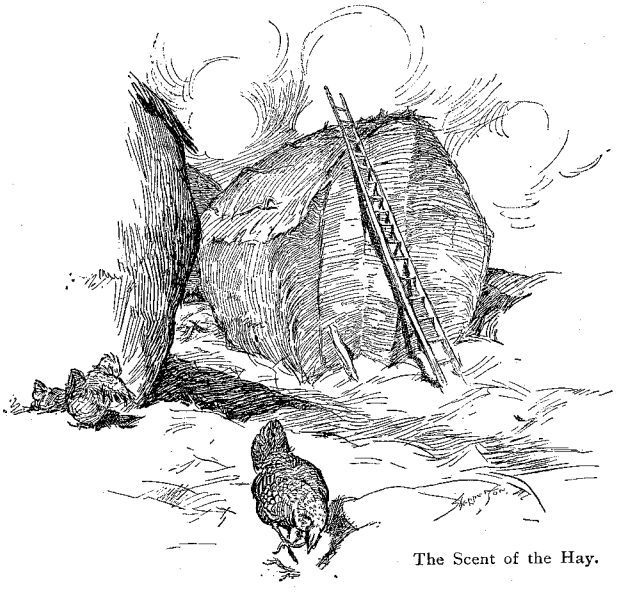
It is a charming game, as I say, but I'd far rather play it with the Man of the North; he is so much younger than the Square Baby, and so much more responsive, too.

Thornycroft Farm is a sweet place, too, of odors as well as sounds. The scent of the hay is forever in the nostrils, the hedges are thick with wild honeysuckle, so deliciously fragrant, the last of the June roses are lingering to do their share, and blackberry blossoms and ripening fruit as well.

I have never known a place in which it is so easy to be good. I have not said a word, nor scarcely harbored a thought, that was not lovely and virtuous since I entered these gates, and yet there are those who think me fantastic, difficult, hard to please, unreasonable!

I believe the saints must have lived in the country mostly (I am certain they never tried Hydropathic hotels), and why anybody with a black heart and natural love of wickedness should not simply buy a poultry farm and become an angel, I cannot understand.

Living with animals is really a very improving and wholesome kind of life, to the person who will allow himself to be influenced by its sensible and high-minded ideals. When you come to think about it, man is really the only animal that ever makes a fool of himself; the others are highly civilized, and never make mistakes. I am going to mention this when I write to somebody, sometime; I mean if I ever do. To be sure, our human life is much more complicated than theirs, and I believe when the other animals notice our errors of judgment they make allowances. The bee is as busy as a bee, and the beaver works like a beaver, but there their responsibility ends. The bee doesn't have to go about seeing that other bees are not crowded into unsanitary tenements or victimized by the sweating system. When the beaver's day



The Scent of the Hay.

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of toil is over he doesn't have to discuss the sphere, the rights, or the voting privileges of beaveresses ; all he has to do is to work like a beaver, and that is comparatively simple.

. . . . . .

The Square Baby is not particularly attracted by the poultry as a whole, save when it is boiled with bacon or roasted with bread-sauce; but he is much interested in the "invaleeds." Whenever Phœbe and I start for the hospital with the tobacco-pills, the tin of paraffine, and the bottle of oil, he is very much in evidence. Perhaps he has a natural leaning toward the medical profession ; at any rate, when pain and anguish wring the brow, he is in close attendance upon the ministering angels.

Now, it is necessary for the physician to have practice as well as theory, so the Square Baby, being left to himself this afternoon, proceeded to perfect himself in some of the healing arts used by country practitioners.

When discovered, he was seated in front of the wire-covered " run " attached to a coop occupied by the youngest goslings. A couple of bottles and a box stood by his side, and I should think he had administered a cup of sweet oil, a pint of paraffine, and a quarter of a pound of tobacco during his clinic. He had used the remedies impartially, sometimes giving the paraffine internally and rubbing the patient's head with tobacco or oil, sometimes the reverse.

Several goslings leaned languidly against the netting or supported themselves by the edge of the water-dish, while others staggered and reeled about with eyes half closed.

It was Mrs. Heaven who caught her son red-handed, so to speak. She was dressed in her best and just driving off to Woodmucket to spend a day or two with her married daughter, and soothe her nerves with the uproar incident to a town of six hundred inhabitants. She delayed her journey a half hour—long enough, in fact, to change her black silk waist for a loose sacque which would give her arms full and comfortable play. The joy and astonishment that greeted the Square Baby on his advent, five years ago, was forgotten for the first time in his brief life, and he was treated precisely as any ordinary wrong-doer would have been treated under the same circumstances, summarily and smartly ; the "wepping," as Phœbe would say, being Mrs. Heaven's hand.

All but one of the goslings lived, like thousands of others who recover in spite of the doctors, but the Square Baby's interest in the healing art is now perceptibly lessened.

The Last of June.

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The Square Baby is not particularly attracted by the poultry.—Page 97.

XI

July 18th.

THE day was Friday; Phœbe's day to go to Buffington with eggs and chickens and rabbits; her day to solicit orders for ducklings and goslings. The village cart was ready in the stable; Mr. and Mrs. Heaven were in Woodmucket; I was eating my breakfast (which I remember was an egg and a rasher) when Phœbe came in, a figure of woe.

The Square Baby was ill, very ill, and would not permit her to leave him and go to market. Would I look at him? For he must have dowsed 'imself as well as the goslings yesterday; anyways he was strong of paraffine and tobacco, though he 'ad 'ad a good barth.

He was treated summarily and smartly.—Page 97.

I prescribed for Albert Edward, who was as uncomfortable and feverish as any little sinner in the county of Sussex, and I then promptly proposed going to Buffington in Phœbe's place.

She did not think it at all proper, and said that, notwithstanding my cotton gown and sailor hat, I looked quite, quite the lydy, and it would never do.

"I cannot get any new orders," said I, "but I can certainly leave the rabbits and eggs at the customary places. I know Argent's Dining Parlours, and Songhurst's Tea Rooms, and the Six Bells Inn, as well as you do."

So, donning a pair of Phœbe's large white cotton gloves with openwork wrists (than which I always fancy there is no one article that so disguises the perfect lydy), I set out upon my travels, upborne by a lively sense of amusement that was at least equal to my feeling that I was doing Phœbe Heaven a good turn.

Everything happened as it should, which is equivalent to saying that nothing happened at all. Songhurst's Tea Rooms took five dozen eggs and told me to bring six dozen the next week. Argent's Dining Parlours purchased three pairs of chickens and four rabbits. The Six Bells found the last poultry somewhat tough and tasteless; whereupon I said that our orders were more than we could possibly fill, still I hoped we could go on selling them, as we never liked to part with old customers, no matter how many new ones there were. Privately, I understood the complaint only too well, for I knew the fowls in question very intimately. Two of them were the runaway rooster and the gadabout hen that never wanted to go to bed with the others. I should have expected them to be tough, but I cannot believe they were lacking in flavor.

The only troublesome feature of the trip was that Mrs. Sowerbutt's lodgers had sud-

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denly left for London and she was unable to take the four rabbits as she had hoped; but as an offset to that piece of ill-fortune the Coke and Coal Yard and the Bicycle Repairing Rooms came out into the street and stepping up to the trap requested regular weekly deliveries of eggs and chickens. And so, in a happy frame of mind, I turned out of the Buffington main street, and was jogging along homeward, when a very startling thing happened; namely, a whole verse of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington":

"And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank
And her true love came riding by."

A place in which it is so easy to be good.—Page 96.

To see the very person whom one has left civilization to avoid is always more or less surprising, and to make the meeting less likely, Buffington is even farther from Oxenbridge than Barbury Green. The creature was well mounted (ominous, when he came to override my caprice!), and he looked bigger, and, yes, handsomer, though that doesn't signify, and still more determined than when I saw him last; although goodness knows that timidity and feebleness of purpose were not in striking evidence on that memorable occasion. I had drawn up under the shade of a tree ostensibly to eat some cherries, thinking that if I turned my face away I might pass unrecognized. It was a stupid plan, for if I had whipped up the mare and driven on, he, of course, would have had to follow, and he has too much dignity and self-respect to shriek recriminations into a woman's ear from a distance.

Caught her son red-handed.—Page 97.

He approached with deliberation, reined in his horse, and lifted his hat ceremoniously. He has an extremely shapely head, but I did not show that the sight of it melted in the least the ice of my resolve; whereupon we talked, not very freely at first, men are so stiff when they consider themselves injured. Silence is even more embarrassing than conversation, so at length I begin:

Bailiff's Daughter.—"It is a lovely day."

True Love.—"Yes, but the drought is getting rather oppressive, don't you think?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"The

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"Invaleeds."

crops certainly need rain, and the feed is becoming scarce."

True Love.—"Are you a farmer's wife?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Oh, no! that is a promotion to look forward to; I am now only a Goose Girl."

True Love.—"Indeed! If I wished to be severe I might remark that I am sure you have found at last your true vocation!"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"It was certainly through no desire to please *you* that I chose it."

True Love.—"I am quite sure of that! Are you staying in this part?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Oh, no! I live many miles distant, over an extremely rough road. And you?"

True Love.—"I am still at the Hydropathic; or at least my luggage is there."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"It must be very pleasant to attract you so long."

True Love.—"Not so pleasant as it was."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"No? A new proprietor, I suppose."

True Love.—"No; same proprietor; but the house is empty."

Bailiff's Daughter (yawning purposely).—"That is strange; the hotels are usually so full at this season. Why did so many leave?"

True Love.—"As a matter of fact, only one left. 'Full' and 'empty' are purely relative terms. I call a hotel full when it has you in it, empty when it hasn't."

Bailiff's Daughter (dying to laugh but concealing her feelings).—"I trust my bulk does not make the same impression on the general public! Well, I won't detain you longer; good afternoon; I must go home to my evening work."

True Love.—"I will accompany you."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"If you are a gentleman you will remain where you are."

True Love.—"In the road? Perhaps; but if I am a man I shall follow you; they always do, I notice. What are those foolish bundles in the back of that silly cart?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Feed for the pony, please, sir; fish for dinner; randans and barleymeal for the poultry; and four unsold rabbits. Wouldn't you like them? Only one and sixpence apiece. Shot at three o'clock this morning."

True Love.—"Thanks; I don't like mine shot so early."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Oh, well! doubtless I shall be able to dispose of them on my way home, though times is 'ard!"

True Love.—"Do you mean that you will 'peddle' them along the road?"

More "Invaleeds."

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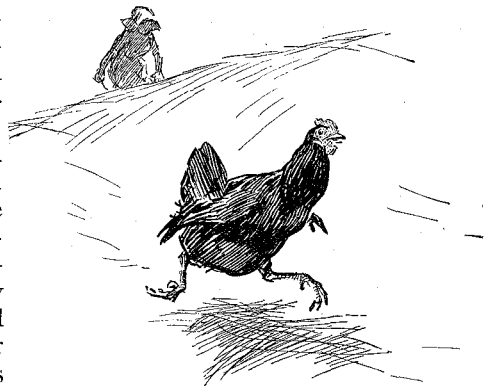


The Gadabout Hen.—Page 98.

Bailiff's Daughter.—"You understand me better than usual, in fact to perfection."

He dismounts and strides to the back of the cart, lifts the covers, seizes the rabbits, flings some silver contemptuously in the basket and looks about him for a place to bury his bargain. A small boy approaching in the far distance will probably bag the game.

Bailiff's Daughter (modestly).—"Thanks for your trade, sir, rather ungraciously bestowed, and we 'opes for a continuance of your past fyvors."

True Love (leaning on the wheel of the trap).—"Let us stop this nonsense. What did you hope to gain by running away?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Distance and absence."

True Love.—"You knew you couldn't prevent my offering myself to you sometime or other."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Perhaps not; but I could at least defer it, couldn't I?"

True Love.—"Why postpone the inevitable?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Doubtless I shrank from giving you the pain of a refusal."

True Love.—"Perhaps; but do you know what I suspect?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"I'm not a suspicious person, thank goodness!"

True Love.—"That on the contrary you are wilfully withholding from me the joy of acceptance."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"If I intended to accept you, why did I run away?"

True Love.—"To make yourself more desirable and precious, I suppose."

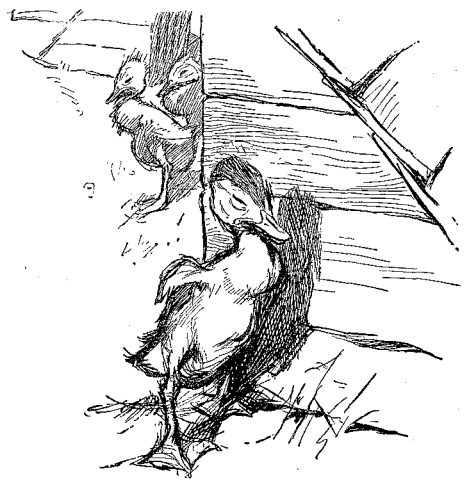
Bailiff's Daughter (with the most confident coquetry).—"Did I succeed?"

True Love.—"No, you failed utterly."

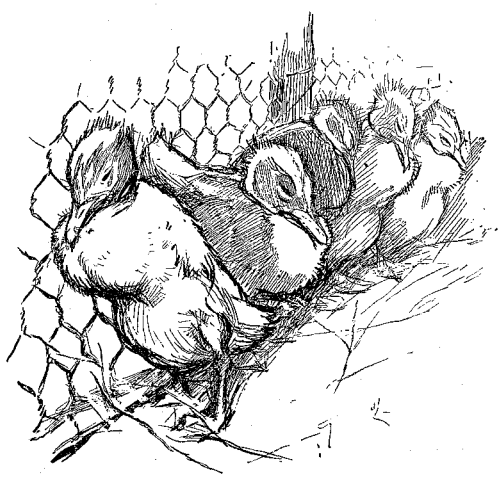
Bailiff's Daughter (secretly piqued).—"Then I am glad I tried it."

True Love.—"You couldn't succeed because you were superlatively desirable and precious already; but you should never have experimented. Don't you know that Love is a high explosive?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Is it? Then it ought always to be labelled 'dangerous,' oughtn't it? but who thought of suggesting matches? I'm sure I didn't!"



Staggered and reeled.—Page 97.



Leaned languidly against the netting.—Page 97.

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True Love.—"No such luck; I wish you would."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"According to your theory if you apply a match to Love it is likely to 'go off.'"

True Love.—"I wish you would try it on mine and await the result. Come now, you'll have to marry somebody, sometime."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"I confess I don't see the necessity."

True Love (morosely).—"You're the sort of woman men won't leave in undisturbed spinsterhood; they'll keep on badgering you."

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Oh, I don't mind the badgering of a number of men; it's rather nice. It's the one badger I find obnoxious."

True Love (impatiently).—"That's just the perversity of things. I could put a stop to the protestations of the many; I should like nothing better—but the pertinacity of the one! Ah, well! I can't drop that without putting an end to my existence!"

Bailiff's Daughter (politely).—"I shouldn't think of suggesting anything so extreme."

True Love (quoting).—"'Mrs. Hauksbee proceeded to take the conceit out of Pluffles as you remove the ribs of an umbrella before re-covering.' However, you couldn't ask me anything seriously that I wouldn't do, dear Mistress Perversity."

Bailiff's Daughter (yielding a point).—"I'll put that boldly to the proof. Say you don't love me!"

True Love (seizing his advantage).—"I don't! It's imbecile and besotted devotion! Tell me, when may I come to take you away?"

Bailiff's Daughter (sighing).—"It's like asking me to leave Heaven."

True Love.—"I know it; she told me where to find you, but you could never leave heaven, you are always carrying it along with you. All you would have to do is to admit me; heaven is full of twos. If you can't be happy without poultry, why that is a wish easily gratified. I'll get you a farm to-morrow; no, it's Saturday and the

The Six Bells found the last poultry somewhat tough.—Page 98.

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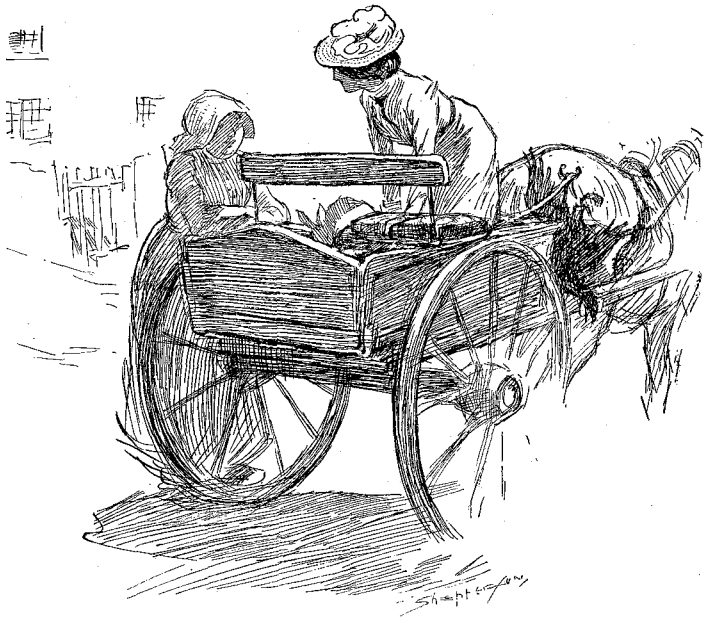

She was unable to take the four rabbits as she had hoped.—Page 99.

real estate offices close at noon, but on Monday, without fail. Your ducks and geese shall swim on a crystal lake—Phœbe told me what a genius you have for getting them out of the muddy pond; she was sitting beside it when I called, her hand in that of a straw-colored person named Gladwish and the ground in her vicinity completely strewn with votive offerings. You shall splash your silver sea with an ivory wand; your hens shall have suburban cottages, each with its garden; their perches shall be of satin-wood and their water dishes of mother-of-pearl. You shall be the Goose Girl and I will be the Swan Herd—simply to be near you, for I hate live poultry. Dost like the picture? It's a little like Claude Melnotte's, I confess. The fact is I am not quite sane; talking with you after a fortnight of the tabbies at the Hydro is like quaffing inebriating vodka after Health's food! May I come to-morrow?"

Bailiff's Daughter (hedging).—"I shall be rather busy; the Crossed Minorca hen comes off to-morrow."

True Love.—"Oh, never mind! I'll take her off to-night when I escort you to the farm; then she'll get a day's advantage."

Phœbe and Gladwish.

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Bailiff's Daughter.—"And rob fourteen prospective chicks of a mother; nay, lose the chicks themselves? Never!"

True Love.—"So long as you are a Goose Girl does it make any difference whose you are? Is it any more agreeable to be Mrs. Heaven's Goose Girl than mine?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"Ah! but in one case the term of service is limited; in the other, permanent."

True Love.—"But in the one case you are the slave of the employer, in the other the employer of the slave. Why *did* you run away?"

Bailiff's Daughter.—"A man's mind is too dull an instrument to measure a woman's reason; even my own fails sometimes to deal with all its delicate shades; but I think I must have run away chiefly to taste the pleasure of being pursued and brought back. If it is necessary to your happiness that you should explore all the Bluebeard chambers of my being, I will confess further that it has taken you nearly three weeks to accomplish what I supposed you would do in three days!"

True Love (after a well-spent interval). "To-morrow then; shall we say before breakfast? Ah, do! Why not? Well then, immediately after breakfast, and I breakfast at seven nowadays and sometimes earlier. Do take off those ugly cotton gloves, dear; they are five sizes too large for you and so rough and baggy to the touch!"

The creature was well mounted.—Page 99.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD

By W. C. Brownell

HOW different in a critical aspect from its condition when Arnold began to write is the England of our day —England and its literary dependency, ourselves! And how largely the difference is due to the influence of Arnold's writings! Thirty years ago he was deemed a dandy and a dilettante in literature. To-day his paradoxes are become accepted commonplaces. No writer, probably, ever passed so quickly from unpopularity through fame to comparative neglect; and this not because he illustrated the passing phase of popular thought and feeling, to which on the contrary he was generally in antagonism, but because his victory over philistinism was so prompt and his "bruisèd arms" were so soon "hung up for monuments." Was there ever a time, one asks one's self, when Anglo-Saxon critical taste was truculent; when measure and restraint were viewed with contempt, and mere erudition with reverence; when rhetoric as such was admired; when rhodomontade and fustian were tolerated *nominis umbra;* when "curiosity" was discountenanced and disinterestedness despised; when poise, good temper, politeness were negligible; when "allowing one's consciousness to play freely" was a meaningless rather than a trite phrase; when, in a word, Arnold's various deductions from his cardinal tenet of the value of culture seemed insubstantial and trivial? Yet to nine out of every ten of its comparatively few readers, when "Essays in Criticism" was first published, such a phrase as "How trenchant that is, but how perfectly unscrupulous," in characterization of Mr. Kinglake's rhetoric, was probably a complete revelation. There is, then, we said to ourselves, such a thing as rectitude outside the sphere of morals, and for us the point of view itself of criticism suddenly shifted. Who now, except in wilful indulgence, enjoys what used to be admired as "prose poetry"? Yet at the time I speak of who was there that was not slightly puzzled by such a statement as: "All the critic could possibly suggest in the way of objection would be perhaps that Mr. Ruskin is there trying to make prose do more than it can perfectly do; that what he is there attempting he will never, except in poetry, be able to accomplish to his entire satisfaction?" Of course, our practice has not made the same progress as our principles. Practice is largely a matter of temperament, and the Anglo-Saxon temperament a pretty constant quantity. But whatever our practice, our standard would nowadays conform to Arnold's declaration that "the true mode of intellectual action" is "persuasion, the instilment of conviction." And if one seeks a concrete instance of the great advance made in English critical writing in the past twenty-five years, mainly through the agency of that culture for which Arnold was always contending and in whose triumphs he is surely entitled to share, a very striking one is furnished by the contrast between the state of things at present and that existing when he inquired "Why is all the *journeyman-work* of literature, as I may call it, so much worse done here than it is in France?"

His work, in short, is there to speak for itself. The poor have the gospel of culture preached to them, and his phrases are now at the end of every current pen. His ambition is no doubt disclosed in the happy lot he predicts for Joubert—"to pass with scant notice through one's own generation, but to be singled out and preserved by the very iconoclasts of the next, then in their turn by those of the next, and so, like the lamp of life itself, to be handed on from one generation to another in safety." But his fate has been to receive abundant notice from his own generation. Doubtless in spite of having been perhaps prematurely disseminated he will be preserved and handed on to Bacon's "next ages." There is certainly enough pollen in his essays to flower successively in many seasons and as long as the considerations to which he consecrated his powers interest readers who care also for clear and charming and truly classic prose. But what I wish to point out is

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that he has already received a large share of his reward, and that this is itself proof of the quality of his merit, which is moral as well as critical and poetic; that this, in a word, designates his niche in the temple of the classics. To have one's gospel so promptly accepted demonstrates that it has been preached. He had, in a word, a mission. And he has fulfilled it. Falkland's ideal, he said, "conquers slowly, but it conquers." His own has, at least as an ideal, conquered already.

II

WHAT singularizes Arnold, personally, among the writers of his time and for his public, is that, in a more marked and definite way than is to be said of any of them, he developed his nature as well as directed his work in accordance with the definite ideal of reason. He had probably little disposition originally to swerve from the pursuit of this ideal, but he made of it an aim so constant and so conscious as to illustrate it with great distinctness, in his life as well as in his writings. The pursuit of perfection that he preached he practised with equal inveteracy. But in this pursuit he sought first of all completeness of harmonious development, and to the Greek he added the Christian inspiration. His own translation of the quality celebrated by St. Paul, "sweet reasonableness," was the chief trait of his character—the "note," to use the expression he borrowed from Newman and popularized, of his personality. His reasonableness was tinctured with feeling, his stoicism was human, his temper affectionate, his aim benevolent, and his manner gentle. But he rarely lost the poise that he advocated so sedulously, and his gentleness for being ingrained failed no whit in vivacity or in force.

He lacked the edge at least of the æsthetic faculty. In Italy he was preoccupied with botany rather than with the fine arts, and though it is perhaps too much to ask of any Englishman that in any environment he should forget his botany, still the slight impression the artistic wealth of Italy seems to have made upon him, judging from the "Letters," is significant of a sensuous side well under control. In the matter of art he speculated only; and in a general way, after the fashion of the "Laocoön." Nor is his sense of humor conspicuously spontaneous. It has the aptness of wit even where it is not, as is generally the case with him, distinctly wit rather than humor at all. His wit, however, is distinguished. It seasoned even—or I may say, especially—his controversy to an extent that makes literature of it. Voltaire's is more fundamental, more important, more vital, but it is not more exquisite. Renan's is less pointed. I recall no instance in which it misses fire. One can read the passages it illuminates again and again, and always with a renewed feeling of that intimate pleasure born of the appreciation of wit alone. A considerable number of dignities bear its scars, but there is hardly a case in which these have not been bestowed in the interests of truth. The rejoinder to Mr. Newman's reply to the "Lectures on Translating Homer," for example, is a unique piece of sustained irony absolutely impeccable in its restraint within the limits of self-proving statement. A dozen other instances, of a pungency thoroughly personal, will occur to any reader familiar with his works.

His wit, however, thoroughly personal in its pungency as it is, is an instrument rather than a medium with him, as I have intimated. Outside of it he certainly lacked that indefinable but very definite element of character that we know as temperament. Lacking energy, he lacked also the genius of which he himself affirmed energy to be the main constituent. He freely acknowledged this, and made the best of it. He made, in fact, a great deal of it. Without in the least over-rating himself he took himself with absolute seriousness, and his work from first to last is informed with the high sincerity of a consistent purpose—the purpose of being nobly useful to his time and country by preaching to them precisely the gospel he conceived they most vitally needed. For his public and his era he deemed energy less important than light, earnestness less needful than sweetness, genius less beneficent than reasonableness, erudition less called for than culture.

To the advocacy of these ends he brought an essentially critical spirit. He was in endowment and in equipment the first of English critics. Among English

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critics, indeed, he stands quite alone. No other has his candor, his measure of disinterestedness, his faculty of extracting their application from the precedents indicated by culture. But he is also eminently an English critic. Disinterestedness pure and simple, disinterestedness to the point of detachment he neither illustrated nor believed in—much as he advocated the free play of consciousness in dealing with subjects of vital concern. He gave the widest extension to the term moral—as, for example, when he comments on Voltaire's praise of English poetry for its greatness in moral ideas—but there is unmistakably the moral element of purpose in both his criticism and his poetry, which ranks him, I repeat, as a critic and poet who is not merely nor even mainly an artist but is an apostle as well.

III

It is natural, therefore, that his criticism, even his purely literary criticism, should be altogether synthetic. It is even didactic. He had, it is true, a remarkable gift for analysis—witness his Emerson, his clairvoyant separation of the strains of Celtic, Greek, Teutonic, inspiration in English poetry, his study of Homeric translation, his essays on Keats and Gray. But in spite of his own advocacy of criticism as the art of "seeing the object as in itself it really is," and his assertion that "the main thing is to get one's self out of the way and let humanity judge," he was himself never content with this. He is always concerned with the significance of the object once clearly perceived and determined. And though he never confuses the judgment of humanity (to use his rather magniloquent expression) by argumentation and special pleading, his treatment of his theme is to the last degree idiosyncratic. He unfolds it and lets it speak for itself, but he is prodigiously interested in the process, and we, in turn, are interested in the happy fashion in which he conducts it. Sometimes, indeed, in this way, the process eclipses the product, and you remember such felicities as his "epoch of expansion" and "epoch of concentration," without quite remembering to which he assigns Burke or Shakespeare; or you recall his "method" and "secret" of Jesus without quite bearing in mind which is which. His machinery, in a word, sometimes rivets attention. And this is even more strongly attested by the fact that it is occasionally so obvious as to arouse irritation in readers insensitive to its nice adjustments and rhythmic repetitions, in which case the product also is doubtless missed altogether.

Moreover no pure analyst (such as Sainte-Beuve) occupied with the endeavor to see the object as in itself it really is, would evince so much interest in its connotation. Arnold is interested in removing—often in satirizing—the current misconceptions of it. He does not write of Milton and Goethe, but of "A French critic on Milton," "A French critic on Goethe," to show how differently these popular idols are estimated by a disinterested critic from the way in which they are estimated popularly. In his panegyric on Falkland, he is thinking also of Mr. Freeman. He notes the literary influences of academies because they are just such as he conceives useful to check and discipline the "freaks" and "violences" of Mr. Palgrave, and to temper the provinciality of Mr. Kinglake. Never has the missionary spirit of which I have spoken been exhibited with more charm and more distinction—less associated with its customary concomitants. But never, also, has it been more unmistakably illustrated. "Real criticism," he says, "obeys an instinct prompting it to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespective of practice, politics, and everything of the kind." This is the burden of the stimulating essay on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time." But instead of the disinterestedness which he advocates in such interested fashion, Arnold was always mightily concerned about practice and politics and everything of the kind. Given his genealogy and environment, he could hardly be other than he was. He was bound to interest himself in the Burials Bill, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the law of bequest and entail, the Crimean War, the Irish Home Rule question, ritualism, the popularization of the Bible, the question of better secondary education, the question of the classics *versus* the sciences, and so on. "The Englishman has been called a political animal," he says, and he was, as I have said, very much of an Englishman. And

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quite as much as his social, political, and religious writings, his literary criticism is explained by the circumstance that he was the son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and his environment the England of our day.

He had, however, unmistakably his own way of being an Englishman, and if his concern was moral and his aim didactic, as they certainly were, the disinterestedness he inculcates appears in his method. One may say, in fact, that his motive is didactic and his method disinterested. His criticism thus becomes truly constructive. In form he does not dogmatize, he deduces; he does not argue, he elucidates; he uses his subject to illustrate his idea. His idea, indeed, is his formal subject, however near his heart its application may be. He deals with ideas directly, and his genius for generalization appears even where he is most pointedly and pithily specific. The essay on "Equality" is an excellent instance. He is concerned about the specific advantage of restricting the English freedom of bequest and the consequent distribution of wealth. But he advocates the reform by presenting the *idea* of equality in the most attractive, disinterested, and detached way, as if it were merely a literary thesis. The disinterested free play of consciousness that he celebrates in criticism is usually displayed in analysis—notably in French criticism, of which he is thinking, where in any given case the synthesis is apt to be assumed. (For, I suppose it will be admitted that in criticism the French are further along than ourselves, that is to say, can safely take more for granted.) But with Arnold the disinterestedness appears in the detailed construction of a thesis, whose central idea on the other hand is apt to be an abstraction held interestedly, to which abstraction the concrete parts have the relation of purely contributory exposition.

It is obvious, therefore, that his criticism differs in kind from that of other writers. It differs especially from that most in vogue at the present time. It is eminently the antithesis of impressionist criticism. It has behind it what may fairly pass for a body of doctrine, though a body of doctrine as far as possible removed from system and pedantry. It is wholly unfettered by academic conventions, such as, citing Addison, he calls "the sort of thing that held our fathers spellbound in admiration." But it is still more removed from the irresponsible exercise of the nervous system, however attuned to taste and sensitized by culture. Certain definite *ideas*, held with elastic firmness but not developed into any set of procrustean principles, formed his credo, and his criticism consisted in the application of these as a test and measure of quality and worth. Their simplicity and their searchingness made their application fundamental, whether or no in every case it was either sound in emphasis or sufficient. There is a great deal more to be said of Homer than that he is simple, rapid in thought, rapid in movement and noble, but these things are at least essential. Emerson is to many readers something more than "a friend and aider of the human spirit," but not something other. Shelley's poetry is undervalued in exclusive censure of its insubstantiality, but insubstantial and, in a vital sense, vapid much of it unquestionably is. Joubert will probably not outlive Macaulay, but what he stands for as undoubtedly will. Victor Hugo is vastly more than a great romance writer, but a poet "of the race and lineage of Shakespeare" he is not.

Arnold passed his intellectual life indeed, whatever his didactic strain, in the world of ideas. No English writer, certainly, is richer in them. He touched nothing that did not set his critical imagination at work. He saw things in their bearings, and saw in them something ultimate as well as something actual. His imagination being critical and not fanciful, there was of course an order of ideas that did not attract it. He not only neglected the notional and the trivial, but the merely curious, whether scientific or æsthetic; ideas insusceptible of application to life did not claim his attention. Possibly this may be felt as a limitation if one compares him with Sainte-Beuve, who nevertheless, in some instances, paid for his universality the penalty of fatuity, just as even Goethe's pursuit of completeness legitimately earned for him Paul de Saint Victor's epithet "the Jupiter Pluvius of *ennui*." But as compared with any English writer, certainly with any modern English writer, Arnold's plenitude of ideas

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can only be obscured by the circumstance that he so ordered and marshalled his array of them, that the subordinate ones escape readers who note only the general lines along which these are grouped and to the relief of which they beautifully contribute. There is no *obiter* to arrest the running reader, but the very texture of the treatment of all his very definite and salient theses is woven of ancillary ideas of enough stimulus to furnish the entire equipment of an inferior writer. In a general way—for example, in his advocacy of culture—he illustrates as well as enforces his theme; and not incidentally—which would of course make a greater show—but organically. One may cite a dozen examples—such as, in small, "A Speech at Eton," where the single word επιεικεία is made the nucleus of a really wonderful web of suggestiveness; such as, and *par excellence*, the "Study of Celtic Literature" and the "Lectures on Translating Homer."

His criticism is distinguished also from much that is currently popular in being wholly non-scientific. To begin with it is interested very largely in the one element that eludes the scientific spirit—the element of personality. It does not ignore the substantial contributions that the scientific spirit has made to the theory and the practice of criticism. It merely concerns itself, and in a personal way mainly, with material that is too highly organized to be satisfactorily considered when considered materially, according to Taine's famous method. It is not occupied with origins—a subject that has an almost universal interest at the present day — nor much with relations, the study of which for being more literary is hardly less scientific. To Arnold apparently the study of heredity and environment involved in literary criticism based on "the man, the moment and the *milieu*" theory, has very much the interest that the process of running up all our manifold appetites and emotions into the two primitive instincts of self-preservation and reproduction would have, and no more. It is sound enough, no doubt, but in large measure superfluous—at any rate elementary. What is really interesting is the efflorescence not the germ, nor even the evolution of the germ—that is, from a literary or any but a strictly scientific point of view. Similarly the study of relations, upon which the incontestably useful classification of developed literary phenomena is based, interests him only cursorily. It is distinctions, rather, that his criticism considers. In the difficult effort to "see the object as in itself it really is" his method is that of definition through distinguishing the object as it really is from the various appearances that dissemble it, and from those of its own phases, ancestral or circumstantial, that may account for but do not exhibit it.

Taine, who in proclaiming his method disclaimed having a system, but who certainly applied his method most systematically, wrote history, to be sure, rather than criticism, and called history "applied psychology." His psychology, too, is of an extremely physiological cast. And neither history nor physiological psychology ever engaged Arnold's attention in dealing with literature. But Taine's point of view prevails widely with more or less modification in pure literary criticism. A critic quite otherwise psychological, the late Edmond Scherer, for example, adopts it substantially in maintaining that "out of the writer's character and the study of his age there spontaneously issues the right understanding of his work." This is the contention of followers of the "historical method," who are far from being as systematic as Taine or as temperamentally inclined to consider literary phenomena as impersonal, irresponsible, and ultimately mechanical. Of this assertion, that a right understanding of an author's work will thus spontaneously issue, Arnold himself says: "In a mind qualified in a certain way it will—not in all minds. And it will be that mind's 'personal sensation'" —"personal sensations" being precisely what Mr. Scherer wishes to circumvent in the historical method of criticism. To him, for example, the laudation of Milton by Macaulay is an expression of "personal sensations"; as to which Arnold aptly remarks: "It cannot be said that Macaulay had not studied the character of Milton and the history of the times in which he lived. But a right understanding of Milton did not 'spontaneously issue' therefrom in the mind of Macaulay, because Macaulay's mind was that of a rhetorician,

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not of a disinterested critic." Arnold's own theme is the personal element in the works of others, and its treatment is frankly the application to these of this element in himself. The report it gives is the result, though this personal report is, as I began by noting, very different from an impressionist report in being carefully controlled and corrected by culture, framed, in fact, in accordance with the express principle of classic comparisons that he eloquently advocates and specifically illustrates in his essay on "The Study of Poetry," and as far removed from irresponsibility as if it claimed scientific exactness.

His subject, indeed, although as I have intimated almost always an idea or a number of associated ideas, is often ideas illustrated or exemplified in some personality. It is what Joubert, Keats, the Guérins, Heine, Byron were themselves and what, in relation to ideas, they stand for, in each instance. It is not at all how they came to be what they were, their evolution, the influences of their environment of time and place, or their influence in turn upon their age and succeeding ones. In brief, though their general interest is always drawn out, in contradistinction to the specific interest of pure portraiture, they are not generalized. They are neither depicted as, for example, Sterne is depicted by Thackeray, nor accounted for as Shakespeare is accounted for by Taine. Their qualities not their tendencies on the one hand, and, on the other, their essential and intrinsic not their accidental qualities, and of these only the typical and significant ones, are dealt with. They are considered in the light of their relation to literature, but nevertheless distinctly as personalities whose relation to literature, too, is a personal relation. Arnold's criticism may be loosely characterized as literature teaching by examples, just as history has been called philosophy so teaching. Only, his examples are not the various literary works, isolated, taken seriatim, or grouped, but the significant and illustrative writers in whose personalities themselves appear most definitely and concretely visible—thus fused, unified, and at the same time most elaborately as well as most subtly presented—those literary phenomena that have the most critical value. To Carlyle history is the annotated record of great men. To Arnold criticism is the pertinent characterization of great writers, in the mind and art of whom their works are co-ordinated with an explicitness and effectiveness not to be attained by any detailed and objective analysis of the works themselves.

Nothing is commoner than to hear literature classified as creative and critical, with the inference of mutual exclusiveness between the two branches and the marked inferiority of criticism to what is called creation. Arnold performed a signal service in characterizing literature as "a criticism of life" and thereby revealing even to the unreflecting the essentially critical nature and function of the truly creative "thought of thinking souls"—to recall Carlyle's definition of literature itself. His emphasis was of course on the word "life," but the incidental implication as to *how* literature is concerned with its proper "content" has a value of its own. To deal with life powerfully and profoundly is to deal with it critically. And in this fundamental sense the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and the "Ode to Duty" are themselves criticism. No one would pretend that specifically they belong to the literature of criticism, however, though they illustrate the importance of the critical element in literature in showing that their true superiority to many other creative works of their kind is their soundness and elevation as criticism—as criticism of life. Specifically the literature of criticism is concerned with literature rather than directly with life. But in this way and in a sense it has the office and character of a court of appeal, and its functions may be as honorable—as its roll is as distinguished—as those of any other department of literary activity. So far as *a priori* speculation is concerned, it is entitled to immunity from jejune formularies about the superiority of creation to criticism, as such, and of books to books about books.

What criticism lacks, and what will always be a limitation to its interest and its power, is the element of beauty which it of necessity largely foregoes in its concentration upon truth. It is less potent and persuasive than poetry, than romance, not because in dealing with literature rather than directly with life it occupies a lower

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or less vital field but because its province lies outside the realm of all those puissant aids to cogency and impressiveness that appeal to the sense of beauty and accordingly influence so powerfully not only the intellect but the emotions as well. But of its service to truth there can be no question. Its rôle is not confined to exposition, to interpretation. It is a synthesis of its naturally more or less heterogeneous subject. It is a characterization of art as art is a characterization of nature. And in characterizing, it translates as art itself translates. It is only in criticism that the thought of an era becomes articulate, crystallized, coherently communicated. And real criticism, criticism worthy its office—criticism such as Arnold's—contributes as well as co-ordinates and exhibits. It is itself literature, because it is itself origination as well as comment, and is the direct expression of ideas rather than an expression of ideas at one remove—either chronicling their effect on the critic after the manner of the impressionist or weighing them according to some detached and objective judicial standard.

Culture, of course, is his central theme. His name is popularly and rightly more closely associated with it than with anything else. It is his notable reliance and recommendation in every department of thought and action with which he occupies himself—religious, poetic, critical, political, social—his gospel, in a word. Culture he defines as "a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all matters which most concern us, the best which has been known and thought in the world; and through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits which we now follow stanchly but mechanically, vainly imagining that there is a virtue in following them stanchly which makes up for the mischief of following them mechanically." He exhibits and illustrates its value eloquently and convincingly, showing, in a dozen ways how it inspires correctness and corrects errors. It is his universal solvent. He applies it in discussing questions of all sorts, the most practical as well as the most abstract. From it he derives a number of general principles which its pursuit of perfection involves. In the first place culture involves the ideal of perfection as residing in "an inward condition of the mind and spirit and not in an outward set of circumstances"; then as harmonious, an expansion of *all* the powers for beauty and for good of human nature; then as a *general* expansion wholly at variance, for example, with the maxim of "every man for himself." From this he deduces its salutary application to the phenomena of the large mechanical and external element in modern civilization, of our Anglo-Saxon individualism, of our want of flexibility, our concentration upon one aspect of a thing and our blindness to its other sides, our faith in "machinery" as an end in itself—the machinery variously known as freedom, population, railroads, wealth, churches, political institutions. It is evident that the idea of culture has endless applications. The chapter titles of "Culture and Anarchy" would suggest them to anyone who had never read the book—"Sweetness and Light," "Doing as One Likes," "Barbarians, Philistines, Populace," "Hebraism and Hellenism," and so on. A dozen, a score, of epitomizing sentences from the same work might be cited to show them; for example: "No man, who knows nothing else, knows even his Bible," or, "And to be, like our honored and justly honored Faraday, a great natural philosopher with one side of his being and a Sandemanian with the other, would to Archimedes have been impossible." There are delicious pages in "Culture and Anarchy," and its vivacity no longer obscures its soundness, probably, even for readers of the temperament of those in whom when it first appeared it awakened discomfort if not dislike. Everyone nowadays is theoretically a friend of culture—even the strenuous.

IV

His distinction as a religious writer has been imperfectly perceived, which is singular, considering the very great religious influence that he has exerted. It consists in the way in which he has brought out the natural truth of Christianity. That is the sum and substance of "Literature and Dogma," of "God and the Bible," and of the "Last Essays on Church and

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Religion," even of "St. Paul and Protestantism." No one has felt more deeply, and no one has so clearly expressed this essence of religion denuded of dogma and stripped of the husks of its traditionary sanctions. To him religion was as definite a realm as poetry. He distinguished it from ethics in very much the way in which poetry differs from prose, and characterized it as "morality touched by emotion." Religious truth, even, he distinguished from scientific truth in saying that "truth of science does not become truth of religion until it becomes religious." For a time his readers hardly knew what he meant. His gospel was so simple as to be startling. "Literature and Dogma" was taken to be an attack on at least a vital and integral part of Christianity. And it must be confessed that its sprightly rhetoric, through which, however, it got its hearing, gave some color of justification for the grief of the judicious, to whom what he called *Aberglaube* was inextricably bound up with the most precious verities. The solemn *Spectator* was betrayed, by temper, probably, into speaking of his ideal as Christianity without God—as Comte's scheme has been satirized as Catholicism minus Christianity. What was curiously called his theology seemed very superficial to the thorough-going, and aroused what, still more curiously, the Editor of his "Letters" has felt justified in calling "some just criticisms." Why "just"? one is tempted to ask at the present day when nearly the whole thinking world, save that portion of it committed to the defence of dogma, has practically, if insensibly, come to adopt his view that the sanction of religion is its natural truth. And that the natural truth of religion has not lost its hold on the non-clerical thinking world along with its traditionary "confessions" and their philosophy, is due primarily to the spirit that distinguishes between what is and what is not vital in the matter. This spirit inspires much religious writing at the present day. But Arnold's religious writing does more than assay the alloy of popular Christianity. It advocates, commends, exalts the pure metal, points out its worth and its winningness, shows how important a part it plays in the development and discipline of one's highest self, eloquently magnifies mankind's legitimate concern in it, and convincingly establishes its claims and its rewards.

Nothing is more singular than the reticence with which religion is treated even by the religious. The sense of its being a private, an intimate, and a sacred concern hardly accounts for it. It is true it is a matter of the heart, and about matters of the heart one is instinctively reserved. Then, too, the dread of seeming hypocrisy undoubtedly acts as a restraint. But that one of the greatest forces in the moral world should, merely as a subject of thought and speculation, receive only what may be called professional and esoteric attention is not thus to be explained. Theology is freely considered and discussed, increasingly less so, of course, as its sanctions come generally to seem insubstantial and as, in consequence, it loses interest. Yet dogma is at best limited and disputed formulary, whereas the principles with which it deals or misdeals are universal. The doctrine of the Trinity, for example, is a disputed and unverifiable dogma. The influence of the Holy Spirit, exquisitely called the Comforter, is a matter of actual experience, as solid a reality as that of electro-magnetism. But, the pulpit of course aside, the dogma has certainly occupied a more prominent place in the minds of men than the fact. The comparative lack of interest in the more interesting theme is, one would say, inexplicable. Everyone knows that, if he would, he could at once determine with his entire nature to "depart from iniquity," that he could, if he would, successfully accomplish this, and that the result would be the happiness, so far as happiness depends upon one's self, of which everyone is in search—"the peace," in a word, "which passeth all understanding." Man's capability of utilizing this force is a matter of consciousness, and the effect of doing so is as demonstrably certain as the effect of combustion. It is difficult to see why it is not phenomenally as interesting. It is surely quite as important, quite as deserving the attention of the critic, quite as dignified and fruitful a literary theme. And in spite of this, in spite of its interest and its universality, it is relegated to the theologians.

The explanation doubtless is that, owing to various causes—the cathedral infalli-

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bility of the Church and the tyranny of Protestant "Biblism," for instance—theology and religion, dogma and natural truth, have been so closely and so long associated as to have become amalgamated. The natural history of dogma explains its despotism. The instinctive or empirical perception of truth out of which it is developed is lost sight of in the philosophic form it assumes in final definition. Its devotees come to feel, for example, that, to use Arnold's phrase, "salvation is attached to a right knowledge of the Godhead." On the other hand, those minds on whom it loses its hold as its form gradually discloses its emptiness, forget its origin. Any formulation of the constitution of the "Godhead" seeming absurd when withdrawn from the sphere of logic and brought into that of consciousness, God himself—whom, as Joubert says, it is "not hard to know if one does not force one's self to define Him"—is left out of all consideration. Dogma comes to seem, thus, an invention instead of a development, and, to crude minds, an interested invention. Nor is it crudity alone that thus misconceives it. The "liberal" temper itself, exasperated at its perversions, wars against its bases often. Heine speaks of "the fictitious quarrel which Christianity has cooked up between the body and the soul," as if St. Paul's antagonism between "the law of the members" and "the law of the mind" were not a matter of universal experience. Of the two tendencies, however, there can be no doubt which is in accord with the *Zeit-Geist* at the present time. It is dogma that has lost its hold on serious minds, and Arnold's great concern in his religious writings is to save religion from going with it.

He was himself of a deeply religious nature, and his religion was, of course, as any religiousness must be at the present day, actively Christian. People speak of Epictetus and of Marcus Aurelius as if there were something religious in paganism essentially extraneous to Christianity—as if born in later times within the fold of Christianity they would not, dogma aside, have been as formally Christian as Melancthon or Sir Thomas More. Had the "Discourses" been uttered in the thirteenth century Jesus would certainly have replaced Hercules in the passage in which Epictetus calls Hercules "the Son of God." Other people, who accept the fairy tale of popular religion as the only basis, and metaphysical theology as the only definition, of Christianity, like the London *Spectator*, accuse Arnold of being essentially an atheist—"just as," says Arnold, in "God and the Bible," "the heathen populace of Asia cried out against Polycarp: '*Away with the Atheists.*'" His own idea of the essence of Christianity he defines, in "St. Paul and Protestantism," as "something not very far, at any rate, from this: Grace and peace by the annulment of our ordinary self through the mildness and sweet reasonableness of Christ." This was the Christianity he sought to extricate from the desuetude into which both its mythology and its metaphysics have indubitably fallen. To anyone who feels with him that religion is "the most lovable of things"—no attempt could be more attractive or more important, be more properly a work of serious literature. He himself considered "Literature and Dogma" his most important work.

It is in the first place a constructive attempt. In the words of its secondary title, it is "an essay toward a better apprehension of the Bible," and it was conceived and executed in the interests of the preservation of religion. To this end, it perforce exposed the insubstantiality of the current misapprehension of the Bible—the proof from prophecy, the proof from miracles, and that from metaphysics. Many readers probably got no farther than these luminous chapters which, it is true, were written with a zest calculated to arouse the scepticism of the suspicious. The attack on metaphysics was certainly the least successful of this ground-clearing work. It was continued in "God and the Bible," and elaborated to a degree which may fairly be said to betray a consciousness of not having exactly hit off the matter. It was a depreciation, in deference to his own predilections, which were literary and religious and not scientific, of what a whole order of serious minds rest their firmest convictions upon. In his treatment of the supernatural he professed to part from miracles with regret, from metaphysical proof with pleasure. There was something a little Olym-

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pian in this. As he says, miracles do not and never did happen. Metaphysics is at least a pseudo-science which can only be attacked in detail and only through its own terms, just as universal doubt is a self-contradictory affirmation. Nothing can be more salutary, nevertheless, for the many minds whose vice is content with abstractions, than his—extremely metaphysical and perhaps not too scientifically successful—attack on the fundamental concept of "being." It does not convince, but it cannot fail to enlighten. No vivacity, it is true, can obscure the fact that it is pure caricature to say: "Descartes could look out of his window at Amsterdam, and see a public place filled with men and women, and say to himself that he had no right to be certain they were men and women, because they might after all be mere lay figures dressed up in hats and cloaks." But after all it is to be borne in mind that the metaphysical proof of a religious system is, like those from prophecy and miracles, merely a part of its apologetics and not of its appeal.

It is its appeal, its constructive side, that, as I say, constitutes the essential part of "Literature and Dogma." Its cardinal proposition is that the Bible is literature and not dogma, and that so to consider it is the preliminary to a right and adequate estimate of it. Having contended for an absolute divorce between religion and theology in the interests of essential Christianity, he proceeds by treating the Bible as *literature* to draw out, in a positive way, its natural, real, and verifiable value as a religious document. No commentator on the Scriptures has ever accomplished a more cogent and seductive work than his showing of the *use* to which the truly religious soul may put the book of which it is a commonplace that it is the Book of Books, but which readers who have come to discredit the dogma based upon its misapprehension have come completely to neglect. But aside from this specific service in emphasizing the value as literature, as poetry, as criticism of life, of the Bible, his religious writings are also a rational and eloquent exposition of the attractiveness of religion itself. He made religion a theme, a topic, of literature. He brought out its general interest and rescued it from the hands of the specialist. He treated it as properly a branch of culture. He awakened in his serious readers inclined to regard it as negligible a certain dissatisfaction and sense of incompleteness.

Even in detail his services to religion are considerable. To take a single instance: No idea of modern times has been more fruitful, in the sense of forwarding the true, that is to say the spiritual, interests of religion than his favorite one that the sole justification of separatism is moral and not doctrinal. Nothing has more successfully warred against "the communion of the saints" than the contrary opinion, which may be said to be native to Protestantism. The Reformation—"the real Reformation, the German Reformation, Luther's Reformation," as he calls it—was, in his words, "a reaction of the moral and spiritual sense against the carnal and pagan sense"; it was "a religious revival like St. Francis's." The Christian Church, he says, is founded "not on a correct speculative knowledge of the ideas of Paul, but on the much surer ground: 'Let everyone that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity'; and holding this to be so, we might change the current strain of doctrinal theology from one end to the other, without, on that account, setting up any new church or bringing in any new religion." His appreciation of the religious value of unity is no doubt largely due to his traditional feelings for the Church of England and his traditional antagonism to Nonconformity. "The Evangelicals," he says, "have not added to their first error of holding this unsound body of opinions the second error of separating for them." Of course his preoccupation with the Church and the Nonconformists in his illustrations and argumentation limits his public. It is all rather *aliunde* to Americans, for example, even to American Churchmen. But it is easy for any reflecting reader to understand his meaning in saying, for example, "Man worships best in common; he philosophizes best alone." And it is not difficult to seize the significance of his central idea that mere doctrinal differences do not justify a dissolution of that union in which there is strength as much in religious as in other matters with which man's moral nature is mainly concerned—patriotism, for example, or the feeling for the life of the family.

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THE virtue of all his criticism—literary, social, and religious—is revealed, not to say enhanced, by the limpidity of his style. It is perhaps a matter of personal feeling, but it seems to me that limpidity at least suggests, if it does not express, a shade of more positive quality than is conveyed by clearness. At any rate in noting the limpidity of Arnold's style, what I have in mind is the medium rather than the directness of his expression. We know very well nowadays what is ordinarily meant by clearness of style. It is a quality enabling the writer to convey his thought to the reader without losing any of its energy on the way. Arnold's clearness is felt as an element of technic, and has that quality of density which pleases as the property of a palpable medium. It is pellucid, limpid. One notes it as he does a certain clarity of tone in a painter's technic, a certain explicitness of modelling in a sculptor's touch. It has the air of being not so much instinctive as arrived at. A great deal is done with it. It is elaborately limpid, one may say. It has a tincture of virtuosity. He plays with it beautifully, bringing out into relief certain shadings and subduing certain others in contrasting lower toned transparencies—as a pianist of distinction not only interprets his composer but exhibits his instrument at the same time. In a word, he makes his lucidity count æsthetically. At times he grows over-fond of it, as is the inherent danger of all exploitation, especially the sincerest; at times it shows excess and runs into a mannerism of iteration at which in another Arnold himself would be the first to wince. The four times repeated "Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners," within the limits of a single paragraph of his consideration of Burns, is "hard to read without a cry of pain," as he said of a distich of Macaulay. Less formally the remorselessly renewed appearances of "The Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester," in the beginning of "Literature and Dogma," are irritating intrusions. These and similar instances are examples of explicitness run to seed. But they are the defect of a quality, and due to an excess of a dilettante spirit of playfulness to which we owe very much that is acutely charming in Arnold's writings. They are not inherent in his style at its best. At its best in this respect of limpidity a page of his—a page of "Literature and Dogma" itself—reads like a page of the *Apology*, in its elaborate and elevated Socratic clearness.

To this quality thus æsthetically "handled" he adds an equally positive and sensible beauty of diction. It is not the beautiful liquid flow, rhythmic, cadenced, and prolonged of Newman's. But if less sinuous it has more strength; it has greater poise and an apter precision. Compared, too, with the beauty of such prose as Ruskin's, it has a certain savor of soundness, a sense of conscious subscription to what Ruskin himself, speaking of Venetian architecture, calls "the iron laws of beauty"—that is to say, subscription to the proprieties of prose, without yielding to the solicitations of the spirit of poetry which outside its own domain is sure to be irresponsible and indiscreet. There are, for example, many "passages" in Arnold's writing memorable for their beauty. Everyone remembers the apostrophe to Oxford. The close of the essay on Falkland, the description of the Greek poetry of imaginative reason in the essay on "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment," the sentences of the essay on Keats: "'I think,' said Keats, humbly, 'I shall be among the English poets after my death.' He is. He is with Shakespeare," are other examples of sobriety surcharged with feeling exquisitely characteristic of the grave discretion proper to the province of prose, mindful of its limits as well as conscious of its capabilities. And they and others like them are beautiful, as prose poetry is not, for the very reason that they are so explicably founded in fitness. But his diction in general is noteworthy for the same quality. It is penetrated with the sentiment of the significance it expresses and never self-hypnotizes. It is too significant to be "musical," but its straightforwardness is very sensitively organized. Its obvious elegance is not the elegance of detachment, but is elegance leavened with personal feeling—now pushed by personal feeling to the point of piquancy, now restrained within the confines of mere suggestion, but informed by it always.

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And for the same reason it is never polished into insipidity. Always full of intention, it is never style for its own sake. One feels that the writer is partial to his style, that he models it consciously and is perfectly aware of it as an element of effectiveness, but it is the dress of too much virility to absorb and preoccupy, however much it may interest, him. It is careful, but it is genuine; high-bred, but vigorous; studied, but simple; considered, but considered as form merely. Its urbanity is at times a trifle express—especially in controversy—but it is urbanity associated with too much point ever to be mistaken for approbativeness. It is obviously the style of a writer who adds to their lustre in maintaining the traditions. "Suckled on Latin and weaned on Greek," someone asserted of Dr. Arnold's children, and the classic strain is naturally distinguishable enough in Matthew Arnold's style—in its stuff as well as in its syntax. But it is not in the least academic—it is too modern, too flexible, too much the offspring of English parentage. Its vocabulary is less remarkable for range than for felicity; in felicity it is as remarkable as Tennyson's; indeed with equal aptness—equal *justesse*—its felicity is even more marked than Tennyson's, because it is more instinctive, and instinctiveness is a constituent of felicity. Neither is felicity confined to his vocabulary. His phrases are famous.

This combination of limpidity, beauty, and culture, consciously co-operating in the production of an explicit medium, exploited rather than dissembled, has for its notablest result perhaps the circumstance that Arnold's style is, as style, the most interesting of any of the writers of our day. I say *as* style, because though I think Thackeray's surpasses it in interest, it does so in virtue of the inimitable color of a more interesting and omnipresent personality. Thackeray's apart, at all events, there is no other that in respect of interest approaches Arnold's if we take his writings in the mass. His writings taken in the mass gain immensely from their style. Interesting as his substance is, it would be distinctly less so but for the art of its presentation. One has only to think of any of his books written otherwise to feel at once that it would be less captivating. By interest, of course, I mean the feeling that is stimulated by what is admirable, interest within lines of laudability, an artistic interest, in a word—not the thrill aroused by dithyramb or eccentricity, or picturesqueness, or any of the various forms of rhetoric which often create an effect whose intensity is altogether disproportionate to its duration. In any theme of Arnold's one is interested in how he takes it, how it is conceived, exhibited, enforced, in the way in which its own intrinsic interest is unfolded, in the adaptation itself of the means to the end. It is not "the grand style." As he says, the grand style is to be found only in poetry, and to my sense he is not a great poet. But he has the style, if not of a great writer, at least of an admirable, a unique, literary artist.

VI

It is frequently and truly remarked of Arnold's poetry that it never can be popular. But this is not because there is anything particularly esoteric about it, and the assumption that it appeals particularly to the elect is largely unfounded. It is, at all events, better than *that*. It is not in any exclusive sense that Mr. Lang and Mr. Augustine Birrell find it intimately consoling. Others enjoy it in the same way, though, of course, whether or no in the same degree it would be impossible to determine. But it is poetry that never can be popular because it appeals to moods that are infrequent. It is intimately consoling if you are in a mood that needs consolation, and consolation of a severely stoic strain. Otherwise it is not. Now, most people are either rarely in such a mood, or, when they are, demand consolation that stimulates instead of stifling their self-pity. The poetry, like the music, that intensifies one's mood is inevitably more popular than that which contradicts it. And, of course, the stoical mood being far rarer than the sensuous, sensuous poetry will always be surer of a welcome than stoical. It makes a slighter demand on the faculties, and whatever requires effort is proportionally unwelcome. "Stanzas written in dejection near Naples," or near anywhere else, please us, because savoring

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them involves no tension. A passionate lyric of Byron, or a plaintive one of Keats finds us much more readily responsive than Arnold's austere verses on "Self-dependence," which invoke an energy that in most men is at best intermittent. For this reason his plaintive, or, if one chooses, his pessimistic, strain, is more moving to most readers than his stimulant and inspiring note. The lines beginning: "Strew on her roses, roses," in spite of their rather tame conclusion, the intimately pathetic quatrain beginning: "What renders vain their deep desire," the first part of "Rugby Chapel," with its deepening shadows and enshrouding gloom, will always be favorites over those of his poems that celebrate the activities of the will. Yet the latter are the more numerous and by far the more characteristic.

I do not mean to assert that the militant mood is less prevalent to-day than the purely receptive one, so far as regards the appreciation of poetry. Verse like Scott's "One crowded hour of glorious strife," would awaken the same thrill, perhaps, as ever, if there were any of it. Browning's popularity is, indeed, probably growing. But this is a mood to which Arnold never appeals. His poetry is in the mass addressed to the mood of moral elevation, and it would be fatuity to contend that this is a frequent frame of mind. For the most part we come to the reading of poetry in an unmoral mood. We respond to the æsthetic appeal a thousand times more readily than to the moral. How many readers would agree with Arnold in preferring the "Ode to Duty" to that on the "Intimations of Immortality"? His argument is unimpeachable. The former is sound, the latter fantastic. But are we often in a mood to be as thrilled by the lines,

> Nor know we anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face,

as we are by the images and cadences of the certainly more popular poem? There are certainly times in which simply to be good seems to be the one thing worth striving for to, no doubt, the worst of us. There are moments when the will welcomes the mastery of virtue and solicits fusion with the good in absolute self-surrender—moments when the heart is touched with fire from the altar of rectitude and the sweetness and joy of being at one with the most vital principle in the universe flood the soul with balm. It is the ideal, not of poetry, but of religion, however, to multiply such moments, and render permanent this transitory condition. And though, as Arnold says, "the best part of religion is its unconscious poetry," its unconscious religion is but a small part of poetry, speaking comparatively, and in Arnold's poetry there is nothing unconscious at all. It is extremely express; and, although to say so is not to deny that it is genuine, its genuineness takes a clearly calculated form. It must dispense with the aid of that unconscious religion which animates Wordsworth, even when he is doctoral and dogmatic. His popular appeal is, therefore, still more limited than Wordsworth's because his inspiration, though morally elevated, like Wordsworth's, is restricted within the confines of intellectual intention and lacks the self-abandonment to transfigured impulse which Wordsworth eminently shows to be as much within the province of morally elevated poetry as of any other. It lacks exaltation. Moreover, it lacks the exultant quality which Arnold himself signalizes as Wordsworth's true greatness—"the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties." It is never joyous; joyousness is the one quality above all others which it never has.

On its æsthetic side, too, its reliances are few. In the mass it is unmusical—at least in the sense of being independent of music as a reliance. It is absurd to find it cacophonous, as is sometimes asserted, and to maintain that its author had no ear—though perhaps, had his ear been more sensitive he would not have cited Keats's "peaceful citadel" as "quiet citadel." There are metres which he handled with instinctive felicity — witness "Heine's Grave," "Rugby Chapel," "A Forsaken Merman." But they are not, so to say, musical metres. His repugnance to balladry, his recoil from sing-song, his partisanship for the hexameter, are significant. His feeling for the slower vibrations of rhythm in the citations he holds up as models almost indicates a preference for intonation to song. Quoting Gray's statement that "the style he aimed at was

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extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical," he says that Gray is "alone or almost alone (for Collins has something of the like merit) in his age." Compare with this the celebration of Collins by Mr. Swinburne, who is a master of music in poetry, whose verse is often music *et præterea nihil:* "There was but one man in the time of Collins who had in him a note of pure lyric song, a pulse of inborn music irresistible and indubitable; and that he was that man he could not open his lips without giving positive and instant proof. The Muse gave birth to Collins; she did but give suck to Gray." An examination of Arnold's poetry would show many musical lines, sometimes a happy note like a sudden bird-call, a thrilling dactyl, a tetrasyllable of liquid cadence enforced by appositeness recalling Keats himself. But at the same time these are elbowed by awkwardnesses of scansion, eccentricities of ictus, and now and then a positive cessation of lyric tone as though in obedience to the rubric "spoken."

Poetic quality, too, is sometimes as lacking as musical. The two are certainly to be distinguished, and Arnold's verse is far more rarely unpoetic than it is unmusical. But of course poetry that has not a musical interpretation falls just so far short of being poetically perfect. Dispensing with the reliance of rhythmic felicity it is necessarily thrown back more or less baldly on the unaided poetic value of its substance, and a formal rather than magical expression of it. Aside from this, so far as its lack of poetic quality is to be felt as a shortcoming in Arnold's poetry, it is due, I think, to the fact that his pursuit of the Muse is a shade systematic. The turn for criticism, which is an integral part of his genius, gives it a theoretic tincture, at the least. He thought a great deal about poetry, about what it should be, what line it should take, what inspiration the poets of the future should seek. No one has written more accurately or more fruitfully about it. But at the same time it, perhaps naturally, followed that when he came himself to illustrate his principles he was preoccupied with their application in a degree that modified his possession by his theme. He was conscious of his art instead of absorbed in his subject, with the natural result now and then of polishing his poetry into prose instead of "letting it model itself," as a painter would say, under the guidance of his tact.

In the suggestive "Prefaces" to the first and second editions of his poems, he lays down a number of poetical requirements with the utmost penetration. Among others he emphasizes "the all-importance of the choice of a subject," and he indicates what in a general way that choice should be. Nothing could be better. But practically the consequence of a poet's specific reflection upon the choice of a subject is not such a work as the "Antigone," or any of the Greek models Mr. Arnold is recommending. It is not such a poem as "In Memoriam," or, to take a crucial instance, "The Ring and the Book." It is such a poem as "Sohrab and Rustum." "Sohrab and Rustum" is a beautiful and, at the climax, a moving poem. But as a whole it has a fatal lack of spontaneity. The choice of the subject has been too carefully made and the treatment is too theoretic. It is not personal and romantic enough. Its romance and individuality of treatment are too tranquilly contained within the limits of the form, and the form is an exotic. It is not that it is artificial. Tennyson is artificial. But Tennyson can be personal without ceasing to be even conventional. His artificiality is a natural expression. He is not hampered by his significance, which he handles in high differentiation as easily as if it were even less significant than—owing to its universal acceptance—it often is. A poet, however, who is first of all a thinker, needs to give his feeling a freer rein and, whatever his theories about poetry in general, forget their application in his specific effort for adequately poetic statement.

Arnold's poetry is, at all events, penetrated with thought, and this forms its true distinction. It is indeed the fulness of its significance that embarrasses its expression both in musical and in more subtly poetic form. Of course, had his genius possessed either what he himself calls the "natural magic" of the Celt or the "Greek radiance" it would have carried his thought more easily. But it is a reflective and philosophic genius, and accordingly its sincerest poetical expression savors a little of statement rather than of song. And to endue statement with poetic

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quality a more inevitable and exclusive poetic vocation than his is requisite. He does, it is true, suffuse it with feeling, but with feeling whose pertinence and poise are perhaps a little too prominently irreproachable. "Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius," he says very truly, and it is, in the last analysis, probably energy that his poetry lacks to give it greater currency and greater charm. Around greater energy his numbers would crystallize in more eloquent, more moving combination. They would have more buoyancy, more freedom, a larger sweep, a more sustained flight. For this reason the narrative and dramatic poems have less attraction than the elegiac and lyric, and for this reason even the lyric poems are contemplative rather than impassioned. It would hardly be amiss to call some of his verse cogent.

But, as I say, its penetration with significance forms its true distinction, and if his energy is insufficient to rank him in poetic quality with the "born poets" of his calibre, nevertheless the quality of his thought establishes such a balance in his poetic gifts and acquirements, that his poetry, taken as a whole, gives him an honorable and a unique place in their company. It is not fatuity that makes him say that "with less poetical sentiment than Tennyson and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning" his poetry has "perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them." And it has the great advantage of being, so far as its characteristic quality of thought is concerned, admirably representative of the combined thought and feeling of the era. Our generation probably atones somewhat for feeling less simply, less strenuously than the last, by attuning its feeling more closely to its thinking; and perhaps the next will witness such interest in new complications of thinking, born of increased multifariousness of phenomena for its exercise, that feeling will become still less agitated and independent than it is to-day.

And of feeling that is legitimated by the tribunal of reason, Arnold is the poet *par excellence*. His attempts to illustrate the theories of his "Prefaces" may be in form too conscious, too much an echo of the models he holds up, but in feeling his poetry is in the main the personal expression of a poet who is genuinely a follower and not an imitator of the poets of that "century in Greek life," to quote his own words "—the century preceding the Peloponesian War, from about the year 530 to the year 430 B.C.—in which poetry made, it seems to me, the noblest, the most successful effort she has yet made as the priestess of the imaginative reason, of the element by which the modern spirit, if it would live right, has chiefly to live." His inspiration is certainly what he calls "the imaginative reason," neither "the senses and the understanding" by which he says the poetry of later paganism lived, nor "the heart and the imagination" of the poetry of mediæval Christianity. One may say that his reason a little overbalances his imagination, but it is certainly true that his imagination in the very circumstance of being thus solidly sustained not only avoids the weakness of insubstantiality but operates positively with increased eloquence and elasticity because it is the servant only of that reason whose service is perfect freedom. An elementary is as good as a recondite illustration. Take, for example, the way in which such a theme as immortality is treated by a poet purely of the heart, like Whittier, in the lines

> Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
> (Since He who knows our need is just),
> That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

The lines are true poetry, and, taken with their context, they are touching; no one with memories can be irresponsive to them. But they are no longer convincing, because their basis is insubstantial. Compare with them this stanza of Arnold's from "Rugby Chapel," and its context:

> O strong soul, by what shore
> Tarriest thou now? For that force,
> Surely, has not been left vain!
> Somewhere, surely, afar,
> In the sounding labor-house vast
> Of being, is practised that strength,
> Zealous, beneficent, firm.

Here we are in the world of reason. We are still among assumptions, no doubt, but we have exchanged pure sentiment for poetic speculation, and a conventional for an imaginative treatment. Arnold goes on:

> Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
> Conscious or not of the past,—

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he will be betrayed into no claim, in the region of the unverifiable, which reason would not, in recognizing its own limits, acquiesce in as properly within the jurisdiction of the imagination. Thus the reader of Arnold's poetry never has to say to himself: "But it is not true!" And to the sense of our own day this is fundamental in poetry as elsewhere.

And not only does his poetry satisfy because it is sound without being conventional, but truth is positively its inspiration as well as its guide. It is truth that stirs his imagination. It is the divination of some broad or subtle verity of the soul, seized by his delicate apprehension, that suggests its poetic inference to his imagination, sets it aglow with light and suffuses it with elevated feeling. The experience of the soul amid the phenomena among which in our complicated era it passes its existence—its moments of gloom, of aspiration, its disillusions, its yearning sadness, its sense of the heavy burden of clairvoyance, and the withdrawal of old solaces and supports, its wistful glances into the penumbra of the verifiable, and its tragic certitude of seeing, in the sphere of attainment, the ideal decline in compromise—these and similar phases of the spiritual life of our time have found expression in Arnold's poetry as they have nowhere else. And their expression has been not only true, but truly imaginative. He was quite right. He occupies a place by himself. He inhabits the serene uplands of poetic thought, where the mind and the soul receive, at least at intervals, a stimulant sustenance, however rarefied the atmosphere may seem to the quite otherwise exigent demands of that æsthetic sense whose activity is less intermittent.

DAWN AT VENICE

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

One burnished cloud first turned a jagged prow—
The conscious water nestled deep among
Her murky gondolas, that bow on bow
Freighted with shadows at the molo swung.

Soon palace and canal paled into sight,
Fainting as watchers whose long vigil wanes;
Till Dawn's approach across the waves of night
Flushed the rose blood in sleeping Venice's veins.

Then up the dazzling steps that lead to God,
One radiant sunbeam and a lone white dove
Santa Maria's holy threshold trod—
A shrine of morning lit by Light and Love!

Loud warned the chime to mass o'er quay and home—
Calling soft flocks of doves to meet the day
'Mid sculptured saints and angels round the dome,
While market women followed in to pray.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

REFERRING a while ago to M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," a novelist whose opinions Americans always listen to with great attention denied for himself the possibility of all interest or æsthetic satisfaction in any literary work with a central *motif* so flagrantly false to human nature. Without going into this particular instance, one's first thought is that such a judgment posits an invariableness for the ways in which human nature manifests itself, which radically contradicts experience. Criticisms that this story or that incident, in book or play, is contrary to human nature are made very often, by those writers especially who class themselves as realists, with a finality which causes them to be accepted by many as ascertained and demonstrable scientific statements. This would have been comprehensible before the time when studies in the influences of the social environment had gone so far as they have now. To say, at present, with even approximate authoritativeness, what is true or false to human nature, it should be recognized that it is necessary to allow for a very great many secondary conditions indeed; conditions so complicated, for the most part, that the really scientific attitude toward them—the only scientific attitude—is rather one of complete open-mindedness.

"Natural" Situations in Fiction.

When one comes to state these things in theory, they appear to be the barest truisms. In practice they are determinedly ignored, notwithstanding. We speak of a plot, an episode, as "unnatural," because we measure them unconsciously by the norm of human impulse and action as we know it in a rough, a very rough, fashion. This norm of human action can only be regarded as a fixed quantity, however, when the individual is (so far as he ever can be) isolated from his kind, and cut off from social influences. If we should suppose a half-dozen castaways floating about on a wreck, or stranded on a desert island, we might have, safely enough, a standard in our minds of what would be strictly normal behavior for them. The more absolutely they were reduced to the sheer elemental conditions of human nature the less likely should we be to go astray in figuring to ourselves, if our imagination had some courage and sincerity, what they would or would not do. But until the worst should have been reached by them, until they should have been brought down to the plainest human terms, the behavior of each would be "natural" in the degree in which it conformed to those largely artificial habits and ideas inbred in him by the particular social environment that he had known. And what would be natural for one would be unnatural for another.

The ruling passion strong in death is, far oftener than we realize, not a primary passion of human nature at all, but a secondary passion superposed upon it by the acquired desires and derived needs that are born of man's estate as a social being. There have been epochs of high moral passion, of religious enthusiasm—epochs, as Professor Dowden would say, of the "lit lamp and the girt loin," when it was natural for men to do the (humanly speaking) most unnatural things: to despise pain, and gladly suffer death, for an idea, a belief. But there have also been epochs when the most potent primary impulses, such as the instinct of self-preservation, or of holding on to the object of one's affections for one's self, have been quelled or substantially held in check by sentiments to which one would not *a priori* be inclined to ascribe any great momentum whatever: sentiments that did not lift people out of themselves like religious faith, but constrained them by the power, merely, of highly composite and exclusively social ideals, of honor, chivalry, becoming æsthetic conduct, and so forth. The early Christian centuries and the Reformation afforded examples enough of the high moral passion that overrides the natural inclination to do thus or so. The period which, in France, preceded the Revolution was one, contrariwise, in which the exclusively social ideals had a force so compelling that they made people pose, as we should now think, even *in extremis*.

Dickens's *Sydney Carton* (who belongs to the same family, in fiction, as *Cyrano*) has

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often enough been spoken of as a thoroughly unnatural character, and the situation which brings about his death as an unnatural situation. As a matter of fact, if identical situations are not historically reported as occurring during the Reign of Terror, analogous situations are. It is true that *Carton* was not a Frenchman. Still, as a psychological possibility, it would be entirely tenable to suppose that countless persons, not French, should have been affected by the high emotions and extraordinary tension of that time. If we should have, notwithstanding, an impression that the last chapters of "A Tale of Two Cities" are false to nature, that is because of the tendency in Dickens to what Mr. Edmund Gosse well calls "deformation" of character in the handling of it. A theme may be psychologically true, yet be falsified by a twist in the vision or a trick in the treatment of the exposition.

Characters and situations in fiction are natural if they are the reflexes of the beliefs, customs, habits, of the particular moment in which they are supposed to exist. If a writer is not dealing with contemporary events it is not easy for him to compute accurately the sum of all those beliefs, customs, habits. Nor is it easy for the critic. A complete mastery of them, nevertheless, is needed to create an illusion of life that is veracious; and it is also needed before the critic can declare that this or that person or episode, in the fiction that he is considering, is either true to human nature or false.

IT is encouraging to find Professor William P. Trent, in his "Authority of Criticism and Other Essays," arguing that the best poetry should be read to children as a part of their regular schooling, even before they are capable of understanding what it means. Professor Trent takes in illustration the magnificent lines from "Lycidas," beginning

> Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
> Wash far away,

and observes that, while the ordinary schoolboy would have little idea, as he went on, of what Milton's allusions were to "Bellerus old," or to the "Angel" who was to "melt with ruth," the noble picture of the corpse of Lycidas washed by the sounding seas would appeal profoundly to his imagination, and he would be the better for hearing his teacher read the passage. Those who know from experience what were the ideals in vogue in the Continental education of fifteen years ago, and the quantities of poetry that the pupils of what would correspond to our secondary schools were compelled to commit to memory, are aware that the ideas of Professor Trent, in some European countries at that time, would have appeared natural to truism. The Italian schools, notably, though they may not generally have had a status that would rank very high in the opinion of students of educational matters, were well in line with the old classic pedagogics in the immense predominance that they gave to the study of the great poets of their land. "Study" is perhaps a misleading term, since while individual instructors might have laid much stress on the real elucidation of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto, a large amount of the poetical deglutition that took place was, without doubt, of quite undigested materials. There were few boys or girls, from twelve to sixteen, who could not, when called upon, roll forth many "octaves" of the "Gerusalemme Liberata" and the "Orlando Furioso," and who did not know by heart the better-known cantos of the Divine Comedy, or certainly the portions containing the more familiar passages, the Paolo and Francesca story, the Count Ugolino, the lovely

> Ricordati di me, che son la Pia,

and so on. It is, of course, not to be supposed that they actually understood more than a fraction of what they could so glibly recite. And yet we need not forget that writers like Matilde Serao, Fogazzaro, and D'Annunzio, that statesmen of literary and critical abilities like Bonghi, that philosophers like Chiapparelli, and a long list of men who have made themselves world-famous in psychological and sociological fields, had a great deal of precisely this diet in their rearing.

Poetry and Foreign Languages.

If it be, however, for the present, a hopelessly unpopular cause that Professor Trent is advocating when he pleads for poetry on the ground that it builds up the love of beauty and stirs generous and noble emotions, there is a manner of regarding the question that should find more favor, being more "practical." It does not appear to be sufficiently recognized how much of an aid is familiarity with great poetry in the acquiring of foreign languages. To have one or two of these is a college requirement, and a feature of every even half-way liberal education. But facility

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in learning languages is a natural gift, like any other, and it is not one that belongs to all. The late Philip Gilbert Hamerton showed up well, in "The Intellectual Life," a fact that is of common experience—the extreme futility and insubstantiality of the average man's knowledge of any tongue but his own. He went so far as to say that it was, in effect, impossible for any man to possess more than one language thoroughly. And anyone who understands what he meant by possessing a language must be in full agreement with him. The man who possesses his own language, in the complete sense, makes it a life-study and is a rarity. He knows it idiomatically and philologically into its small details, but he also knows the essential spirit, so vital yet so intangible, permeating its whole structure. Now it is clear that to do as much for a second language surpasses, except in very unusual circumstances, the powers of application, adaptability, and sympathy of the best-endowed mortal. In ordinary cases certainly nothing even approximating to any such result is attempted. Learning French or German means getting a sort of working acquaintance with just so much French or German grammar, and just so much of the vocabulary that expresses the most obvious thoughts, as will be "of use."

In ordinary cases, naturally not in all, a knowledge of a foreign tongue that goes no farther than this is in reality valueless outside of the most immediate and limited utility—such utility as might declare itself in some out-of-the-way corner of Europe when one had missed one's train. It is valueless in the sense that it adds nothing to the general culture. The true reason for learning other languages than one's own is that they shall widen one's outlook, open new vistas to the mind. Conversational fluency in the foreign idiom will not do that. Only an insight into that essential spirit of the language, its elusive inner life, will do it. And this, exactly, is what is forever beyond many persons who have not the gift of *sensing* the soul of different tongues.

That gift, if it cannot be absolutely created, can be very much strengthened and developed by a taste for poetry, the greatest poetry. If it has once been acquired in the native language, the instinct is very strong to aim at the poetry of the foreign tongue almost from the start, to try to spell out its meaning through the obstructing medium of the strange words; and it is very curious and stimulating to see how soon a really eager search of this sort is repaid. The noble poetry of all languages moves on the same plane, a plane of its own, and a brotherhood of ideas can there be detected that very quickly makes the mere accident of the alien vesture of speech no impediment. The spirit of the new tongue is caught. And this, if he wished to learn the language for something more than travelling and superficially social purposes, is what the student was looking for. It is what counts. He has reached, by a straight route, what otherwise he might have groped for in vain to the end. He may, after that, or may not have as much conversational fluency as he pleases. Idiomatically, he may never be perfect; but he has gained the best, nevertheless.

THE lament that, among other picturesque things, picturesque Bohemia is passing away appears to be well-founded. Forces have been in operation in the modern social fabric that have affected the solidarity of Bohemians. They constituted a more distinct group apart when the irreconcilableness of the commercial and the artistic standards of excellence was accepted—though perhaps unconsciously—as an axiom. For it is on this irreconcilableness that the most of Bohemianism really rests. It is a state of mind into which many persons come who, having the artistic standard in respect of the thing which they may happen to do, and believing that it conflicts with the standards of work of the practical world, would like to avoid the discomfort growing out of this antagonism by going just in the opposite direction from the practical man. That is the essence; the free-and-easiness of Bohemianism is only incidental, a derivative.

The Old Bohemia.

But the newer idea is gaining ground that the practical and the artistic standards of excellence are not necessarily antagonistic. The world increasingly believes that there is no call to separate, either as to demands made or as to rewards given, those whose labors are idealistic from the practical workers. On the one side all idealistic folk are expected more and more to conduct themselves in as orderly and decently conventional a manner as other members of society; on the other side the feeling is growing that there is no good reason why the pursuers of practical affairs should

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have money returns proportionate to the energy expended, and idealistic laborers only fluctuating returns in no demonstrable ratio to the work done. The mediæval poet's complaint of the Empty Purse may still be sung; but while the old-time writer—or actor, or painter—had perforce to be content (unless he were the chance *protégé* of princes) with that purse, his successor objects more decidedly to its emptiness, and founds himself on his rights in so doing.

If, however, there is to be a question of "rights" in the matter, it must be proved that the modern idea is the correct one. It must be proved that doing your work in the best way commercially, and doing it in the best way artistically, are one and the same thing. Is this the case?

Doing your work in the best way commercially means expending energy to a given end in such amount that you will legitimately secure that end and yet have a profit left over to pay you for your pains. If it were not for that profit left over, no one would engage in commercial pursuits. It is the condition of their being. The entire practical work of the world, indeed, is done—when properly, soundly done—in conformity to the same rule, of applying efforts to ends in such measure that the outgo of energy will not be in excess of the gain received. That in practical affairs is the higher law. The laborer is worthy of his hire; and if he do five days' work for one day's hire it is no moral act, rather he is disturbing the canons of distributive justice. We do our daily work honestly, but we don't, if we be practical men, labor to total exhaustion over it; both because we have to begin again tomorrow, and because all the fineness that we might have put into it might very often be out of place, or answer to no demand. It is by squaring our conduct with this universal law of balance between demand and supply that we may (so far as it may ever be done) talk of our rights to material rewards. But if our labors be idealistic how does all this apply to us? The higher law then is not expending energy in such measure that what we give out will not be wholly out of proportion with what we take in. The higher law to the idealist is the pursuit of an impossible perfection. As he can be said, in the absolute sense, never to attain his end, so there can never be any absolute question of his proportioning effort to it. He does not and cannot conform to the law which governs the expenditure of all effort in the world of practical affairs; therefore it is hard to see how there can be any claim made for rights of adequate returns for him such as those who do so conform might put forth. It is quite possible that his material rewards, on given occasions, may be more than adequate. This, however, will be chance. Edgar Allan Poe's failure to make a living was due, as much as to anything else, to his insisting upon doing as if it were to pass down to the ages, work that was only journalistic and could not be paid for on any basis but the journalistic one. This, at least, was the spirit of his toil, and in it he obeyed the compulsion of what was the higher law for him. Measured by the law of practical work, his course was foolishness.

The drift to-day is so much toward a more equal diffusion of well-being everywhere, that the most uncompromising idealist will probably find good things coming his way oftener than poor Poe could have done. But it is inconceivable that anyone should believe that the fundamental difference between the idealistic and the practical standards of work can ever be wiped out. The tendency of things is to tame the rebellious wildness of the "picturesque" Bohemian. Bohemianism *pour la pose* is a waning fashion. But that perception of unlike conditions of the life-work which really made Bohemianism—as an attitude of separation—one cannot quite see the end of.

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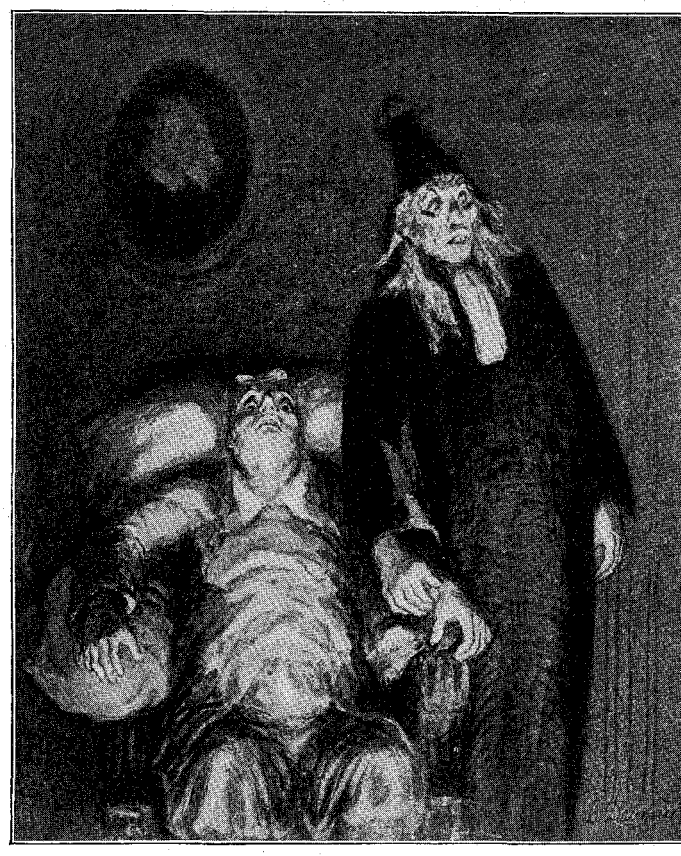
THE FIELD OF ART



"Le Malade Imaginaire."
From a water-color by Daumier.

DAUMIER TO FORAIN

THE name of Honoré Daumier — the most distinguished in French caricature, and not without high honor in the annals of pure art—is frequently coupled of late in Parisian criticism with that of J. L. Forain, whose vogue for the past decade has exceeded all others. A comparison of the two *maîtres* is interesting in itself, and affords light on certain social tendencies of some importance.

To take the latter first, it must frankly be admitted that a comparison of the art of Daumier and the art of Forain is rendered a little difficult by the inevitable distaste persons not of French race and association must feel toward the peculiar character of the subjects of the latter. Not that Daumier was incapable of coarseness. He fulfilled the requirement which he himself proclaimed with much emphasis. He was "of his time," and his time—say, the middle third of the century—was that of Balzac and the "Contes Drôlatiques." He was of his race, as well, French and Méridional, and the canons of propriety of the people from whom he sprang and for whom he worked, were not those of England, much less those of our own land and time. The *sève* of Rabelais was in his brain, and his "Gargantua," for which Louis Philippe's ministers imprisoned him, was as Rabelaisian in flavor as it was in name. It was that flavor, indeed, that made it formidable as well as offensive. The Frenchmen

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of the day understood and relished it only too well. But the coarseness of Daumier, what there was of it, which was relatively little, was jovial, *pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme*. With Forain the case is different. It is not coarseness so much as uncleanness that he displays, and he displays it lavishly, impudently, cynically, with a sneer rather than a smile. He does not expose or ridicule vice or weakness so much as he assumes the hollowness of all virtue or decency. Society, as he sees it, appears hopelessly corrupted. Hopeless is the word, for it is one of his notions that the cause is physical and practically ineradicable. "There is no such thing as corruption," M. Brisson reports him as saying; "in the upper class it is nerves; in the lower, hunger." It is not a profound view, since the great body of any people is neither high nor low; but it reveals the general impression Forain gets from his fellow-beings, and the one that pervades his work.

The Singers.
From a water-color by Daumier.

Alphonse Daudet said that Forain made him dream of Dante, and that one of his albums was like the wood of the Inferno, "obscure and wild, savage and dense and hardly less bitter than death." One of his admirers, Maurice Talmeyr, declares that Forain is made possible only by the "permanent hypocrisy of things and men," and that his ideal is to strip naked the derisory nature of what is called "courage, honor, love, motherhood, art, or authority." M. Talmeyr's comment makes it clear that Forain appeals to and satisfies those of his countrymen who really find the society of France essentially and desperately rotten, and a foreign observer, though he believe, with the present writer, the fact to be quite otherwise, is justified in so interpreting the message of the caricaturist. It is, indeed, an astonishing message, cruel, insulting, audacious. The prevailing character in the great multitude of Forain's published drawings of men and women is a monster of vice—usually well-dressed and fashionable, but always monstrously vicious. His men are apt to be vulgar scoundrels, his women, prostitutes and adulteresses. His *mamans* are mostly complaisant or servile accomplices in the corruption of their daughters. The corruption of the daughters is not passionate and wayward, but calculated and sordid. The contrast between the work through which these strange beings promenade their abnormal natures, and the work of Daumier is, as has been remarked, extremely distasteful. It arouses a repulsion that must be suppressed by an effort of the reason and the will, before a candid comparison can be made of the art of the earlier and that of the later caricaturists.

Doubtless it must be conceded as an advantage to Daumier, that he lived in a France more inspiring than even her most ardent admirers can claim that France now is. He was a Marseillais, born a republican, passing his boyhood under the Restoration; coming to the sense of his great power with the "days of July" that overthrew the Bourbons, and winning his spurs in the hot fight with the repressive rule of the Citizen King. He saw pass the brief and glorious dream of the Second Republic, and lived through the weary years of the Second Empire, which, weary though they were, gave him opportunity for some of his most subtle and effective work. He saw the liberation of Italy and the catastrophe of the *année terrible*, and he laid down his task when, poor and old, and blind as he was, he realized the dawn of greater and more stable freedom for his beloved land

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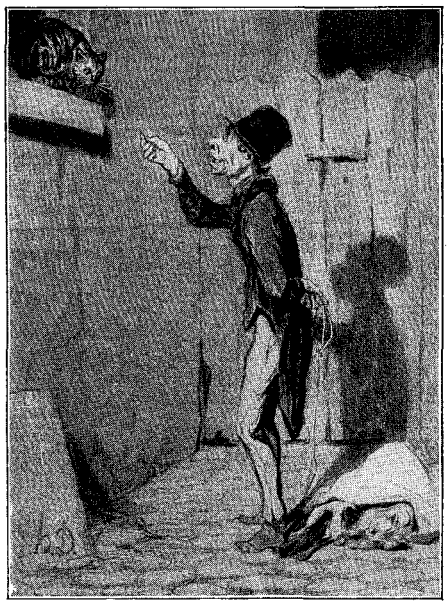
than she had known in his time. His life was one of incessant and ill-paid toil, but the drama unfolding before him was of intense interest. His work as a caricaturist, though it was subordinated, in his own mind, to the work of the artist, which was his constant aim, was, nevertheless, vital with a sustained and high purpose, and the effect of this element in his life can hardly be exaggerated. He was not a mere spectator of the great drama, but took no mean part in it. Especially in his early manhood, he was a force with which the government of the day had to count. There were powerful politicians and statesmen in his time, who live in the memory of their countrymen in his portrayal, rather than in the history of their achievements, who dreaded and courted, but never intimidated or seduced him. We gather from his work that the life he saw and shared was worth living; that is not the impression that M. Forain gives. The fact is of great significance, and the advantage to the older artist is obvious.

If now we turn from the spirit and motive of the two men, as expressed in their work, to the work itself, we must note at once that even in his caricatures Daumier was deeply influenced by his instinctive ideal of more abstract art. He put into his slightest drawing all that it could properly contain. He was not content with a brief and striking illustration of a single thought. Under his sure and swift touch, it was made to connote a wide range of relations, so that the more it is studied the greater and more fascinating is its significance. He had, to quote the phrase of the authoritative critic of the London *Saturday Review*, "the gift of extracting, in his simple, rich, terrible line, the form, the gesture, and the passion of life." In brief, he drew the type, not the individual; and each of his men and women have, to the sympathetic observer, the intangible and inexhaustible suggestion of the class to which they belong and of the race. There is still in existence in a private collection in Paris a number of figurines modelled in clay by Daumier, of nearly all the types that he presented in his drawing. They reveal the secret of his comprehensive vision. His chief biographer, Arsène Alexandre, remarks that Daumier "*never* drew from nature." These figurines show, nevertheless, with what singular and penetrating insight he studied nature, and how complete and rounded was his conception. Nearly all his drawings suggest this initial study in the firmness and expressiveness of the shadow and light, and in the sense of real mass in the figures. Beside



Paris Bohemians—the Forager.

Mr. Pussy, General Agent for the rabbit stews of Paris (diners à 32 sous): "Kitty, Kitty; come Bunny, come!"

Paris Bohemians—the Sick-nurse.

"Sure enough, it's only the fruit-women that know how to introduce you to people worth knowing! An epileptic, a man with the hydrophobia, and a crazy woman! . . . Now, if the grocer would only get me that consumption case he promised, that would be good for my health!"

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At the Shop Window.

"There are some sapphires that suit me; one of these days, you know, it would be very nice of you to ask the price of them for me."

them, the drawings of Forain, very clever, and often brilliant as they are, seem thin and flat. In the former there is space, through which the figures may move, and in which their subtle relations are sustained. In the drawings of Forain these qualities are weak, and the effect, which is often striking and sometimes extremely delicate, is obtained through the emphasis and expression of special features. The drawings have relatively little interest out of connection with the legend beneath them. Especially they lack what is rich and constant in the work of Daumier—the sense of beauty, and the joy of expressing it. It was this quality that caused the accomplished Daubigny, in the presence of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Raphael, to exclaim: "*C'est comme du Daumier.*" And it is this, with the grasp of the sombre and terrible in life, that explains the words of Balzac: "*Ce gaillard-là, mes enfants, a du Michel Ange sous la peau.*" One would hardly think of such comparisons in the case of Forain. Certainly Forain has a distinct and original gift. He has earned the prominence he enjoys, and most of the work of his contemporaries does not approach his in its biting satire and its vitality. If he is not "of his time," in the broad sense that Daumier was of his, the phase of his time that he renders is vividly rendered, and is likely long to be studied for its historic significance. It does not, as the work of Daumier does, reveal the deep and permanent qualities of human nature as developed and fashioned by the temporary environment. A new generation has arisen since Daumier passed away, but his position is firmer than it was thirty years ago. He is to be classed among the great, the compelling figures in the art of the nineteenth century, with Delacroix, Millet, and with Rodin.

EDWARD CARY.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"IT IS A SHOCKING BAD HAT," HE SAID.—Page 139.

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